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NO. 19.

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the
Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. Ry.
is the result of the arrangements which
went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15,
1907:

Cars leave North Woburn, Car House
for Woburn, Medford and Lowell at
5:12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until
9:27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until
12:27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until
7:27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until
11:27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre
for North Woburn, Medford and Lowell
at 5:12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until
9:27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until
12:27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until
7:27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until
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12:27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until
7:27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until
11:27 P. M.

Boston & Maine R. R.

TRAIN SERVICE
In effect October 8, 1906
Trains leave Woburn:
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MEN ADMIRE

A pretty face, a good figure, but more of late, learn that the healthy, happy, contented woman is most of all to be admired.

Women troubled with fainting spells, irregularities, nervous irritability, backache, the "blues," and those dreadful dragging sensations, cannot hope to be happy or popular, and advancement in either home, business or social life is impossible.

The cause of these troubles, however, yields quickly to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made from native roots and herbs. It acts at once upon the organs affected and the nerve centers, dispelling effectually all those distressing symptoms. No other medicine in the country has received such unqualified endorsement or such a record of cures as this.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Miss Emma Runtzler, of 831 State St., Schenectady, N. Y., writes: "For a long time I was troubled with a weakness which seemed to drain all my strength away. I had dull headaches, was nervous, irritable, and all went out. Chancing to read one of your advertisements of a case similar to mine cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I decided to try it and I cannot express my gratitude for the benefit received to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most successful remedy for all forms of Female Complaints, Weak Back, Falling and Displacements, Inflammation and Ulceration, and is invaluable in preparing for childbirth and the care of life.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women
Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free and always helpful.



MISS EMMA RUNTZLER

Gone at Five

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD.

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"And now, ladies and gentlemen, we have this fine old piece of black walnut. Must have cost at least \$75 fifty years ago. Just observe the hand carving, will you? Every corner and every bunch of acorns is hand carved. Mirror real French level. See that initial hand carved right into the wood on top? That capital K stands for Kittredge, and this here bureau is part of the original black walnut, marble topped bedroom suit that old Grandpa Kittredge bought in Boston fifty-two years ago. Ain't that so, Mrs. Kittredge?"

Standing near the veranda steps was Grandma Kittredge, slender, erect and dignified in her mourning. Her sweet old face was set, staid, but courageous, as she watched her precious furniture go under the hammer, piece by piece. It was hard, nobody knew how hard, but they were all kind to her, and even the old Billy Masters, the auctioneer, was making it just as easy for her as he could, and standing next to her, one arm around her waist and the other hand holding hers in a close clasp of loving comfort, was Kitty—Kitty, for whose sake the old home and all it held were being sold.

With that soft, young hand holding hers the strength came back to her as she remembered what it meant for Kitty's sake each time one of the old dear things was sold, and now, even when the first piece of her wedding suit was put up, she smiled bravely, closed her eyes to force back the tears and answered:

"That is so, Billy."

"They had bought it on their wedding trip—the black walnut 'set,' as she called it. It had been made to order in Boston, and she remembered how proud she had been of even the initial on each headpiece, the initial that she had taken for her own through life only a few weeks before."

"There's nothing too good for my bride to take back home with her," Tom Kittredge had said proudly. "And you shall have the marble tops, too, Kitty, darling."

Marble tops! And today old Billy was telling her neighbors to bid up, that even the marble tops were worth buying for gravestones; real, good, flawless marble, as good as new. The tears forced their way through her lashes this time, and Kitty, young, seeing them fall on the hand she held, raised it to her lips and kissed them away.

"I'll win it all, grandma," she whispered. "I'll win it all, grandma for you, dearest. Don't you cry."

Then while Billy's voice sounded far off she closed her eyes to shut out his figure standing on one of her dining room chairs, she saw the scattered crowd of old neighbors and strangers that spread out over the lawn in front of the big colonial Kittredge home-stead, and reasoned it all out with herself again—how it must be for Kitty's sake, Kitty the Third, as they had called her when Kitty the Second had laughed and cried the first time her baby daughter was laid in her arms by Kitty the First. And today Kitty the First was only poor old Grandma Kittredge, and Kitty the Second was laid under the pines in the judge's family lot on the hillside next to the judge himself, and only little seventeen-year-old Kitty was left.

It was right then the girl should have the full benefit from the sale of the house, Grandma Kittredge told herself over and over again. She, too, would be sleeping up under the pines before long, and then only little Kitty the Third would be left, and what good would all the old fashioned furniture be to her? Dudley liked new things, they were going to live in New York after they were married. She had heard him telling Kitty how artistically and effectively he would furnish up an apartment for her, "all in mission style."

Grandma Kittredge had wondered vaguely what the mission style was, but she said nothing. It was perfectly natural for Kitty to want new things, just as that other Kitty years ago had wanted to go up to Boston and have the joy of buying her own things for the home wonderful. Of course Kitty the Third couldn't understand how she loved each piece of furniture. She was too young. How could she feel sad over the old bureau without the memory of the little baby garments that had been tucked away in its drawers years and years ago, of the dear old self that had been reflected the face of that other bride from Boston and beside her, bending over her shoulder, the laughing, merry, tender eyed Tom Kittredge? Fifty-two years ago it was, but how could Kitty understand? But it was for the best—surely it was all for the best—Grandma Kittredge kept telling herself, for the young people wanted to go to New York to live, and she was to go, too. They were very, very kind to her. She could not stay in the old home all alone, and then, there was no money to keep it up with. Money? She had hardly ever bothered about the word until the judge

stagnated at greater damages than any pounds of tobacco, then the woman to suffer a ducking for each 500 pounds of tobacco adjudged against the husband, if he refuses to pay the tobacco."

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

One Day's Work of a Sixteenth Century Law Student.

If law students of the present day are laboring under the delusion that when the world was younger there was less law to study and more relaxation for young men of their class, let them read the following extract from an English contemporary has taken from the "Memoirs of Henri de Mesmes," descriptive of a day's work of a law student at Toulouse in the sixteenth century:

"We used to rise from bed at 4 o'clock, and, having prayed to God, we went at 5 o'clock to our studies, our books under our arms, our ink horns and quills in our hands. We heard all the lectures without intermission till 10 o'clock rang. Then we dined after having hastily compared during a half hour our notes of the lectures."

For the Future.

The secret of happiness is inward. People had good times when there were no friction matches, no brilliant illuminated streets, no steamboats or railroads, no sewing machines, no postage stamps, no comfortably heated homes, no telegraphs or trolleys. The elements of happiness are not in things, but in human nature itself. But the fairer conditions, the greater opportunities, which the marvelous modern inventions afford to the masses of our humanity should augment our joy and expand our hopes. The most obvious fact of human history is that of progress. The race is following a flying and a growing ideal. It is inspired and saved by hope. Every helpful invention, every improvement of sanitary conditions, every ray of intellectual light and spiritual illumination, every scientific achievement, every amelioration of physical suffering, every new avenue of enjoyment, every victory of righteousness, every faithful deed in lowly and lofty places, increases the splendor and the power of our vision of the future.—Leslie's Weekly.

Surf Riding Is a Fine Sport.

At Walkiki, near Honolulu, is a famous bathing beach. Here winter and summer surf comes on, and the surf boards come dancing in on the long rollers, and men become amphibious. There is no sensation quite comparable to riding a surf board on a Pacific roller. It is tobogganing on a moving hillside of water, or, if you are confident enough to stand up on your board, it is taking this hillside on a single big skee. The beach runs far out before it shelves into deep water, and at high tide the breakers begin to curl almost half a mile from the shore line. You go out there with your surf board and wait for the wave. You learn to catch it at the right moment, throw your board ashore and climb upon it just as the crest of the roller mounts and catches you. Then you crest you sail in toward the shore, to slide down at last when the wave breaks, down the foaming incline into shallow water and churning foam. It is royal sport.—Travel Magazine.

Strenuous Chivalry.

It is complained that modern conditions are killing the chivalry of the middle ages. But medieval tales and romances show that chivalry really was wife beating and a common incident on the part of those knights and gentlemen whose gallantry was a mere convention. The Chevalier de la Tour-Landry in his book of counsels to his daughters tells them the story of a woman who used to beat her husband in public. One day, after expostulating in vain, he knocked her down, then kicked her face and broke her nose. "And so," comments the good chevalier, "she was disgraced for life, and thus, through her ill behavior and bad temper, she had her nose spoiled, which was a great misfortune to her." But not a word is said about the husband's brutality.

False Messiah.

The defense of different persons claiming to be the Messiah has cost the Jews a great expense, both in treasure and human life. One of these, Coziba, who lived in the second century of our era, put himself at the head of the Jewish nation as their Messiah, and many of that people adhered to and defended him. The Romans made war upon Coziba and his followers, and, according to admissions made by eminent Jewish authority, they lost somewhere between 600,000 and 800,000 men in his defense. The last of these impostors was Mordcael, a German, who first claimed to be of divine origin in the year 1822. When the authorities threatened to punish him as an impostor he fled, and his end is not known.

Rapid Growth.

The most remarkable instance of rapid growth was recorded by a French academician in 1729. It was a boy six years of age five feet six inches in height. At the age of five his voice changed; at six his beard had grown and he appeared a man of thirty. He possessed great physical strength and could easily lift at his shoulder a heavy carry bag of grains weighing 200 pounds. His decline was as rapid as his growth. At eight his hair and beard were gray, at ten he tottered in his walk, his teeth fell out and his hands became tremulous; at twelve he died with every outward sign of extreme old age.

Curious Effects of Frost.

An old French proverb says that it is so much that the increased bulk breaks the shell. Apples, on the contrary, contract to such an extent that a full barrel will shrink until the top layer will be a foot below the chime. When the frost has been slowly and carefully drawn out they again assume their normal size and appearance. Apples can be transported when the mercury is 20 degrees below zero. Potatoes once touched by frost are ruined.

An Easier Trip.

"The president of this road," remarked the man in the corner of the smoking compartment, "is one of those old fashioned railroaders. He began as a brakeman, finished by sliding over the line in a private car to inspect it, he walks over it." "I don't blame him," declared the man who was making his first trip on the road.—Cleveland Press.

A Lasting Impression.

"Well, Bertha, I hear you met Mr. Cooke yesterday. Did you like him?" "Do you know, dear, he made an impression upon me that nothing will obliterate." "Really? How—what did he say?" "It wasn't what he said; it was what he did. He spilled a cup of tea over my new white silk dress."

Succeeded.

"She married him to reform him." "Did she succeed?" "Sure! He used to be a spendthrift and now he has nothing to spend."—Houston Post.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

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We turn to Jacob on his lonely journey from Beersheba, almost the extreme south end of the country, imagining that as he journeyed the enormity of his sin took hold of him and the goodness of God wrought true repentance in his heart, so that on this night of our lesson tells us he was probably a true penitent in God's sight. The place was not far from the place of Abraham's second altar in the land where he worshipped God. Compare xlii, 8, and verse 19 of our lesson. With the earth for his bed, stones for his pillows and the sky for his canopy, he lay down to sleep, not knowing the special interest that the God of his fathers was taking in him because of His promises to him. He slept, and he dreamed, and how beautiful his dream—a ladder to earth to heaven, with the Lord above it and angels ascending and descending upon it (verses 12, 13), an assurance of the Lord's watchful care, of connection between heaven and earth and a prophecy of coming events yet to be fulfilled. I would not be surprised if some day we shall be told by Nathaniel that he was meditating upon this very vision when Jesus saw him under the fig tree, for Jesus Himself evidently refers to it in connection with the glory of the kingdom (John 1, 50, 51).

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The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1907.

This is Patriots Day, the 131st anniversary of the Battle of Lexington and Concord fought on April 19, 1775. It was a sorry day for the British soldiers sent from Boston to Concord to capture John Hancock and Sam Adams and a lot of powder supposed to be stored in the Concord meetinghouse. The anniversary is being properly and patriotically observed in this city today, for Woburn had a great many brave soldiers in that fight. All business houses are closed for the day; flags are waving in the breeze; window decorations are seen; and the city wears a modest holiday appearance. Dancing, whist, and other parties will prevail to a considerable extent this evening. Here's to Patriot's Day!

The Shaw murder trial in New York ended last week in a disagreement of the jury, as most people thought it would. The panel stood 7 for conviction, and 5 for acquittal, only one standing out for murder in the first degree. The same thing will probably happen if there is a second trial. Should the same evidence be submitted in another attempt to convict Thaw it would be next to impossible to get a jury to agree to a verdict, either of guilty or not guilty. Thaw's counsel are now trying to find some way of getting their client released from prison on bail.

Last Wednesday evening, April 17, the Boston Boot and Shoe Club held a Mayors' Night and gave a banquet at Hotel Brunswick, Boston, at which the Guests of Honor were the Mayors of Boston, Lynn, Haverhill, Worcester, Brockton, Lawrence, Marlboro, and Mayor William E. Blodgett of Woburn. Brief questions relating to municipal governments were discussed after disposing of the walnuts and lemonade, in which intellectual exercises Woburn's honorable representative took a prominent part.

The Legislature concluded not to allow the voters of Boston to say, in sections, whether they would have license or prohibition within their several confines. Of course the license system is all wrong in theory and practice; but we see no sense in the Legislature refusing to let the people declare which they would have, license, or no license, so long as present laws allowing rummeling exist.

The Boston Back Bay and Brookline ladies opposed to Female Suffrage have issued their annual publication called *The Remonstrance*, and asked that it be carefully and prayerfully perused by the public. It is a dry and uninteresting paper, but the intense interest the public have in the question may secure for it the desired consideration.

Late advices from Beacon Hill convey the gratifying assurance that the Massachusetts Great and General Court are pegging away industriously at several weighty problems of a public character, and earning their salaries. More than half of the usual length of sessions has passed; but there is time enough left for a good deal of mischief to be done before final adjournment.

LOCAL NEWS.

A. H. Holland—Clinton.

The alarm from box 47, Walnut Hill, at 10.10 Wednesday evening, was false.

Beginning on April 23, Woburn Council K. of C., are to give a series of whist parties.

Mr. S. R. Moreland has returned from Malden and taken up his residence at 16 Prospect street this city.

Mr. Luther M. Harris went to Washington last week to look after the Federal building matter in this city.

City Tax Collector, Mr. Wilford D. Gray, is pursuing his second year's course in the Boston University Law School.

Mrs. Hayward did not go to Washington this week to attend the D. A. R. National convention. Home duties prevented it.

Mrs. Alice H. Simonds entertained the Alliance Branch of the Unitarian church yesterday evening at her fine home on Arlington road.

Miss Edna Johnson of Warren avenue will respond to all calls for tickets to the Floating Hospital May Party in Lyceum Hall on May 8.

Baseball boys will please take notice that H. B. Blye & Co., hardware, have a full line of baseball goods, and are selling them at the lowest prices.

The Celtics are to act on the Lyceum Hall stage next Monday evening the good play of *Arrah-na-Pogue*, and a household of patrons for it has been assured.

When writing the word *Patriots* in Patriots Day use it as an adjective instead of a noun in the passive case, that is to say, omit the apostrophe and apostrophes.

The weather on Sunday last was somewhat of an improvement on that of several preceding Sundays, although nothing to brag of in the way of "eternal blizzards."

Frank McDonald, Martin Hogan and Neil Doherty are delegates to the quarterly meeting of the Boston Archdiocesan Union today to represent the St. Charles C. T. A. S.

Last year's Arbor Day came on April 22. It must be nearly at hand now. Gov. Gould wants everybody to plant trees on that day, and President Roosevelt accords the motion.

Mrs. Daniel H. Richards visited Littleton, N. H., last week.

Mr. Eustace Cummings is sporting a fine first-class auto of the touring car species.

George Maguire was badly burned at the Chemical Works last Saturday. Dr. Bixby ordered him removed to the Mass. Gen. Hospital.

E. Prior may be found at 346 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

Civil War Veteran Albert P. Barrett left here last Wednesday for his summer home on the farm of his son in Norton. He has not fully regained his health, but is improving.

This evening, April 19, the Sunny Corner Class of the Methodist church are to give an entertainment in the vestry of the church. A good supper will be provided at 6.30 o'clock, p. m.

Mrs. Sarah W. Chamberlain Moore came down from her New Hampshire home and attended Dr. Norton's church last Sunday. Many friends received and greeted her joyfully.

City Hall was a busy place last Monday morning, April 15. It was payday, and it seemed as though nearly the whole town was rushing. Treasurer Buck's office for money. They got it all right, too.

Of the 700 students in the University of Maine at Orono, 88 are from Massachusetts. Philip H. Owen, son of Master Owen of the Woburn High School, is one of them, and likes the College very much.

A goodly number of Woburn Endeavorers are at Cambridge today attending the Y. P. S. C. E. county convention. Dr. Norton of First church made a bid for two carloads to go, and he didn't miss the mark very far.

The following members of the home Club attended the spring meeting of the M. S. Fed. W. Clubs at Concord last week: Madams J. F. De Loria, Samuel Leeds, Jennie Brown, Clara Aldrich and Miss Marian Hosmer.

The officers of the Danish Sisterhood, recently organized here, are: President, Mrs. Peter Carlson; Vice-President, Mrs. John Neergaard; Vice-President, Miss Christina Simonson; Treasurer, Mrs. Stockholm; Secretary, Olea Malen.

The Old Folks concert, supper, dialogue furnished by the Industrial Society of the First Baptist church the other night was attended by a perfect jam of people and enjoyed by everyone of them. It was a great treat, and profitable one.

Mrs. Celia Reade Mahern is meeting with excellent success as a teacher in one of the Winthrop schools. She is highly prized by the School Board and pupils and popular with parents. We hear good reports of her pedagogical work.

After a fortnight's vacation the public schools of Woburn went to work again last Monday, greatly rested from the intense and prolonged mental fatigue they had suffered from the grateful vacation period, and likewise greatly invigorated.

The leather business is better in this city at the present time than at any period in the last year or two. The manufacture of patent leather is especially brisk. Several factories are being enlarged, and the output of product is increasing.

Clan MacKinnon's annual concert, No. 19, is to be given in Lyceum Hall next Wednesday evening, April 24. The best of talent has been secured for it, and to hear William S. Smith play the bagpipes will be worth more than the price of admission.

Last Saturday afternoon Miss Clara M. Fox entertained members of Peter Faneuil Chapter, D. A. R., at her home. Miss Edna Felch sang, accompanied by Mrs. Mark C. Felch on the piano, and Miss Fox read an interesting original paper on Count Rumford.

Major H. C. Hall, recently appointed Clerk of the Board of Health, can be found at his office in City Hall all day and every day during official working hours. That gives the public a nice handy chance to do business with that department of the city government.

On April 20, 1906, the JOURNAL announced that the Monday before, April 16, was the first real spring day of the season. What have the fault-finders with the present April weather to say to this? Nobody ever remembers what kind of weather prevailed the year before.

In accordance with the unanimously expressed wish and petition of the Methodist Episcopal church in this city, Rev. W. E. Vandemark was re-appointed by the Bishop, at the New England Yearly Conference held this week, to serve another year as pastor of said church. Minister and people are well pleased with the Bishop's decision.

Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward is a Massachusetts delegate to the 10th annual Congress of the National Society D. A. R., now in session at Washington, D. C. The State has a larger number of representatives than in the Congress this year. Mrs. Fowler, wife of U. S. Fowler of Ohio, is a leading candidate for President of the Society.

The Mass. Division of the United Boys Brigade of America are parading here today. Companies are present from Boston, Charlestown, Somerville, Brockton, Haverhill, Manchester, Lawrence, Malden, Everett, Neponset, Melrose, Braintree, and elsewhere; at least, they were expected. A sham battle is to be fought on Dow farm, back of the new schoolhouse.

Meetings of prominent citizens are being held in the interest of lower railroad fares between here and Boston. The B. & M. Company would, doubtless, make money by adopting the system of the B. & N. Company—5 cent fare, money or tickets, to West Medford; 5 cent fare thence to Boston; same to intermediate stations on both divisions. But that is the Company's business and not ours.

The North Woburn B. B. team play the Saugus B. B. team at the Park today.

Considerable curiosity is felt as to whether, or not, any peas have been planted here this spring, and if so, how they are getting along.

Mr. Daniel Norris gave a farewell bachelor's supper last Saturday evening to the best man and ushers who were to serve at his wedding on April 17.

For a variety we were treated to a small snow squall last Wednesday morning. It does not look as though grass would wave in the breeze today as history says it did on April 19, 1775.

Miss Mary McGovern, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James F. McGovern, 17 Church avenue, is to give a birthday party to about 80 of her young friends at the parental home this afternoon. She is 10 years old today.

Edith Cotton, Gertrude Place, Emily Godfrey, Sarah Yates, Ruth Johnson, Allen Prior, Eugene Place, Robert Portal, Byron Grimes and Clifford Parker, attended a delightful party given by Miss Jeanette Smith at her home 67 High street last Saturday evening.

The gentlemen who secured contracts for supplying furniture for the new schoolhouse, Mr. Edward Caldwell and Mr. M. A. Burnes, dealers, hauled and landed the goods at their final destination, safe and sound, last Monday. Now, that having been accomplished, and other things in proportion, what's the reason the building can't be made shipshape for occupancy by the High School at an early day?

Mr. Leonard B. Buchanan received and landed in his church avenue barn last Saturday as fine an automobile as courses the streets of Woburn. Leo's army of small boys and girls gave the handsome machine an enthusiastic reception at the barn and kept him busy explaining its mechanism until it was time for the young ones to go to bed. It would be in order for L. B. to engage some fair one to occupy the new auto with him on his drives.

At the annual meeting of the Woburn Co-operative Bank held on the evening of April 11 the candidates for President, Vice-President, and Directors nominated on March 14 were elected. Subsequently John C. Buck was elected by the Directors Secretary and Treasurer, and John G. Maguire, Attorney. James Skinner has been President and J. G. Maguire, Attorney, of the Bank ever since its organization 20 years ago.

Last Monday night Hose 2 of North Woburn gave a fine entertainment at the hose house which was enjoyed by a host of their friends. In addition to an excellent program there was speaking, after an excellent banquet, by Mayor Blodgett, ex-Mayor Liscomb, Chief Engineer Littlefield and others. President Fred J. Brown of the City Council, Ald. Bond, Wallace, Andrews and Poole were guests of the Company. It was an affair that will linger pleasantly in the memory of those present forever.

JOURNAL's congratulations to Miss Mary Feeney and Mr. John J. McDevitt who were married in this city last Wednesday evening, and after a wedding trip are to make their home at Lancaster, N. Y. Miss Feeney, who is a sister of ex-Mayor John P. Feeney and Lawyer James Feeney, is one of the best and most popular young ladies in Woburn. She has hosts of friends whose best wishes accompany her to her new home. The groom is the son of Mr. P. McDevitt of this city, and a worthy young man.

The High School should be able to get into their new house before May 29, because about that date the rooms will be needed for special objects. But unless the present small space is changed to a swifter one, nobody can tell when the move will come. At present there appears to be a poor prospect for obtaining some necessary hardware; and, then, there is a serious hitch over the washing of the windows; and the grading does not come along as it should; and there you are. There is no good reason why the building should not be ready for occupancy at once.

Real estate dealers report a lively demand for, and scarcity of, good houses and tenements in this city at the present time. Some people in other localities are seeking abodes here and a considerable increase of population would result were their better accommodations to house them. While but little building is going on, sales of real estate are not infrequent, which indicate the existence of better and more hopeful feelings. Real estate conditions and movements are a fair index to the business situation in a community, and, accepting this theory, fairly good times may be looked for in Woburn during 1907.

Mrs. Charles H. Taylor of 23 Pleasant street and her granddaughter, Marion H. Taylor, returned from a somewhat prolonged and delightful visit with their relatives, Mrs. Jennie Greenleaf, at North Berwick, Maine, early this week in order to be at home in season to duly celebrate Patriots Day today. Mrs. Greenleaf and her stepdaughter, Miss Ella Greenleaf, entertained their Woburn visitors royally, so they reported. The Taylor ladies above mentioned have special interest in Patriots Day, because their patriotic ancestor, Sylvanus Wood, made the first capture of a British soldier at the Battle of Lexington on April 19, 1775—132 years ago today.

This city is now knee-deep in housecleaning operations. It is an interesting season of the year. But it is not conducive to domestic peace and happiness. Much of the friction and irritability would be avoided if the females who have the cleaning operations in hand would use a cleanser widely and favorably known as Sulpho-Naphthol, a Boston product, and by all well regulated druggists and grocers at prices that bring it within easy reach of the poorest inhabitant (See ad. in this paper). Sulpho-Naphthol is a genuine thing, a staple article, a favorite cleanser with intelligent and thrifty housewives. There is nothing cheap about Sulpho-Naphthol except the price. The women say it can't be beat, and everybody of good sense uses it, especially in the spring housecleaning season. Try it, please.

Ask for Allen's Foot-Kase, A. Powder. It makes walking easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Soretoes and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitutes. Sample Free. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The Woman's Club are to hold their last meeting of the official year on April 26.

Everything is going on swimmingly for the May Party on May 3. It is to be made the best yet.

About 200 people came from out of town to attend the Packard-Smith wedding in the M. E. church last Wednesday afternoon.

Whist by Covenant Club at home of Mrs. Emma M. Wright, 18 Arlington Road, Tuesday evening, April 30, at 8 o'clock. Tickets, 35 cents, may be obtained from Club members.

Sunday evening Dr. Norton continues at the First church the series of addresses on Human Helpers of the Master, speaking of John the Beloved. The Alpine Quartette furnish music.

Next Sunday morning at the First church Rev. A. E. Cotton of Dorchester will speak on "The Kingdom of Jesus in Modern Life." Mr. Cotton is in intimate touch with the great modern reform movements.

Mr. George I. Clapp, Supt. of Woburn Public Schools, will speak at the mother's meeting in the First church parlors, Thursday afternoon, April 25, at 3 o'clock. Subject: "Schools, past and present." All ladies cordially invited.

The Army, with its new improvements, was inspected by large crowd of military officers and common people last Tuesday evening. There were refreshments and a program. Everything about the Army was pronounced O. K.

The funeral services over the remains of Lieut. Edward Marlowe of Hose 4, was held from St. Joseph's church, Montvale, Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock. A large delegation from the fire department were present. The floral tributes were many and beautiful.

The marriage of Rev. Isaac H. Packard, former pastor of the Woburn Methodist church, now of Worcester, and Miss Grace G. Smith, daughter of Rev. T. B. Smith, a retired clergyman of this city, was solemnized last Wednesday afternoon. During Mr. Packard's pastorate here Miss Smith was one of his most active and efficient church workers.

Thomas P. Connelly of Prospect street this city—called Conry in the dispatches—came near losing his life by accidental gas asphyxiation at Hotel Waterbury, Waterbury, Conn., last Sunday night, April 14. At 7 o'clock Sunday morning the hotel clerk broke in the room door and found him lying on the bed unconscious. A doctor was called and means employed to bring him to his senses, which, after 4 hours of work, proved successful. His daughter Eleanor went to Waterbury on Tuesday and brought her father home. Connelly told the clerk that he never slept in a room furnished with gas before in his life, which story didn't appear to be reasonable. He is a sewer contractor.

It is proposed that the pictures of Mr. William A. Stone of Winchester, first Principal of the Woburn High School, be placed in the new building, present Principal, be taken, standing together on the front steps of the new High School building, framed, and allotted a conspicuous place on the walls thereof. The idea is an excellent one; the picture would make history which would be a great deal in years to come. Judge E. F. Johnson has the only picture extant of the Class of 1855, the first class to graduate from the Woburn High School, an ambrotype, taken in Boston, and this, too, would make a fine piece of mural decoration for the new building, especially if it were accompanied by, or hung alongside of, one of Class '07.

Mr. George E. Fowle, the builder, had one of his knees seriously injured on Feb. 7, last. Soon after, the other knee was attacked by a severe case of rheumatism, and it was not until last week that he was able to leave his home and attend to business. The accidental injury occurred 42 years to a day after the first one, and the latter was in Virginia in the Civil War. When we saw him last Monday he was using one of a pair of crutches given him by the Sanitary Commission as he was about to return to his home in Woburn on a furlough to recover from the wound he received in battle. Mr. Fowle reached home the day before Lee's surrender at Appomattox, with the great event of his patriotic service for the preservation of the Union ended. As for those crutches—there isn't money enough in Woburn to buy them.

By all odds the happiest hour that Editor James D. Haggerty of the *Times* has ever experienced during his brief but happy life was that spent by him at the head of the banqueting board, as Honored Guest, of the Times Bowling League in S. V. Hall last Monday evening. He was the organizer, patron saint, and generous financial backer of the League, in recognition of which, a shower bouquet on him, a grand banquet was decided on, and the same was held on schedule time per elaborate program. All of 70 people participated in the festive and jovial affair, and a merrier or happier crowd was never before gathered under a Woburn roof, and never will gather again. It was a repeat of royal dimensions and quality, and the oratory that succeeded it was eloquent and up to date. Haggerty spoke. There was song singing and orchestral music galore; toasts; sentiments; stories; and panegyrics. It was the best and grandest time that has ever taken place in this city.

"Funerous" Deadly Work. had so seriously affected my right lung," writes Mrs. Fannie Connor, of Rural Route 1, near New Bedford, Mass. "I coughed continuously night and day and the neighbors' predilection—consumption—seemed inevitable, until my husband brought home a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, which in my case proved to be the only remedy against lung and throat troubles with New Discovery, the real cure. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison Druggists, 25c. and \$1.00. Little bottle free.

When my friends thought I was about to leave this world, on account of indigestion, nervousness and general debility," writes A. A. Chisholm, Treadwell, N. Y., "and when it looked as if there was no hope left, I was persuaded by a friend to try Dr. King's New Discovery. I am now doing business again as of old, and am still in the best of health. My medicine on earth. Guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison Druggists, 25c. and \$1.00. Little bottle free.

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ELECTRICITY.

You can have an electric light in the cellar, and turn it on by a switch or button at the head of the stairs. Then, many a stumble will be prevented. But this is only one of the many advantages you'll find in the employment of the electric light.

Have you learned to be light-wise?

Our Sales Agent will promptly give you full information concerning the advantages of electricity if you'll write him, or call, or telephone "Oxford 3800, Collect."

The Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston, 33-39 Boylston St., Boston.

Norris—Cottle.

The most notable matrimonial event that has taken place in Woburn this season, and one to which, in a fashionable feature, no attempt is believed, will be made the present year, is the marriage of Mr. George I. Norris, son of ex-City Solicitor, and Mrs. George W. Norris, and Miss Emma Cottle, daughter of Mr. Edward Cottle, all of Woburn, at the First Congregational church, 723 o'clock Wednesday evening, April 17, 1907. The hymn "The Knot was tied by Stephen D. Norton, pastor of the church, with a double ring service, and during the ceremony, the organ played "The Wedding March." The bride was escorted by her father, and the groom by his best man, Mr. George W. Norris. The bride was dressed in white, with pink and white ribbons, and the groom in a dark suit. The ceremony was a simple one, and the wedding party consisted of the bride, groom, best man, and maid of honor. The reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, and a large number of guests were present. The wedding party was accompanied by a band, and the evening was spent in a most enjoyable manner.

The popularity of the young bride and groom—both society favorites—was evidenced by the fact that the wedding party was accompanied by a band, and the evening was spent in a most enjoyable manner. The bride was dressed in white, with pink and white ribbons, and the groom in a dark suit. The ceremony was a simple one, and the wedding party consisted of the bride, groom, best man, and maid of honor. The reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, and a large number of guests were present. The wedding party was accompanied by a band, and the evening was spent in a most enjoyable manner.

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Following the ceremonies at the church the bride and groom held a reception at the family residence of the bride, No. 14 Highland street, assisted by Mrs. Edmund Cottle and Mr. and Mrs. George W. Norris. It was attended by many relatives and friends by whom a pleasant hour was spent. The house was decorated with palms, azaleas, and aialis, in which it made a striking and pleasing appearance. The guests were treated to an elegant wedding supper, and were recipients of the wishes from the receiving party and assistants.

Immediately after the close of this happy day the bride and groom returned to their home on account of duties they ought at least to be allowed to understand why.—Westminster Gazette.

There is a belief current among the negroes in the south that the blue jays visit the infernal regions every Friday. This belief varies somewhat in different parts of the south. For instance, in South Carolina it is supposed that the jays carry sticks to the devil's fires, while in Mississippi and Louisiana the bird is supposed to report to his satanic majesty the status of his affairs on earth.—New York Tribune.

Magistrate: "You didn't steal this watch?" Prisoner: "No, sir. Magistrate:—Then how did you get it?" Prisoner:— "I won it on a bet. Magistrate:—What was the bet?" Prisoner:— "I bet that I could take it away from the man who says I stole it."—Illustrated Bits.

Protecting His Interests. Mr. Tightwad (in Pullman car)— "Could I borrow your whisk broom for a few moments, sir?" The porter: "No, sir, you couldn't. If it's genuine to be any 'scrubbing' 'gin de negro in his head, he ain't 'gwine to be no 'scrubbing' befo' de fact!"—Puck.

Love, a cough, smoke and money cannot long be hid.—French Proverb.

Worse Inside Than Out. "If you should visit a Japanese house," said an oriental, "you would be obliged to remove your shoes at the doorway. Japanese floors are very beautifully kept. I know of some houses where thirty or forty servants have no other duty than the polishing of the floors. A young Japanese student, studying in London, had the misfortune to live in an apartment house where the janitor did not keep the hall in very good condition. It was a great chance to him, and he felt it keenly. On the approach of winter the janitor put in the entrance hall the notice, 'Please wipe your feet.' The young Japanese, the first night he observed this notice, took out a pencil and added to it, 'On going out.'—Minneapolis Journal.

An Advocate of Credit. "The way to get on," said the business man, "is to conduct your operations on a cash basis."

"Not in politics," answered Senator Sorghum. "Politics are not just as effectual as cash and not nearly so dangerous."—Washington Star.

SOLAR INFLUENCE.

It is Difficult for a Fire to Burn in the Sunlight.

"Did you ever know that fires don't burn as well in sunlight as they do in the shade or at night?" asked my friend, the man much given to hunting and fishing. "Of course they don't seem to because of the greater light from the sun, but I mean as an actual fact they don't. I noticed this thing when on a hunting trip up in Maine first, and how it happened to attract my attention was that the fire went out, totally out, before the sticks were entirely consumed. The wood was dry and resinous, and there was no reason why every particle of it shouldn't have burned. The guide told me he had noticed the same sort of thing innumerable times when fires were burning in the sunlight, and this started me on an investigation which proved in actual practice that open fires not only don't burn so well when the sun's rays are shining on them and fail to throw out as much heat by thermometric tests, but often are actually extinguished by the sun if the rays are bright and strong enough. Cool fires are affected just the same as wood. Strange to say, several scientists to whom I have applied asserted that the sun's rays could have no effect whatever on a fire. They do, however, I know, they do, beyond all shadow of doubt, and I wonder what the reason is. Other scientists say it's because the heat of the sun adds to the consumption of oxygen of the atmosphere which is necessary to a flame, and also produces carbon, which helps to extinguish the fire."—New York Press.

MIRTH AT MEALS.

Flip In Jokes Like These Between Each Mouthful.

A doctor says, "Don't allow a meal to pass without a joke between each mouthful." This will enhance the value of humor to a great degree. Dinner will move along something like this: Mouthful of soup—streams of mirth, flakes of laughter and bread crumbs pervading the air. Mouthful of roast turkey reminds domestic humorist of something.

"Do you know why a duck goes into the water?" Long silence and more extensive eating. Domestic humorist answers it himself as follows: "For divers reasons." More bread, vegetables and general good feeling. "Why does he come out?" No answer and no sound but that of an old joke under the table cracking its knuckles. "For sundry purposes," explains the ready and brainy man, looking casually at a memorandum on his cuff. More dinner and then, "Why does he go in again?"

Nothing can be heard but the low murmur of a talker, polished, as he grapples with the great problem, "To liquidate his bill." Yells of laughter, screams of delight and astonishing feats of digestion promoted by mirth. "And why does he again come out?" More thought and mastication; then the gastric jester says, "To make a little run on the bank," and amid a great shower of vest buttons and mirth the genial, all round tonic humorist and joy promoter goes on.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Best Dressed Man.

Of course the best dressed man in the world is the English gentleman. If you enter the royal enclosure at Newmarket or visit the lawn at Goodwood, on the day of a classic race, if you attend a fashionable orchid or horse show when some great personage pres

BACKACHE AND DESPONDENCY

Are both symptoms of organic derangement, and nature's warning to women of a trouble which will sooner or later destroy itself.

How often do we hear women say "It seems as though my back would break." Yet they continue to drag along and suffer with aches in the small of the back, pain low down in the side, dragging sensations, nervousness and no ambition. They do not realize that the back is the main spring of woman's organism and quickly indicates by aching a diseased condition of the female organs or kidneys, and that aches and pains will continue until the cause is removed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

made from native roots and herbs has been for many years the most successful remedy in such cases. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female ills.

Miss Lena Nagel, of 117 Morgan St., Buffalo, N. Y., writes:—"I was completely worn out on the verge of nervous prostration. My back ached all the time. I had dreadful periods of pain, was subject to fits of crying and extreme nervousness, and was always weak and tired. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cures Female Complaints, such as Backache, Falling and Displacements, and all Organic Diseases. Dissolves and expels Tumors at an early stage. It strengthens and tones the Stomach, Cures Headache and indigestion and invigorates the whole female system."

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free.



MISS LENA NAGEL.

Madeline's Last Moving Day.

By HARRIET NORTON.

Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

"Madeline, I see those Bulgrovia apartments will be ready for occupancy April 1. I wish you'd stop off there on your way home tomorrow."

Mr. Stanhope lowered his paper and glanced first despairingly at Madeline, then half-supplicatingly at his wife.

"My dear, I don't believe we can improve on this apartment. I'm sure we have room enough."

"But the landlord was here today and said he would not reappear, and that horrid stain in Fred's room."

"Well, that is not the landlord's fault. The servant upstairs admits she left the water running. I'll have the ceiling calcimine."

"You'll do nothing of the sort! This janitor is positively overbearing anyhow, and when I complained about Mrs. Brant's dog running up and down the hall he said there was nothing in the leases against keeping a dog. Just as if there wasn't a law against main- taining a nuisance. Anyhow, I think Fred ought to have a larger room, and we can fit it up as a den, and Madeline ought to have the north light for her work."

Madeline broke in earnestly: "Oh, mother, dear, I do so little here at home now that my room does very well indeed."

"Well, I heard that those Bulgrovia apartments had a butler's pantry and—anyhow, you stop off, and see if you can't get a better place. Mr. Stanhope sat staring with his unseeing eyes at an article in the evening paper on the proper preparation of food for infants, but before his mental vision passed a succession of dancing vans, furniture that needed revarnishing, pictures that had to be reglazed."

Madeline, on her part, focused her mental vision on a succession of daisy dows, illustrations unfinished, while she restored order in the new home, long hours devoted to packing and unpacking her fragile personal belongings.

As for Fred, he tiptoed out of the library and down the hall to where patient Nora was singing over her dishwashing.

"Sut, Nora, mother's got the moving bee in her bonnet again. Bet we're out of this house by April 1."

Nora dropped her tea towel in wide-eyed dismay.

"Sure, an' a sunshiner kitchen I niver worked in. Ol'ave a good mind to give me notice."

Madeline's girlhood had been spent in a pretty suburb half an hour's ride from the bustling city, but Mrs. Stanhope had worried the ubiquitous servant girl question that stalks at the heels of every suburban housewife.

In town even if they had no maid they could at least eat at a nearby restaurant. Besides, she wanted Madeline to be something more than a household drudge. There were business openings in town for a bright girl, but Madeline was not strong enough to commute.

After all, it was Madeline who not only secured a position in a fashion design studio, but who went to the license offices for help and handled real estate offices for desirable apartments. For four years Mrs. Stanhope had seemed absolutely obsessed by the desire to occupy new and more desirable quarters. Each spring they had moved until the pretty new furniture with which Mrs. Stanhope had started her city career as a housewife looked far less presentable than the old-fashioned stuff they had sold at the auction before leaving Craffton Heights.

All ambitions seemed to center on showing off the new apartments to her women friends and assuring them she had secured a bargain which should make them turn green with envy.

The next morning Madeline and her father left the house together.

"Do you think it is becoming a mania?" she asked anxiously.

"No; she has nothing else to do. I wish sometimes!"

Madeline stopped and looked down the long stretch of asphalt pavement. Her father supplied the words.

"That we were back in Craffton Heights, where she had roses to train and the neighbors' chickens to shoo off our lawn. Seems as if all city women are restless."

"Yes; I guess it's in the air. I felt as though I must be doing something big, getting somewhere, for awhile after we moved to town, but now—"

They separated at the corner.

"I hope those Bulgrovia apartments will all be on a court, with no closets and an exorbitant rent."

"No such luck," responded Madeline, with a forced smile. "They'll be very modern and all desirable, and if you are a dear, sensible father you'll have a business call to Chicago about April 1. It will be over when you come back."

Brave as were her words, Madeline's eyes traced grave signs on her father's turned away. And all day the thought of her mother's restless spirit, the inevitable moving, the noise, the discomfort, burned in on her heart and soul until she could hardly work. Finally she flung aside her pen and asked to be excused for the afternoon. She

might as well get it over with, so she boarded the car which passed the Bulgrovia. The new apartments were considerably farther out than she had anticipated, as one passenger after another dropped off and the soft spring air crept into the car a sudden desire to see Craffton Heights with its suburban restfulness took possession of her.

"R. and A. depot?" asked the conductor.

Madeline sprang to her feet. The Bulgrovia apartments were half a mile beyond, but this was the last station of the B. and A. inside the city limits. And the B. and A. led to Craffton Heights!

She left the train and gazed around in surprise. The district was entirely new, a pretty brick and tile affair, with trim flower beds all laid out for spring planting. She crossed the tracks and followed the street leading to their old home, but was amazed to find that the trees and shrubbery which they left, now intertwined their branches over the sidewalk. An air of permanency and restfulness seemed to envelop the community. Progress was there, but not half finished buildings, torn pavements and moving vans. How the ivy had grown over the Burden gateway! In front of her own old home she stopped and almost rubbed her eyes. Had it really been that pretty?

No; there was a new porch on the south side, and a bay window had been thrown out from her room. What a lovely room it must be, with that flood of light pouring into it!

"I wonder if they'd care?"

With finally set her face to the west-ward to the winds, opened the iron gate and walked up the well kept path to the front door.

"I beg pardon," she said as a white haired lady opened the door, and then she stopped, and her face turned first scarlet, then white. "Oh, Mrs. Carruth, I did not know you had bought the place. I just thought—"

A gently insistent hand drew her inside the door and led her into the sitting room. Madeline glanced around at the door, which she had just entered. It was just as she had left it.

"Why, I thought everything was sold."

"Yes, but somehow Henry traced nearly all of the things, and what he could not buy he somehow managed to duplicate at second-hand shops. Henry always did think your mother's house was the finest in Craffton Heights, and before he was dead so well he used to tell me that he meant some day to earn a house just like it for me."

Madeline felt the room spinning around her. There were other things Henry Carruth had tried to tell her more than once, but he had been a poor, struggling lawyer and she a well paid, illustrious one. They had talked of a trip to Paris, a career, and where had it all gone? Lost in wandering through a desert of apartment houses, studios, teas and luncheons. But Henry had realized his ambition or part of it at least. The house he did not care so much about the rest.

She never knew just how it happened, but Mrs. Carruth had soon taken away her wraps, and then, after a comforting cup of tea, she had led her guest over the old house. The bay window had made a great improvement in Madeline's quarters; otherwise they were quite the same, with even some of her first drawings framed and hung above her old fashioned desk.

Downstairs she gathered up her wraps and was drawing on her gloves when Mrs. Carruth excused herself to look after some dinner details. Madeline stood by the window looking at the arched over which wistaria now hung like a loving, harmless old couple. She reached out one hand and felt lovingly of the old fashioned damask hangings. A step sounded behind her, and without turning around she remarked, with something of a choke in her voice:

"Mrs. Carruth, I never knew before the bitterness of that old saying, 'A rolling stone gathers no moss'—not even pleasant memories!"

A hand rested appealingly on her shoulder. She looked up to meet Henry Carruth's gray glance.

"I know of a cozy corner just meant for tired rolling stones. Will you come, Madeline?"

It was midnight when he came back from town, but Mrs. Carruth was waiting for him.

"I told her we must be married before the 1st. Mrs. Stanhope wanted it in the new paper because the Bulgrovia fine for a wedding tell, but I don't propose that Madeline shall endure another moving day."

"And the sweetest part of it all was that she never blamed her mother for all these disturbing years—just acted as if she herself were to blame for a foolish ambition for a career. That is true!" and it makes me all the more willing to trust my boy to her care."

And Mrs. Carruth turned to find her son by the window, his rugged face pressed against the old damask hanging where he had found his first and only love that afternoon.

No Cause For Alarm.

Young Madeline—Do you think the visitor is really a patient? I am afraid that he is a creditor. Servant—Well, I heard him growling, for he isn't ill he must have a very big bill to collect—

Filegate Blatter.

LONDON ROWDIES.

The Way They Terrorized the Citizens in the Old Days.

Some curious particulars of the dangers of London streets in the old days are given in an article on "The Scowlers and the Moblocks" in the British Monthly Review. The favorite practice of the Scowlers was to invade some tavern in the evening, drive out the customers, ill treat the proprietors and their attendants, wreck the premises and, above all, "port." Steele tells of the Moblocks, one of whose pastimes was to "inclose women in casks and roll them down the street."

In 1712 a royal proclamation was issued offering a reward of £100 for the apprehension of any Moblock. Soon after the accession of George IV. to the throne in 1820 there was a recrudescence, though in a milder form, of Moblock roving, and attacks on the watch—"boxing the miller," as the phrase went—once more became fashionable among the wilder spirits of London. These revellers, however, were speedily suppressed by the establishment in 1829 by Sir Robert Peel of an efficient body of police.

Yet again in early Victorian days there was another Moblock outbreak under the auspices of the Marquis of Worcester, who was the proprietor of a bell houses and people read, for one of these concerns that prints books. But then, you know, they say there's a black sheep in nearly every family.—Kansas City Independent.

HIS TWO BOYS.

One the Hero, the Other the Black Sheep of the Family.

"Let's see," said the man who had seen Jacob a long time, "you had two boys, didn't you?"

"Yes," replied Pat. "They would have been three at this time, but one was born a girl."

"I remember now, Tom and Andy you named them after Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"As I remember Tom he was a very bright little fellow. I never knew so much about Andy."

"Ah, but that Andy! He's the boy! He led the big lagoon twist in battin' and 'now he's managin' a club in Missouri and has a contract for five years at a terrible big salary. Me and his ma can't get over him! Glad we never made Andy go to school, but let him play ball in all the corner lots of the neighborhood. And all the neighbors have his pitcher in their parlors. They are proud of him."

"That's true. I am glad to hear that Andy is doing so well. But what about Tom? I always had an idea that he was going to turn out well."

"No; Tom ain't amountin' to much. He was more for washin' his time going to college, and he's only the oldest of his litter of advisers or something like that for one of these concerns that prints books. But then, you know, they say there's a black sheep in nearly every family."—Kansas City Independent.

A FISH'S TAIL.

The Wonderful Power It Develops in Its Strokes.

A fish's tail is its wings. Thanks to the machinery of muscle set along its spine and to its cleaving form, a trout or salmon can dart through the water at a tremendous pace, though its rapid flights, unlike the bird's, are not long ones. It is soon dead beat. The water is not so friendly to flight as the air. The stroke of the fish's tail is one of graceful power and means of the writhing, snakelike flexion of the body, high speed is reached. The strength behind this speed is shown in the way a fish or sea mammal out of the water will raise its tail and strike the ground or beach. A fisherman told the writer he once had a rude proof of this power. He caught, with aid, got into his boat a whale tresser. After lying still awhile as if spent or dying, the creature, on its captor approaching, suddenly lashed furiously up and down. The startled men and their captive between them nearly upset the boat. It was an experience they wish never to repeat. The slapping stroke of a helpless and landed fish may be called a sea mammal like this thrasher—lashes on the enemy approaching. It does look like conscious fight.—George R. Dewar.

MODERN FAIRYLAND.

Electricity More Potent Than Aladdin's Famous Lamp.

Was Aladdin's lamp so very wonderful? Today we touch a button and a messenger is needed; we press another, and the room is flooded with light. It is not recorded that Aladdin's old brass implement was of any value for illuminating a dark room. Our slaves of the lamp do not terrify us by their horrid appearance. They are placed afar off in a home of their own and are always ready to furnish us with light and heat at any time of the day or night. Is not that progress? More direct than to have to carry an ugly piece of brass about with us, which when rubbed did not give what was wanted, but merely brought the servant?

And was the magic mirror so much superior to the telephone? Who would not prefer to talk with his friends to merely seeing them dimly through a clouded mirror? Truly the telephone is one of the most romantic devices that has ever revealed man's genius. And yet the magic mirror, while it seems improbable, may lead to it, but even then it would only supplement the telephone.

And in what way was the fairy boat so much superior to the electric launch or automobile? True, the rider did not know how or why it moved, but this same advantage holds for many who today use these very vehicles. And one can easily believe that we are not far from the time of flying machine.—Electrical Review.

A Real Distinction.

A young matron of West End avenue is the only one of her family who is not in "Who's Who." Her father being a well known clergyman and her brother, brother and sister being more or less celebrated writers. One day her sister was confiding with her on her lack of distinction in this respect.

"Never mind, Belle," said the literary sister, "you may not be in 'Who's Who,' but you're the only member of the family who is in the telephone book, and that costs real money!"—New York Press.

Your Eyes and Your Stomach.

It was a matter of surprise to Emerson, says the Health Record, that the following little piece of advice by De Quincey should not have attracted more attention: "The depth and subtlety of the eyes vary exceedingly with the state of the stomach, and if young ladies were aware of the magical transformation which can be wrought in the depth and sweetness of the eye by a few weeks' exercise I fancy we should see the habit of eating point altered greatly for the better."

Self Acting.

"How did this plate get broken, Mary?" asked the mistress.

"Why, ma'am, it tumbled down and broke itself."

"Ah, the automatic brake again!" exclaimed the lady, who was a chauffeur of some note. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

His Advertising Bill.

"I figure that advertising costs me a couple of thousand dollars a year more than I can afford!"

"What are you talking about? You don't advertise."

"No, but the department stores do, and they have no bargain habit!"—Philadelphia Press.

Puns.

"We don't like the milk we get in Campania," said the millionaire who was spending the winter in Rome.

"Then why not have some shipped from Cowes?" inquired the near humorist, with a hoarse laugh.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

One learns tactfulness best among people who have none and loquacity among the taciturn.—Richter.

Confided in Her.

Her Mother—Does your husband take you into his confidence regarding his business affairs? Young Wife—Oh, yes; he did so only this morning. When I asked him to let me have \$50 for a new gown he said he was very sorry, but business was so bad just now he couldn't possibly do it.—Chicago News.

The Very Worst.

Schoolmistress—Now, tell me the truth, Johnny Jones. You know what will happen if you tell a lie don't you? Johnny Jones—Yes, ma'am; I'll go to a bad place. Schoolmistress—That isn't the worst of it. You'll also be expelled from school.

Man's Character.

According to an old French saying, a man's character is like his shadow, which sometimes follows and sometimes precedes him and which is occasionally longer, occasionally shorter, than he is."

There is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.—Seneca.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, SECOND QUARTER, INTER-NATIONAL SERIES, APRIL 21.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xxxviii, 5-28. Memory Verses, 26-28—Golden Text, Jos. iii, 16—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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In chapter xxxviii we see Jacob's fears all dispelled by the good hand of God upon him in his meeting with Esau, his brother. We have also the record of the purchase of the land of Shechem and where Jacob was afterward buried and where Jacob was buried with the woman of Samaria (Josh. xxiv, 32; John iv, 7, and for the first time the name El-shie-Israel, God the God of Israel).

The next chapter is a record of the devil's work, for he is ever going about seeking whom he may devour. Ps. xviii, 30, is a good verse for every day. "As for God, His way is perfect."

In the first verse of our lesson chapter the promised land is called the land of Shechem (see margin), and we are reminded by Stephen that God gave Abraham none inheritance in it, though He said that He would (Acts vii, 47, and in Heb. xi, 9, 10, that he sojourning in the land of promise as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise, for he looked for a city which hath foundations).

Following the promises of God makes us strangers and pilgrims on the earth (Heb. xi, 13; 1 Pet. ii, 11) waiting for the kingdom when we shall share His glory and reign with Him. Of all the typical persons who in their lives fore-shadow the Messiah of Israel, Joseph is one of the most remarkable. In this and the next lesson illustrates the sufferings of Christ—loved by his father, but hated, envied and persecuted by his brethren because he testified of their evil deeds (see Gen. vii, 7, x, 37, 38, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100).

In all the sufferings of Joseph God was working out His eternal purpose, overruling the wrath of his brethren, but yet allowing the innocent one to suffer and the father to suffer also. I wonder how many give much thought to the suffering of God the Father in giving up His beloved Son to die for our sins, and do we in any sense seek to enter into the sufferings of Christ as our sin bearer, or can we?

God has a way of strengthening His people to endure suffering and be patient, as when He sustained Abraham by the glory of the city, Moses by the recompense of the reward, and in this case He sustains Joseph by the thought of the future pre-eminence and glory which He presented to him in his dreams. While neither his brethren nor his father took any stock (as we say) in his dreams, yet he could not forget them and must have been many a time sustained by them in his sorrows.

Any talk even now concerning the glory of the kingdom and our reign with Christ in bodies like His glorified body too often provokes a smile of pity for the shipwrecked man who believes such things and even produces in some believers that which looks like hatred.

When one day Jacob called his beloved Joseph to send him to find his brethren and see if it was well with them, how promptly he said, "Here am I!" (Gen. xli, 12), reminding us who have the finished story of 1 Sam. iii, 4, 6, 8; Isa. vi, 8, and leading up to the question, Am I saying that to God? If not, why not? Why unwilling to seek the will of the one who knows Him best? Is it nothing to me? (Lam. i, 12) Joseph perseveringly sought his brethren till he found them (15-17). So also the shepherd and the woman of Luke xv. Those whom the Spirit of Christ fills are not discouraged (Isa. xli, 4).

See the conspiracy and unbelieving mockery of verses 18-20 and compare Matt. xxvii, 1, 40-42; xxi, 38, 39, and so the unbelief of today scoffs at the promises of the future, and yet He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, and the Lord shall have them in derision, and He shall yet set His king upon His holy hill of Zion (Is. li, 4, 5). Reuben, the oldest brother, has a softer heart and a plea for Joseph's deliverance. His name, which means "a son" (xxix, 32 margin), may possibly suggest that he saw something of the future in Joseph's dreams. How terrified Joseph must have been at the thought of his brethren's hatred and their treatment of him, their rough handling, stripping him of his beautiful coat and casting him into the pit! The anguish of his soul and his earnest entreaties they remembered for twenty years (xli, 21, 22). The suffering student and his many an application, "Be sure your sin will find you out" (Num. xxxii, 23). Study the reference in Zech. ix, 11, to a pit without water and consider again the unity of Scripture.

With the anguish of his entreaties ringing in their ears and the agony of his face still before their eyes, they sit down to eat bread as if it was nothing to them. Compare Matt. xxvii, 30.

Next Judah's heart is touched for him, he who twenty years later became surety for Benjamin, and fearful lest Joseph should be slain he proposes that they sell him as a slave to a passing company of Midianite merchantmen on their way to Egypt. This they do for twenty pieces of silver, and Joseph was taken to Egypt. How brief the saying, but, oh, the untold agony in it! Was God in all this? Listen to Joseph years afterward: "God did send me before you to preserve life. It was not you that sent me into Egypt" (xv, 5, 8). The guilt of the brethren was marked and inexcusable, but God made the wrath of man to praise Him and overruled it to work out His purpose. And so it is always (Rom. viii, 28). Jacob's agony as the lying of his soul made him believe that Joseph was killed and was heavy reaping of seed soon when he lied to his father.

Wood Burners in Paris.

Despite all modern improvements, Paris still heats its offices and its houses to a large extent with wood. Its bakery and confectioners use hard-ly anything else for fuel. It burns up whole forests of timber every year, and extensive forests in several regions of France are reserved for supplying it with fuel. Coal is scarce in France and dear and not of very good quality. Besides, the Parisians are conservative in home matters. The clumsy appearance of the glowing log on the hearth appeals to them, and most likely generations will pass before they give up burning wood altogether.—Philadelphia North American.

Prepared for Temptation.

Little Tommy had been forbidden to swim in the river, owing to the danger. One day he came home with unmistakable signs of having been in the water. His mother scolded him severely, but he was tempted so badly, mother said Tommy. "That's all very well, but how'd you come to have your bathing suit with you?" Tommy paused and then said, "Well, mother, I took my bathing suit along thinking I might be tempted!"—Dunlap Advertiser.

His Last Chance.

"Did you ever notice," said Mrs. N. Peck, "that about half the pictures in the photographer's windows are of bridal couples? I wonder why they always rush off to the photographer when they are married?"

"I guess the husband is responsible for it," said Mr. Peck. "He realizes that it is about his last chance to ever look pleasant!"

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Night Window Shopping.

"I used to think the money spent for light in show windows from closing time till morning was wasted," said a Fifth Avenue merchant, "but I have changed my mind about it, and now I keep my windows lighted until 3 a. m. every night but Sunday. I took the trouble to make some investigations as to the value of shop windows before I changed my method. I found that in daytime, when the streets are filled, no man has time for more than a glance at the displays. But at night, and particularly late at night, while there are fewer people out, they are not in a hurry and many of them stop to examine critically the goods shown. I have frequently seen men and women, who were window shopping before my place at night inside buying the things the next day. Many people in New York keep themselves posted on fashions and on what is to be had in the stores by 'window shopping'."—New York Sun.

Man and the Horse.

Men are apt to say severe things of the absurdities to which many women will submit at the behest of fashion, but really, they are every bit as bad. A good horse has a naturally arched neck, an inferior one has not. But the owner of the latter must pretend that his sorry steed is blessed with blood, and to effect the deceit he slings on a monstrous bearing rein and deduces public opinion. A London carman, who is in many things a bit of a brute, will ease his horse when going up hill by removing the reins which keep it steady up, but without losing sight of the kindness extended to a horse drawing a brougham? The same slavish following of fashion marks the attention to the horse's tail. The thoroughbred has his three-quarter length bush, so have the inferior breeds. The inferior, but what man would drive a cab with half expanded fan?—St. James' Gazette.

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A Word For Herself.

The woman, widow of an old husband, inscribed the following words upon her dear departed's tomb:

"To the memory of Mathurin Bequet, who left this vale of tears at the age of ninety-two years, eleven months and twenty days, deeply grieved at having to leave behind him the most charming and faithful of wives."—Pele Mele.

Professional Ethics.

The acquitted woman (young and pretty) kissed her lawyer.

"Madam," said he, with an attempt at firmness, "my stipulation was that there should be no fee in this case. You must permit me to return it!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Three Sick Men.

It is a curious fact that three of the men who did most to revolutionize the world had always had health. These were St. Paul, Julius Caesar and Napoleon, the real originator of the French revolution.

How Odd.

Joankey-Queer thought that all tall men were there.

Business Cards.

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the
Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y
is the result of the arrangements which
went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15,
1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for
Winchester, Medford and Elevated at
5:12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until
9:27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until
12:27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until
7:27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until
11:27 P. M. Cars leave North Woburn Centre
ten minutes later than North Woburn.
Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal
of the Elevated for Winchester, Medford
and North Woburn at 6:17 A. M. and
then every 15 minutes to 10:30 A. M.,
then every 30 minutes to 1:32 P. M.,
then every 15 minutes to 6:32 P. M., and
then every 30 minutes to 10:32 P. M., and
then every 15 minutes to 10:32 P. M., and
then every 30 minutes to 10:32 P. M.

The through car from Lowell which
has been run from Merrimack Square,
Lowell, via Tewksbury, Wilmington,
Woburn and Medford Square, will be
discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of
this route the new schedule provides
for cars to run from Merrimack Square,
Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilming-
ton and heading where direct connec-
tions can be made for through cars to
Soclebury, Station subway, Boston
Lyons, Fenbury and Salem. Those wish-
ing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury
and Lowell can connect with car that
leaves North Woburn car house and
connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.
Cars leave No. Woburn car house for
Wilmington on the even hour and re-
turning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington
for No. Woburn on the half hour.—M.

Boston & Maine R. R.

TRAIN SERVICE
In effect October 8, 1905

Trains Leave Woburn:

WINCHESTER, MASS., and BOSTON—10:55,
10:14, 10:44, 11:14, 11:44, 12:14, 12:44, 1:14,
1:44, 2:14, 2:44, 3:14, 3:44, 4:14, 4:44, 5:14,
5:44, 6:14, 6:44, 7:14, 7:44, 8:14, 8:44, 9:14,
9:44, 10:14, 10:44, 11:14, 11:44, 12:14, 12:44,
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The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1907.

ARBOR DAY.

In compliance with the proclamation of His Excellency, Governor Curtis Guild, Junior, tomorrow, April 27, 1907, should be observed by the people of Massachusetts as Arbor Day. Some have suggested that the name ought to be changed to Tree Day, while others, although confessing that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," object to the proposed change.

However, it makes but little difference what the day is called, for it comes nearer to being a total failure, compared with its avowed objects, than any other public day in the catalogue. Probably more than half of the people forget all about it, and the other half don't think it worth while to go to the trouble of planting trees and vines, or bushes, on their grounds.

So, there you have it.

A feeling prevails in political circles that Hon. John P. Feeney, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, and Hon. John B. Moran, ex-candidate for Governor, do not, and will not in the future, take kindly to the Douglas Whitney candidacy for Governor and Lieutenant Governor, planned, and to be engineered, by the Quincy clan, but will oppose, and probably defeat, the new combination. Moran is not to be a candidate again this year for the highest office in the gift of Massachusetts, but plans to try for a reelection to his present one, in which attempt he will, no doubt, fail; and Feeney has Congressional aspirations that the nomination of Douglas and Whitney might interfere with. With the State Committee against them D. and W. will meet with hard sledding.

The City Council gave an informal hearing last Monday evening on the petition presented to the Board for immediate installation of water meters in this city. The chief speakers were Walter C. Gilbert in support of the petition, and Water Commissioner Hayward, and Superintendent Spencer of the Works, in opposition. While not especially opposed to water meters, as a system, Messrs. Hayward and Spencer expressed the opinion that, if it is ever to be installed in this city, to press the matter will be inopportune because the funds required to put it in and defray the additional expense of maintenance, are necessary to meet more pressing needs of the water plant as it now exists.

The attempt to lower the milk standard in this State was frustrated by the Senate last week. It was a demagogical movement to please a few speculating farmers; but, thanks to the good sense of a majority of the members, it failed signally to pass. The legal standard of milk is already low enough, in all conscience, and steps to reduce it in the interests of Jersey cows should be frowned on. We were pleased to note that our Senator, Hon. Herbert S. Riley, voted against the bill.

Mayor Blodgett made some appointments last Tuesday which will be likely to suit the people. They were: J. Fred Leslie, to succeed Thos. Dolan as Principal Assessor, for three years; C. H. Harrington, Registrar of Voters, for three years; P. T. McDonough, Inspector of Milk and Vinegar, one year; George F. Hosmer, Sealer of Weights and Measures, one year.

General Whitney, Court Officer for Middlesex county, has been appointed Chief of the State District Police. He was formerly a member of that force, and is abundantly qualified to fill the office of Chief. He is popular, and has a host of friends, especially in this county. He served gallantly in the Civil War, and in the Spanish-American war.

It is predicted that the Public Opinion Bill will be defeated by the present Legislature. Very likely. But that doesn't signify that it is not a meritorious measure, or that it deserves the fate that probably awaits it. It is said that Senator Lodge and the Republican State organization are opposed to it; but why, it is not easy to conjecture.

The appointment by the Governor of George A. Sanderson as Associate Justice of the Superior Court was a worthy one. He is prosecuting Attorney of the North Middlesex District, a sound lawyer, and every way well fitted for his new position.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City Hearing. 6 Place - For Sale. H. B. Bly - Builders. S. E. Brooks - Plumber.

The right place at which to buy spring overcoats is Hammond's.

According to the Times "Nimrod" and fishermen are the same.

The Woburn H. S. ball team played the Reading H. S. ball team last Wednesday.

"The King of the Philippines" will be given by the Rebekahs on the evening of May 15.

No phenomenal strings of fish are reported from Horn Pond, or the brooks and streams hereabouts.

Why is City Hall closed to the public every Saturday afternoon? Don't ask at once.

Fitz & Stanley have some butter which they would like to have the public try. It is prime.

Commissioner Kennedy says that less work than usual will be done on the highways this season.

The weather on Patriots Day was from fair to middling. There was a light rain in the afternoon.

The May Party is given for people of all ages. Let's help make it the most enjoyable social event of the year.

Mrs. Katherine Warren of Marquette, N. Y., has been visiting her father and sisters here on Church street.

Mr. W. H. W. Bicknell of St. John's choir, Cambridge, will sing two tenor solos at Trinity church on Sunday evening.

The Board of Health are taking steps to compel delinquents to make sewer connections. It is a step in the right direction.

Covenant Club Whist at Mrs. E. M. Wright's, Arlington Road, Tuesday, April 30. Tickets 55 cents. Sold by Club members.

The Floating Hospital May Party comes off in just one week from today. Everybody should go and see the Dorothea Dix children act.

Open cars were run on the Lexington line last Tuesday. It was slightly early for their appearance, and not altogether healthy.

The E. Prior Real Estate Agency has sold for Mrs. Jennie B. Graham and Miss Mary E. Godkin the estate numbered 8 Cleveland avenue.

It is reported that desirable houses and tenements for rent are far from being plenty. More of them could be speedily rented at fair prices.

The 3d Degree Staff of Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., went to Winchester last Monday evening to do work in Waterfield Lodge there.

Tin roofing, sheet iron, and furnace work and stove repairs. Satisfaction guaranteed at H. B. Bly & Co.'s, 367 Main street, Woburn, Mass.—4t.

The Sunny Circle of King's Daughters of First church are to meet with Miss Lydia P. Fowler, 67 Garfield avenue, at 7:30 o'clock this evening.

The Tuesday Afternoon Bridge Club were entertained on April 23 by Miss Dorcas B. Buss at her home. Whist and luncheon were the features of the party.

It was announced that the Mayor would hold a hearing in the Office Murphy's case last evening. The changes against him have been kept secret.

St. Charles C. T. A. S. gave a Ladies Night last Wednesday evening. The guests were the young women who filled parts in the Society's recent minstrel show.

E. Prior may be found at 346 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

Cold winds have prevailed to an unprecedented extent all the present spring. They have come from the polar regions, and proved searching and disagreeable.

Mrs. Margaret J. Maloney of Winthrop announces the engagement of her daughter, Margaret Josephine, to Dr. John Franklin Canfield of Woburn.—School Herald.

"Schools Past and Present" was Supt. George L. Clapp's theme at the mothers meeting yesterday afternoon. He handled the subject all right, for schools are his best hold.

The E. Prior Real Estate Agency has sold for Mrs. Bryant to Thomas D. Johnson of Boston the estate numbered 27 Mt. Pleasant street. Mr. Johnson buys for investment.

At 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon Burbank W. R. C. 84, are to hold a food sale in the store lately vacated by P. Carlson. Everybody ought to buy and help the good ladies along.

C. E. Smith has a full line of as fine and fashionable wallpaper as has ever been laid in this city. This present housecleaning and repairing season creates a great demand for them.

The spring meeting of the Woburn Conference is to be held in the Melrose Highlands church next Tuesday. First church of Woburn selected delegates last Wednesday evening.

The Fortnightly Club closed a successful season of whist last Saturday evening. Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Arnold of School street entertained the party, which was a large and pleasant one.

Money expended for tickets for the May Party is as good as an investment, the dividends being the restoration to health and strength of countless little ones who need the assistance of us all.

If any Mayflowers have yet reached this town their presence has not been reported. It is time for them, but the spring has been unusually cold and backward, and the flowers are late in coming along.

Philip L. Kerrigan and Charles Costello seriously burned at a fire at the patent leather factory of Bezze & Cobb about noon last Tuesday. The fire was quickly subdued with but little damage from it.

The rector of Trinity Church will, Sunday evening, give an address on "The Episcopal church in America for Three Hundred Years." Mr. Beckman will deal with the period included between 1776 and 1907.

In a few days from now, if nothing happens to prevent, the parade of McLaughlin & Dennison will be a great demand as a hot weather drink. There is nothing more palatable and soothing to thirsty lips.

Spring business is opening up encouragingly, so we are informed, and traders and mechanics are feeling nicely. Leather making is in a flourishing condition, and merchandizing is going ahead in fine shape.

Public sentiment in Montvale is opposed to the present, the refusal of the city. It is a great place for the gathering of drinkers from Stoneham, Winchester, and other towns, and respectable citizens don't like it.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Alonzo L. Perham, Recording Secretary of Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., for courtesies in connection with the celebration last Wednesday evening of the founding of American Odd Fellowship.

The presentation of Arrah-n-Pogue by the Celtic Association in Lyceum Hall last Monday evening drew a full house, and gave entire satisfaction. The play, which is old but popular, was admirably staged and produced in excellent style by competent local talent. Mr. J. Fred Rice was the conductor, and Margaret E. Hagen leading lady.

Come one, come all, Come large, come small, To the May Party, May third, In Lyceum Hall.

Notwithstanding the serious blow to his reputation dealt by the people of this city, and unpopularity here, on account of his groundhog fiasco last February, we return thanks to Mr. Warren Teel for a bundle of Iowa newspapers.

The last B. & N. car for Sullivan Square leaves head of Winn street, this city, at 11:12 p. m.; and the last car for Woburn leaves Sullivan Square at 12:02 p. m. It wouldn't be a bad plan to cut this out and paste it on the inside of your hat.

Thomas H. Marrion has been elected Director and Manager of the Woburn Brass Band, and Frank H. Sawyer, Secretary. The Band is the oldest in this part of the State, and Mr. Marrion has been its leader for a good many years.

The Business Men's Association voted, the other day, not to advertise in programs, and other vehicles adopted by religious, fraternal, temperance, and other societies, but would do so only through legitimate channels. It was a sensible thing to do.

Capt. J. M. Ellis got back from a visit to several Southern States. He went away about three weeks ago, during which period he did considerable traveling and enjoyed the outing amazingly. The Captain is now ready to begin spring work.

At a meeting held last week by the merchants it was unanimously voted to close the stores, shops, etc., in this city on every Wednesday afternoon during the months of June, July, August and September, except on July 3. This is the same as last year.

At the last meeting of the City Council the following jurors were drawn for the U. S. Circuit Court to open in Boston on April 30: James A. Brown, Nathan W. Frye, Bartholomew Mahoney, Francis McFarland, Charles Nichols, and John A. Shea.

A public hearing is to be given on the water meter question at the meeting of the City Council next Monday evening. All persons interested in the subject should make it their way to be present, and, if seemingly moved by the spirit, say something on it.

Company G was inspected at the Armory last Monday evening, by Col. Doty of the Governor's Staff. The visitors were: Col. William Oakes, Major W. W. Stover, Lieut. James Cody, Capt. Mark Smith of the 5th Regiment and Ex-Capt. Edward F. Wyer of Co. G.

A fine portrait of Paul Revere has been presented to the North-Berwick High School by Mr. C. H. Taylor of Woburn, Mass., a photographer of marked ability. Many will remember him, as he is a frequent visitor in our village.—No. Ber. Corr. Biddford (Me.) Journal.

The L. C. S. and Branch Alliance of the Unitarian church will meet in the church parlor Thursday, May 2, at half past three o'clock. Miss Katherine Stone of West Medford will speak on "My Home in the World." Tea will be served at five o'clock, and all friends of the Alliance are cordially invited.

Next Monday evening Mr. Herbert B. Dow is to address the Town Club on the subject of Insurance. He will give an instructive lecture, for few men understand better the subject than he. Mr. Dow is Attorney for the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, and has the whole matter at his fingers' ends.

Early on Thursday morning, April 18, while dressing a large belt in the Cattle Leather Company factory in this city, Jordan C. Coles, colored, 31 years old, was caught, whirled around the shaft, and instantly killed. His home was on Kilby street, where a wife and three children mourn his sudden and tragic death.

Catherine Eliza, daughter of Daniel P. O'Brien, died suddenly about 11 o'clock last Sunday evening. She attended church during the day, and was apparently in perfect health; but on returning home she was attacked by a violent pain in her stomach, which the Doctors were unable to relieve. She was about 11 years old.

A smart rain set in at 12:15 a. m. last Wednesday morning, of which there was no cessation, and but little abatement, until the end came at 8:30 a. m. Farmers and others said the rain was needed, and they ought to know. At any rate, it was hoped the storm would be succeeded by warmer and more springlike weather.

Mr. G. Place advertises some valuable real estate for sale and also to rent in this issue of the JOURNAL. The property offered for sale is among the most desirable in this city, and we are assured that the prices fixed on it are away down below low water mark. Mr. Place finds that real estate business is looking up in this city.

Mayor and Madam Blodgett attended the dramatic entertainment given by the Celtic Association in Lyceum Hall last Monday evening, and appeared to enjoy Arrah-n-Pogue highly. The Mayor is democratic in his ideas and feelings, and accepts invitations to society functions with thanks, and generally responds in person and Dame B. to them.

Last Tuesday morning the following gentlemen received 60,000 trout fry from the State fish hatchery, and have distributed them in the brooks and streams in this locality: Charlie A. Luke, John Sweetser, George Lewis Jones, McDermott, Charles Taylor, Frank Ames, Charles Ames, William J. Hammond, John Hill, Eugene Wood, Louis White, Dr. Lamb.

Mrs. Thomas Heartz of Bennett street, who has been Treasurer of the Woburn Woman's Club for the last 5 years, is a candidate for reelection. She has discharged the duties of the office in a businesslike manner, and to the entire satisfaction of the Club and the public. The position is far from being a sinecure; it demands work and care; and after a service in it of 5 years Mrs. Heartz, quite properly, thinks she is entitled to an honorable discharge.

Tomorrow will be registering day for the Warren Academy cooking school. Instruction will begin on May 4.

Miss Gladys Aldrich, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Aldrich, has returned, with her aunt, Miss Mary Woodberry, from an extended visit to California.

Miss Kate Barker is actively engaged in the good work of securing an appropriate gift for the new schoolhouse to be erected on H. S. S. and is meeting with splendid success.

Last Wednesday a resident of Montvale pleaded guilty of selling liquor illegally, and was fined \$50 in the District Court. We thought recent investigation showed Montvale free from illegal rummelling.

Some of the signers of the Water Meter petition, on which the Council are to give a public hearing next Monday evening, have expressed regrets for putting their names to the paper. The movement is, by no means, a spontaneous one, but the work of a single interested party.

The annual concert given by the Clon MacKinnon, O. S. C., never fail to afford pleasure to the listeners. They have been the musical events of the season for the last 19 years, and, like good wine, grow better with age. That of last Wednesday evening in Lyceum Hall was one of the best the Clon has ever given, and was keenly enjoyed by a large and fashionable audience.

The Theosophical Club were handsomely entertained by Mrs. James H. Linnell at the pleasant and hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Linnell on Arlington Road, last Monday evening. The whist winners were Mrs. J. H. Linnell, the hostess, and Miss Helen M. Ramsdell. Choice refreshments were served. Mrs. C. G. Lund will entertain at the next Club meeting.

Last Tuesday evening the Liquor License Board of Commissioners granted licenses to the following parties, all of whom are well known to the community: J. J. Murphy & Co., John F. Scallie & Co., John Maloney & Co., Golden & McDonald, T. Moore & Co., L. D. McDermott & Co., Richard Reynolds & Co., Weaver & Lynch, Doherty & James, W. E. McMahon & Co. There are 4 more to be granted.

Last Wednesday, April 24, was Old Fellows Day, the 88th anniversary of the founding of the Order in America. Crystal Fount Lodge, No. 9, and Hope Rebekah Lodge, No. 39, engaged in the celebration under the direction of the following committee: A. L. Perham, C. E. Richardson, George N. Parker, Sarah A. Woodside, Lillie M. Trull, Flora M. Tripp, A. J. Foster, Beji. L. Trull, James R. Kendall.

FIRE—The alarm from box 27 at 11:30 last Saturday morning was for a brush fire on Winter street, North Woburn. The alarm from box 64 at 12:40 last Tuesday morning was for a slight fire on the roof of the gate house at the Winn street crossing. The alarm from box 56 at 11:30 Tuesday morning was for a fire in the patent leather factory of Bezze & Cobb. Damage small. The alarm from box 212 at 1:10 p. m., Thursday, was for a brush fire on Merrimack street.

A current rumor that Mr. Larry Martin of Oklahoma is to visit his former home here next June or July is probably an error as to the date of his coming. If at all, he will be likely to put in an appearance at East Woburn a few days prior to the next city election in order to arrange matters for that important event. The Hon. John P. Feeney, his intimate friend, will not be a candidate for Mayor this year, but Larry has other friends in Woburn, and, above all, Mr. Larry Reade must be beaten in his candidacy for that office.

Several Woburn professional men and leading politicians attended the meeting of the Massachusetts Mayors Club in Boston last Monday, especially to listen to the eloquence of the great Nebraska orator, William Jennings Bryan, who was the chief attraction, and when, during the evening, carried away. Among the number were Judges E. F. Johnson and J. G. Maguire, Mayor W. E. Blodgett, Robert Chalmers, M. D. Harold P. Johnson, Esq., Henry B. Williams, D. D. Lawyer W. F. Davis, Jr., and ex-Mayors John P. Feeney, W. F. Davis, A. H. Lincoff.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Leeds who celebrated their Golden Wedding on April 16, last, and long may they live, in peace and plenty, to observe succeeding anniversaries of their marital union. They were married at Melrose on April 16, 1857, and lived there until the close of the Civil War, when they came to Woburn, and have made their home here ever since. Mr. Leeds served in the 16th Mass. Regiment, and Mass. Battalion, in the Civil War, and it was while a member of the latter that he was wounded at Fair Oaks, Virginia.

An association has lately been formed in this city and christened "The Progress League," the cardinal object of which is to secure lower fares on the Boston & Maine Railroad between here and Boston. The following are the officers of the League: President, Samuel W. Mendum; Vice Presidents, Hon. W. E. Blodgett, Hon. W. F. Davis, Hon. G. F. Bean, G. William Buckley, Charles A. Burdett; Secretary, C. Bertrand Strout; Treasurer, George W. Smith; Executive Committee, Andrew M. Barker, Elmore A. Pierce, 3 years; Elmer E. Silver, William W. Crosby, 2 years; Edwin K. Porter, 1 year.

Miss Ethel M. Bryant, Chairman of the Committee on Advertising, asks the public to "remember that the Dorothea Dix children, who are well known to Woburn people, are to give the entire entertainment, consisting of singing, songs and dances, at the May Party in Lyceum Hall, on Friday, May 21." This annual Party is held in aid of the Boston Floating Hospital, one of the most deserving charities in the State. Every summer it gives to hundreds of poor, worn-out mothers and their sick and puny babies salt water outings on a fine steamer which is provided with doctors, nurses, and provisions, and thus does a vast amount of good. The ladies who have the Party in hand earnestly hope that the people of Woburn may fully appreciate the blessings of the Floating Hospital charity, and be liberal in their patronage next Friday.

The Prize Trolley Trip story contest, which was conducted by the Passenger Department of the Boston & Northern Railroad, closed last Monday, and the report of the judges has just been announced. The department offered a prize of \$25 in cash for the best story of the best trolley trip taken on the lines of either of these two companies, \$15 for the second best and \$10 for the third best. The response to this offer was very general, a large number of excellent and interesting stories being received by the judges from all over the district covered by these lines.

The story submitted for judgment to a board of judges by whom the first prize has been awarded to Katherine Koff of Danvers, the second to Mary L. Coggeshall of Melrose, and the third to Ellen M. Dole of Salem. The winning story is entitled "The Month of the Tri-State Tourist," the monthly publication of the Passenger Department.

ELECTRICITY.

A pleasant, grateful, store illumination will result if electricity is employed in Nernst Lamps. They make the store cheerful and exhibit all the beauty and excellence of the stock. They are economical because all the light they give is useful.

Have you learned to be light-wise?

To know all that you need to know about Nernst Lamps, or other ways of using electricity, write our Sales Agent, or call, or telephone "Oxford 3300, Collect."

The Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston, 333 Boylston St., Boston

The Telephone Company has no official connection with, or responsibility for, any such local fire alarm system, of course, but its employees express themselves as glad to co-operate in proper emergencies, where time-saving is of vital importance, and where, in addition, a distinct public service may be rendered.—Winchester Star.

The price of health in a malarious district is just 25 cents; the cost of a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills, writes the physician of Oakland, Ark. New Life Pills cleanse gently and impart new life and vigor to the system. 25c. Satisfaction guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison druggists.

WINCHESTER.

Patriots Day was observed by our people in the usual way. Games predominated. Some ambitious young ladies are to open a private school here next September. Are our public schools a failure?

During the first three months of 1907 there have been 38 deaths in this town, which is the largest number recorded for many years past.

Rev. Mr. Ravi, late pastor of the M. E. church here, has left the Methodist denomination and joined the Trinitarian Congregationalists. He was brought up a stiff Presbyterian.

The Winchester Club opened the rowing and sailing season, with great effect, last Patriots Day. They gave a fine entertainment in the evening. The Club are the pride of Winchester.

Mr. Charles W. Bradstreet, formerly one of our most highly esteemed citizens, and wife are to return from Arlington, to which town they moved not long ago, to Winchester. They are heartily welcome to come back.

The finest piece of irony that has illuminated the columns of the Star for many a day was the communication of "Progress" which appeared there last week. It was as keen as a briar, and ought to "strike in." The practice of demanding, or begging for, public aid for baseball and other sporting clubs is demoralizing to the last degree. It makes mendicants of young people, and is a public nuisance.

About the best reading I have had lately were Hon. Sam J. Elder's criticisms of the Thaw trial and law proceedings generally. He stands at the head of the Massachusetts Bar and handles only big cases. His signal success as a lawyer is as much due to his sound, horse sense as to his astuteness and knowledge of the law. What he says about lawyers and the conduct of suits is every word of it true.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Subject: "Momentum in Religious Life." 12 M. Sunday School.

METHODIST.—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Vandemark. 12 M. Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D. 12 M. Sunday School.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—4th Sunday after Easter. 10:30 A. M., Morning Prayer and sermon. 12 M. Sunday School in Parish House.

First Church of Christ.—Sermon by Rev. W. B. Dickett of St. John's church, Cambridge. All seats free at every service. Wednesday, 7:30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

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Boston Theatres.

THE ORPHEUM.

Europe's greatest musical sensation Vasco, will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum theatre for the week beginning Monday, April 22. This will be Vasco's first appearance in New England, owing to the fact that he has been created abroad, the greatest interest has been aroused in this community ever known. Vasco plays 28 variety acts, and the whole act frames up as the most unique, ever attempted in the musical line. "A Romance of Killarney" is the title of an Irish sketch in which Mr. J. Hearn and Company will make their first appearance in Boston next week. This is a delightful playlet, scenery with elaborate special scenery introducing seven characters. Mr. O'Hearn possesses a particularly pleasing voice, and has been called the Chaucer of vaudeville.

Fitted by a Spider.

Through blood poisoning caused by a spider bite, John Washington of a Basqueville, Tex., would have lost his leg, which became a mass of running sores, had he not been persuaded to try Buckle's Arnica Salve. He writes: "The first application relieved, and four boxes healed all the sores. Heals every worst case at McLaughlin & Dennison's drug store."

Fire and Telephone.

Mayor Blodgett of Woburn, has made an interesting application of the telephone as an official auxiliary of the fire department. At the central station he has installed a universal fire alarm, from which a call for any fire alarm box in the city may be sounded. To each telephone subscriber in the city he has mailed a card, suggesting that, in the event of discovering a fire in his neighborhood, the subscriber notify the central station by telephone, rather than lose time by rushing out to "ring in" an alarm from a box of whose location he has only a hazy recollection and of whose mechanism he, as a rule, knows nothing.

The Telephone Company has no official connection with, or responsibility for, any such local fire alarm system, of course, but its employees express themselves as glad to co-operate in proper emergencies, where time-saving is of vital importance, and where, in addition, a distinct public service may be rendered.—Winchester Star.

"The price of health in a malarious district is just 25 cents; the cost of a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills," writes the physician of Oakland, Ark. New Life Pills cleanse gently and impart new life and vigor to the system. 25c. Satisfaction guaranteed by McLaughlin & Dennison druggists.

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Musical.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

MRS. ANNIE M. S. LEWIS
MR. F. PERCYAL LEWIS
PIANO, THEORY, ORGAN.

Fundamental principles, technique, and interpretation.

Consult at Woburn Unitarian Vestry,
Saturdays, 10.12 A. M., 2.4 P. M.

Address Winchester, Mass.

VIOLIN INSTRUCTION

GIVEN BY
WALTER LINCOLN RICE.

Violins loaned to beginners without cost until the progress made by the pupil warrants the purchase of an instrument.
Lessons given at the pupil's residence if desired.
Information regarding lessons can be obtained by letter or phone.
38 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass.

Seasonable Goods

Reasonable Prices.

H. O. Buckwheat	10 & 15c Package
Pancake Flour	10c
Tay Oats	10c
Apples	15c
Pillsbury Vitas	15c
Shredded Wheat	15c
Tricuit	10c
Puffed Rice	10c
Plain Rice	10c
Maito Rice	10c
Cream of Wheat 2 for 25c	15c
Grape Nuts 2 for 25c	15c
Malt Breakfast Food	15c
Pettijohn Breakfast Food	15c
Wheatena	15c
Ration Breakfast Food	15c
Force	10c
Egg O'See	10c
Maple Flakes	10c
Toasted Corn Flakes	10c
Saxon Wheat, dish in every	15c
Package	15c
Union Oats, dish in every	15c
Package	25c

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

AFTER HARD WORK

THE USE OF

Woburna Lotion Soap

Gives a feeling of freshness and invigoration obtained in no other way.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist.

361 Main St.

WOBURN.

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

PREPARE FOR

Spring Cleaning.

Sulpho-Naphthol

used generally about the house, in place of soap, &c., will at once correct all unsanitary conditions. Lead up to the difficult work by putting the sink and entire drainage system in a perfectly healthy condition. It breaks up all foul odors, clears out all greasy, decomposing accumulations. Be sure you get the genuine. Avoid inferior "Just as Good" imitations. Look for above Trade-Mark.

Sold in original packages at all dealers.

10c., 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

FOR SALE.

The Residence of the late

James I. Hanson.

House contains twelve rooms, bath and furnace. For particulars and terms, address

Mrs. HELEN C. HANSON,

Uxbridge, Mass.

IT IS NOT TOO LATE

In the season to have your old or defective heating apparatus changed. You want have to shiver while the work is being done. The fire can be lighted in the new plant the same day that it is put out in the old one.

EDWARD E. PARKER,

Steam & Hot Water Heating

8 Middle St. Woburn Mass.

Get Your Printing Done

At This Office

CITY OF WOBURN.



ASSESSORS' NOTICE.

Woburn, May 1, 1907.
To the Inhabitants of the City of Woburn, and all other persons liable to pay taxes thereon.

You are hereby required to bring into the Assessors of said City of Woburn, on or before Friday, June 18th, 1907, true lists of all polls and personal estate not exempt from taxation.

Any person neglecting to furnish the Assessors with a list of all their personal property within the time specified, will be deemed at a legal meeting of the Board of Assessors, agreeable to the laws of the Commonwealth and Ordinances of the City, which meeting will be held during the month of June.

Schedules may be obtained at the office of the Assessors.

Persons holding estates in trust, whether for minors or otherwise, are particularly requested to furnish the Assessors with statements in relation to such estates.

Where estates of persons deceased have been divided during the past year, or have changed hands from other causes, the Executors, Administrators, or other persons interested, are respectfully requested to give notice of such changes at the office.

All persons and corporations, except corporations making returns to the Insurance Commissioner, as required by section nine of chapter one hundred and eighty-two of the Revised Laws, are hereby required to bring in to said Assessors on or before said June 18, 1907, unless the Assessors for cause shown extend the time to the first day of August, 1907, true lists of all real and personal estate held by them respectively, for literary, benevolent, charitable or scientific purposes on the first day of May, 1907, or, at the election of such corporation, on the last day of its financial year last preceding said first day of May, and to state the amount of receipts and expenditures for said purposes during the year last preceding said days.

We call the attention of tax payers to the following extracts from the laws of the State by which the Assessors will be governed:

REVISED LAWS OF MASSACHUSETTS

CHAPTER XL.

SECTION 45. A mortgage or mortgagee of real estate may bring in to the Assessors of the city or town in which it lies, within the time prescribed by the notice under section forty-one, a statement under oath of the amount secured thereon or each separate parcel thereof, with the name and residence of every holder of an interest therein as a mortgage or mortgagee. If such property is situated in two or more places, or if a recorded mortgage includes two or more estates, or parts of an estate as security for one sum, such statement shall include an estimate of the interest of the mortgagee in each estate or part of an estate. The Assessors shall, from such statement or otherwise, ascertain the proportionate interests of the mortgage or mortgagee separately in said estates, and shall assess the same accordingly. If, in any year, such statement is not brought in, the tax for that year or such real estate shall not be invalid merely for the reason that the interest of the mortgagee has not been assessed to him.

SECTION 46. They shall receive as true, except as to valuation, the list brought in by each person, unless on being thereto required by the Assessors he refuses to answer on oath all necessary inquiries as to the nature and amount of his property.

Notice is hereby given that the Assessors will be in session on the 4th, 6th, 7th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 18th days of June, 1907, from 9 o'clock to 11.30 A. M., and from 3 to 5 P. M., also on the evenings of June 4th, 6th, 11th, 13th, and 18th, from 7 to 8 o'clock, to receive returns of taxable personal property and polls.

FRED J. RICE,

ARTHUR E. GAGE,

J. FRED LESLIE,

Assessors of the City of Woburn

Another Memorial Day

will soon be here, and still many graves of loved ones remain unadorned. The habit of putting off grows with each succeeding month. Start this Spring right and place your order with us at once, we can please you. Best Materials, Best Workmanship.

JOHN H. HERN

Salem St., Woburn.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Hardware, Cutlery,

Painters' Supplies,

FERTILIZERS.

Garden Seeds, Farmers' and Mechanics' Tools, Kitchen Furnishing Goods, etc.

367 Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

367 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone connection.

Estate of Edwin L. Haley, late of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testator, executor.

THE Probate Court for said County will receive and examine all claims of creditors against the said estate, and all claims of the said estate against creditors, on or before the first day of June, 1907, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at the County Court House in the County of Middlesex, in the City of Boston.

Witness my hand and seal of said County, at the City of Boston, this 28th day of May, 1907.

JOSEPH M. HALEY, Esquire, Clerk of said Court.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. The Probate Court for said County will receive and examine all claims of creditors against the said estate, and all claims of the said estate against creditors, on or before the first day of June, 1907, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at the County Court House in the County of Middlesex, in the City of Boston.

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JOSEPH M. HALEY, Esquire, Clerk of said Court.

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Dennison-Leece.

At a o'clock Tuesday morning, April 30, 1907, Rev. Frederick W. Beckman, Rector, in Trinity Episcopal church, performed the rites and tied the knot, after the usage of that church, that bound in nuptial union two loving hearts in the persons of Mr. Herbert S. Dennison, of the firm of McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists, and Miss Bessie Belle Leece, both of Woburn.

The Maid of Honor was Miss Gertrude B. Carter of Winchester, and Mr. Benjamin P. Crowell filled the office of Best Man. Mr. George E. Cutler of Keene, N. H., her uncle, gave away the bride. The ceremony was witnessed by only a few relatives and intimate friends.

The bride and groom are popular young people, prominent in the best society circles, and hosts of friends warmly congratulate them on their happy matrimonial union.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennison are to make their home at No. 2 Spring street, this city.

A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Shake out your shoes Allen's Foot-Powder. It cures Tired, Aching, Swollen, Sweating, Swollen, Itchy, Prurient, and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample FREE. Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

WINCHESTER

At last accounts Inspector of Plumbing, Cassidy did not resign that office, but is expected to do so any day.

I hear that he is going to Cambridge to live.

The annual May Party is to be given at 20 Saturday afternoon, May 4, at the Town Hall. It is the intention of the managers to make a bigger thing than ever of it.

Mr. F. A. Sauborn, cashier of the Winchester Savings Bank, has resigned that office. His successor is Mr. Charles E. Sweet. The Bank is one of the soundest in the State.

Chief McIntosh will prosecute all milkmen to the full extent of the law who are guilty of throwing broken bottles into the street, as they are in the habit of doing. Good!

Waterfield Lodge, I. O. O. F., celebrated the 88th anniversary of the founding of the Order in America last Monday evening by giving a program, refreshments and dancing.

The Co-operative Bank recently declared a semi-annual dividend of 2 1/2 percent. Five percent premium is a bad figure for rate of interest, considering that paid by Savings Banks, which latter should pay 4, at least.

Congressman McCall was one of the principal orators at the opening of the Jamestown (Va.) Fair last week. On an occasion like that few equal, and none excel, our honored townsman in ability, or is more frequently sought. He is a statesman, and a real orator.

I can't remember when I felt more pain and suffering than when reading "P. E. D's" slur on our greatly esteemed John Carter. It grieved me sorely, for John is an awful nice chap, besides, I don't know how Winchester could possibly get along without him.

Literary Notices.

The front cover page of the May AMERICAN BOY with its fine illustration of a power boat scudding through the water, brings a foretaste of summer pleasures. The contents of the magazine will suit the taste of every healthy minded reader. Increasing interest will be manifested in the continued chapters of the serials by Tomlinson, Sprague, Stranover, Shute, and Elus. Boating and sailing occupies a prominent place, as there are articles on: Hints for Yachtsmen, giving the rules of the "road at sea," with information as to nautical terms, lights, buoys, etc.; Canoeing, telling all about this favorite water sport; How to Build a Twelve foot Rowing Skiff, by following which a boy with some mechanical aptitude can build a boat at very little expense; and a fine story of a boat race entitled The Vindication of the Vesper. Uncle Sam's Boy Reindeer Drivers tells how our government is helping the Eskimo boys of Alaska. The second installment of Boys' Fishes and How to Catch Them, gives practical pointers on how to lure the finny creatures from ponds and rivers. Subscription price \$1.00 a year. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

Just Keep On.

When today's difficulties overshadow yesterday's triumphs, and obscure the bright visions of tomorrow, when plans upset and whole years of effort seem to crystallize into a single hour of concentrated bitterness, when little annoyances eat into the mind very quickly and corrode the power to view things calmly, when the joys of life seem to threaten to jar loose from judgment from its moorings, remember that in every business, in every career, there are valleys as well as hills, to scale, that every mountain range of hope is broken by chasms of discouragement through which run torrent streams of despair! To quit in the chasm is to fail. See always in your success's eye those sunny summits of success! Don't quit in the chasm! Keep on!—System.

A Bonanza.

A certain western congressman has had disastrous experience in gold mine speculation. One day a number of colleagues were discussing the subject of speculation when one of them said to the western member:

"Tom, as an expert, give us a definition of the term 'bonanza'."

"A 'bonanza' is the name of the western man, with emphasis, 'is a hole in the ground owned by a champion liar.'"

Success.

Alexander the Great.

Alexander, the conqueror of the throne of Macedonia in his twenty-first year. He died at the age of thirty-two. Thus in the space of about twelve years the young soldier had brought the Greek states into submission, crushed Darius and his million of Persians, won the India and defeated the Indian king Porus. Alexander was not merely a brutal conqueror, but tried to weld the various countries into a solid empire.

No Use For Them.

"Come, Willie, and an indulgent father to his son the other morning. 'Remember, the early bird catches the worm.'"

"What do I care for worms?" replied Willie. "Mother won't let me go fishing."

Still In Danger.

Wiggles—'I hear Blens has been very ill. Is he out of danger yet?'

Wiggles—'Well, he's convalescent, but he won't be out of danger until that pretty nurse who has been taking care of him has gone away.'"

Buddha's Six Essentials.

Buddha, who reformed the Hindoo religion more than 500 years before Christ, established for men six essentials of perfection—first, knowledge, used to distinguish the true from the false; second, energy, which is used to fight against the evils of the flesh; third, purity; fourth, patience; fifth, charity (i. e., loving kindness); sixth, almsgiving.

A Hard Crack.

"Well, I was anxious to make up their quarrel of yesterday, 'aren't you curious to know what's in this parcel?'"

"Not very," replied his wife indifferently.

"Well, it's something for the one I love best in the world!"

"Ah, I suppose it's those new collars you said you needed?"—The Bits.

Knew What He Wanted.

Smart Boy—Got any soap that will take off freckles?"

Graveyard—Take the freckles?"

Smart Boy—That's what I said. Dad's a shemkeeper, and he wants to wash his hands. See?—Chicago News.

Attorney-at-Law

608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.

EVENING OFFICE AT

National Bank Building,

Woburn, Mass.

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 128-6

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Bridget Reardon, late of Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, deceased, testatrix, executor.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Bernard Reardon, late of Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

And whereas said Court has appointed a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eighth day of May, A. D., 1907, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to hear and determine upon said petition, and to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three weeks, to wit: the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntyre, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of April, the year one thousand nine hundred and seven.

W. E. ROBERTS, Register.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.

EVENING OFFICE AT

National Bank Building,

Woburn, Mass.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

It cures itching and restores the hair. It is the best hair restorer in the world. It is the best hair restorer in the world. It is the best hair restorer in the world.

It cures itching and restores the hair. It is the best hair restorer in the world. It is the best hair restorer in the world. It is the best hair restorer in the world.



HEALTH OF WOMEN

In this nineteenth century to keep up with the march of progress every power of woman is strained to its utmost, and the tax upon her physical system is far greater than ever. In the good old-fashioned days of our grandmothers, they were used in medicines. They relied upon roots and herbs to cure weaknesses and diseases, and their knowledge of roots and herbs was far greater than that of women today.

MRS. C. E. FINK

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

This medicine made from native roots and herbs contains no narcotics or other harmful drugs and today holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any medicine in the world. It is known, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the laboratory at Lynn, Mass., which testify to its wonderful value.

Mrs. C. E. Fink, of Carnegie, Pa., writes:—Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I wish every suffering woman would know of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and write to you for advice. It has done me a world of good and what it has accomplished for me I know it will do for others.

When women are troubled with irregularities, Displacements, Obstructions, Inflammation, Backache, Nervous Prostration, and other ailments, number them there one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Out of her vast volume of experience she probably has the very knowledge that will help your case.

The FLIRTATION OF ANNE.

By RITA KELLEY.

Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

The delayed invitation of Janet Fair's house party almost caused a rupture in the Halliwell family, so intense was the scramble to get frocks that matched the shoes, girdles to match the frocks, with sufficient everything to the traveling bags and Anne off to the station for the 4:50 train. At the last minute she snatched from her writing desk a few pages torn from a magazine and stuffed them into her hand bag as she hurried down to the cab. Janet had sent her a story a fortnight ago, and the success or failure of the week end for her depended upon whether or not she would through it before she reached Brentwood. Janet had set opinions about some things, among them her love for conventional Anne, and an overweening desire to provide literature much diversified by commentaries for her best beloved.

Anne made the train. As she hurried down the platform and climbed into the car a feeling of wild good humor possessed her. The old cramping demureness that savored of self-consciousness in her personality had been lost in the excitement of the last hour. She found herself within the car with the exhilarating desire to do something rash.

She didn't know what exactly. Then it flashed over her. No more old ladies, or women with children, or nice elderly men. She shuddered at thought of the innumerable times she had asked to share their seats—no. This time she was free from tradition. She would pick a winner! With brave determination she gripped her bags and set out down the aisle in quest of him.

He was at the extreme end of the car. Big and brown, and he looked like a part. The little grey hair was wild, the glaucous moving of bags ended, and Anne sank into the man's place by the window, facing him, with a tiny feeling of exultation.

He was a winner sure enough, handsome and with the most of good looks, manner imaginable. Anne dubbed him a Harvard man when he lifted his hat. They were all so delightfully gallant. She was not in the least embarrassed by his intermittent gaze, which was fixed, as only a student could know how, to meet her vagrant glances. She knew her hat was immeasurably becoming, with the pink rose and soft plume against her brownish hair; and she felt her blue fox set was the latest cry in furs and her gloves and boots were perfect.

It occurred to her presently, however, that she ought to convince the man of her complete disinterestedness in choosing him for a traveling companion.

Accordingly she drew the portion of magazine from her hand bag and settled herself comfortably. There were six pages of it, and she knew that, provided she read leisurely, it would last until she reached Brentwood. Janet had a third volume of the same, and she speculated subconsciously, with eyes fixed on the flowing landscape, over a long look which she had just interrupted, were his eyes brown or grey or green? Oh, Janet's virtue! Well, it was providing literature for the traveling young ladies who were in danger of reverting without warning to embarrassing original self-consciousness.

Janet had scribbled in her bold cithography wherever an interjection was possible, fond, foolish things which Anne soon forgot to read in her absorption in the story. She loved a horse, and this was a hero handed with the sympathetic touch of a lover of horses. Tears sprang to her eyes, to be succeeded by a smile, a low laugh or strained tenderness and pain. She finished the story as the train whistled for Brentwood, with an overwhelming desire to lean over and the man facing her that it was the greatest story ever written; that she wanted to tell him about it; that she knew he would understand.

Carried outside herself, she leaned forward impulsively, her lips parted, eyes glowing, about to speak. Presto! Her mind sprang like a trap, and she bent over her bags instead, endeavoring to find the book she had suddenly following an impulse, she dropped it as a thing of no value upon the seat.

Janet Fair was in a state of woe. The lion of the house party had not materialized. Frantic telephoning and wires disclosed the fact that he had left town for Sioux, next station beyond Brentwood, on the 4:50 train and had been seen no more. The Fair country place stood midway between the two stations used impartially by the Fair guests, and a coupe had not both stations, one bringing Anne Halliwell from Brentwood, the last woman guest.

"He is yours, dear," said Janet, drawing Anne out into the chill moonlight.

on the little balcony. "But this shawl over your shoulders—your gown is so sheer and lovely—and promise me, if he becomes manifest alive or dead, that you will smile upon him."

"Why don't you take him yourself?" laughed Anne.

"Can't. Never sees me. Told me confidentially that he adored the svelte, dreamy girl made of repose and inner reserves, and—I handed him over to you. You'll have to take him bodily, for Gladys Whitcomb has sharpened up her teeth and nails ready to spring and drag him off."

"But, Janet," protested Anne, "I never went in for a man in my life. I couldn't do it. It's so dead common. I'd hate myself."

"I'm a dead-eyed villain!" growled Janet, striking an attitude. "You blessed lamb, don't I know your privileges? Rack your naive brain for a simple and good reason why I sent you a beloved invitation, why I expected Aubrey Churchill on the 4:50 train, why—"

"Was—"

"Anne started in consternation, lost her balance against the low railing and was reeling backward when strong arms caught her and set her upon her feet. Then a traveling bag was flung upon the balcony, and, emerging from the shrubbery beneath, a man vaulted beside the girls.

"My lady of the story," he said, smiling whimsically upon Anne, who after one swift look was trying vainly to melt into the shadow. "I have a score to settle with you after I get something to eat. Just look at this saturated brow, will you? It's like a sponge. And these aching arms carried that bag ten miles on an empty stomach."

"Oh, jelly!" screamed Janet ecstatically, sliding through the French window, "You'll have a banquet, Aubrey Churchill!"

A terrifying silence followed the click of the window behind Janet's exit. Anne stood on the chilly balcony with the perfect stillness that precedes either attack or precipitate flight, gazing straight into the steady eyes of the man before her.

Then, turning swiftly, she wrestled with the window fastening for an instant and fled. The man, laughing softly, stepped into the library and called. The tilt after the banquet, remember, as she escaped the room.

He was a young man who would have his way, Anne discomfitedly admitted later. She had been playing fox and goose with him desperately all evening, with the dawning conviction that she could not escape him. When he cornered her in the dim library as the other guests drifted into the music room she almost gasped surrender.

"Now, Miss Story Lady," he said, thrusting his hands into the pockets of his tuxedo and looking tremendously handsome, with an expression of mock severity on his clean-cut face, "why did you do it?"

Anne squirmed preparatory to flight, but he blocked access from the divan, and she settled back, with a laugh that was full of merriment.

"It was a great story, wasn't it?" she said irrelevantly.

"Don't you know," he said, dropping down beside her, "that you ought to apologize for enquiring me to discomfite our hostess?"

Embarrassment enveloped Anne. She was groping desperately for that will o' the wisp, her dardedvility, that had got her into this difficulty and refused to extricate her. "Why didn't you get off?" she stammered, her flush mantling her cheeks. "I did not keep you there."

"But the story did," he smiled insistently upon her as he drew the pages from his pocket.

"The story?" she repeated. She had forgotten the scribbles on the margins when she dropped the story in the car.

"It seems we have a stanch admirer in Janet," he said gently, "and I, for one, quite approve of her. I was deep in the paragraph on your extraordinary virtues when the train went through Sioux."

Anne groaned. She could not help it, knowing, as she did, the extravagance of Janet on paper.

"She has everything arranged," he continued, smiling subtly down at the helpless girl half facing him. "Bridesmaids—think of it—bridesmaids! We didn't either of us know that when we started out this afternoon, did we?"

Anne suddenly buried her face in her hands. He looked at her a moment musingly, then ever so gently extricated her fingers and made her look at him.

"Janet is a clever girl," he drawled, "she said you would have to be taken with a trick."

Anne blinked. Where was her vaunted demureness? "No such thing," she blurted out. "I did it myself. I knew you were a winner."

The Possibility.

Stage Manager—Great snakes! Stop! Don't move that scene yet. Suppose it's most time.

"Don't touch it. Juliet is there dead in the tomb. If you move that canvas it will let in the draft and she'll sneeze."

—Kansas City Independent.

Takes Them In.

Teacher—Have you looked up the meaning of the word "imbibes"? Fanny—Yes, ma'am. Teacher—Well, what does it mean? Fanny—To take in. Teacher—Yes. Now give a sentence using the word. Fanny—My aunt imbibes boarders.

"He is yours, dear," said Janet, drawing Anne out into the chill moonlight.

CITRIC ACID.

The Way the Secret of its Manufacture Was Stolen.

The proprietor of an old chemist's shop, close by Temple Bar, in days gone by enjoyed the monopoly of making citric acid. More favorably circumstanced than other secret manufacturers, his was a process that required no assistance. He employed no workmen. Experts came to sample and assist and both his products, but they never entered the laboratory. The mystic operations by which he grew rich were confined to himself. One day, having locked the doors and drawn the window blinds as usual, the safety of his secret, the chemist went home to his dinner. A chimney sweep, or a boy disguised as such, while awake in chemistry, was on the watch and followed the secret keeper to Charing Cross, and, sure that he would not return that day, the sooty philosopher hied rapidly back to Temple Bar, ascended the low building, dropped down the flue, saw all he wanted to and returned, carrying with him the mystery of making citric acid. The monopoly of the inventor was gone a few months after, and the price was reduced by four-fifths. The poor man was heartbroken and died shortly afterward, ignorant of the trick by which he had been victimized.—London Spare Moments.

THE LOG JAM.

Quick and Sure Must Be the Workers When It Goes Out.

Log jams are not an abnormal part of the riverman's work, as most people suppose, but a regular incident of the day's business. In the breaking of the jam, every log must be quick and sure. I know of no flatter sight than the going out of a tall jam. The men pry, heave and tug sometimes for hours. Then all at once the apparently solid surface begins to creak and settle. The men zigzag rapidly to shore. A crash and spout of waters mark where the first tier is already toppling into the current. The front melts like sugar. A vast, formidable movement agitates the brown tangle as far as you can see, and then with another sudden and mighty crash the whole river bursts into a torrent of motion.

If everything has gone well, the men are all safe ashore, leaning on their pikes, but ready at any instant to hasten out for the purpose of discomfiting the jam crew must be quick and sure. I know of no flatter sight than the going out of a tall jam. The men pry, heave and tug sometimes for hours. Then all at once the apparently solid surface begins to creak and settle. The men zigzag rapidly to shore. A crash and spout of waters mark where the first tier is already toppling into the current. The front melts like sugar. A vast, formidable movement agitates the brown tangle as far as you can see, and then with another sudden and mighty crash the whole river bursts into a torrent of motion.

No Wonder the Son Was Surprised.

A melodrama was some years since played in a certain theater, the chief actor in which had made himself, from his overbearing conduct, disliked by one and all. In the last scene he was supposed to visit the tombs of his ancestors. In the center of the stage, upon a marble pedestal, stood the statue of his father. A heavy fold of drapery covered the figure.

Enter Albert. "Once again," he says, "let me gaze upon those features which in life so often beamed with tenderest affection. Father, thy mourning suit now comes to pay thee reverence. Let me remove the veil which from vulgar gaze shields the image of a once dear parent."

The drapery fell aside, and, behold, the father stood upon his head. The effect cannot be described. It was electric. The shouts of laughter which followed effectively put an end to the scene, which changed to the next as quickly as possible amid the bravos of the audience, the manager of the theater, and the available rage of the actor.—London Tit-Bits.

A Painter's Odd Ways.

Alfred Hunt was at the same time both a very slow and a fastidious, punctilious sketcher. From the combination which is said to have hastened his end, for he had a block for every hour of the day and every condition of weather, and overlaid with these, he would often trudge a lengthy distance to his work. He would then sit, say, on an incomplete model effect in sunshine, to be cast aside for a similar subject in shadow if the scene clouded over or for a nonaday one directly that hour was reached. It is said that he consequently sometimes carried as many as a dozen sketches of the same view.—St. James's Gazette.

Valuable Conch Shell.

There are evidently a number of mysterious properties about the conch shell in its relation to Indian religious rites and ceremonies that require investigation. For instance, a conch with its spirals twisting to the right instead of to the left is supposed to be worth its weight in gold. Some years ago a conch of that description was offered for sale in Calcutta with a reserve price of a lac of rupees placed on it. It was eventually bought in for £4,000.—Allahabad Pioneer.

Her Self Control.

"There's one thing I will say," remarked Mr. Millions, "and that is, my daughter, Arabella, has a fine disposition."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir. The way she can listen for hours to her own playing on the violin shows remarkable self control."

Accounted For.

"The baby's awful bald," said Mabel. "Yes; they come bald on purpose. If they had hair they'd pull it all out, and then all that hair would be wasted," said Tommy.—Philadelphia Record.

Not Discouraged.

"Can't you realize that you're merely wasting my time and your own?" complained a busy merchant.

"Why so?" asked the insurance agent.

"I told you some time ago that I was insured to the limit."

"I know you did, but a man will say most anything to get rid of an insurance man,"—Philadelphia Press.

His Ignorance.

Minister—Now, my beloved hearers, next Sabbath evening I shall begin a special series of sermons on "Pharaoh of Ancient Egypt." (Gambler in the congregation (whispering to friend)—Well, wouldn't it fade ye to know the game dated back that far?—Chicago News.

Hug Their Delusions.

"It is the nature of women to be a delusion to men," growled the old cynic.

"Yes," merrily replied the young enthusiast, "and it is the nature of men to hug their delusions."—Baltimore American.

Helping Her Out.

Miss Peppery—No, he didn't like your yellow. He said they were too black. Miss Painter—The idea! Miss Peppery—However, I assured him they were not as black as they were painted.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The good man prolongs his life. To be able to enjoy one's past life is to live twice.—Martial.

Had an Alternative.

Phryx—And because you couldn't and a nickel to pay the fare did the conductor make you get off and walk? Jayson—No; he only made me get off. I could have sat on the street if I'd wanted to.

Difficulty is a severe instruction set over us by the supreme ordinance of a paternal guardian and legislator who knows us better than we know ourselves.—Burke.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

Horace Walpole's Prophecy That May Yet Be Fulfilled.

In the year 1784 the problem of human flight was occupying a prominent place in the public mind, as it is today. The Frenchman Jean Pierre Blanchard had just made his first ascent from Paris in a balloon filled with hydrogen. He took with him wings and a rudder, apparently proposing to fly, but found them useless. Later Blanchard crossed the channel in his aerial machine. Horace Walpole comments on the doings of the "aeronauts," as he calls them. "You see," he writes, "the aeronauts have written the Rubicon. By their own account they would set fire to the world, and through the air, perched on the top of a tree; some passengers climbed up and took them in their nest." After seeing a balloon descending Walpole amuses himself by meditating on the future of what he calls "aeronaution." He sees the art of flying perfected and, depositing that of navigation. Flourishing seaports become "deserted villages," while Salisbury plain, Newmarket heath and the downs become docks for aerial vessels. Public roads, becoming useless, are broken up and thus make a great increase in the area available for tillage. Walpole's prophecies may yet be fulfilled.—London Globe.

BUSINESS SUCCESS.

Don't Try to Be a General and a Private at the Same Time.

When you are so buried in the detail of your business that you cannot get a clear view of your affairs and know what is going on everywhere. While you are buried in detail your business may be in a dangerous position, from which you could extricate it if you knew the exact situation.

Many a man fails in trying to be a general and a private at the same time.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

A Hypothetical Question.

"Miss de Synthe," began the young man, "I want to ask you a hypothetical question."

The girl nodded assent.

"If a young man of good family and sound health and an assured income of \$5,000 were to meet the most charming girl and feel her ice cream for a year; if she had a complexion like a rose, hair a crown of golden glory, the hand of a fairy, the bearing of a queen; if she knew how not to play the piano, was versed in cooking, competent to superintend a home, and if the young man, anxiously catching the young girl's pearl, would murmur into her ear of pearl, 'Will you marry me?' what, in your estimation, would be her condition of mind and what her answer?"

"While not an expert alienist," responded the girl coyly, "I think she'd believe him a chump for being so slow, but she'd say 'Yes.'"

With the preliminaries thus settled, the naming of the day was a simple matter.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Bees Faster Than Pigeons.

It is not generally known that bees are swifter in flight than pigeons—that is, for short distances. Some years ago a pigeon fancier of Hamme, Westphalia, laid a wager that a dozen bees liberated three miles from their hive would reach home in less time than a dozen pigeons. The competitors were given wings at Rybern, a village nearly a league from Hamme, and the first bee reached home in less than a minute in advance of the first pigeon. Three other bees reached the goal before the second pigeon. The bees were also slightly handicapped, having been rolled in flour before starting for purpose of identification.

Style in Writing.

We cannot all be Macaulays, but we can greatly improve our style by closely observing his and that of equally notable writers, by being careful to avoid using "flowery" which are invariably cliché sentences and by not imitating the great Dr. Johnson, who, content to use Saxon words at once pure and forcible in conversation, generally resorted, with a pen in his hand, to those long Latin forms which his secretary, O. C. Williams in London Captain.

A Pair of Them.

Mrs. Tucker—Tommy, I wish you would play with that Flango boy any more.

Tommy—Gee! I'm only playing with him because his mamma told him that if he had anything more to do with that Tucker boy she'd spank him.—Chicago Tribune.

A Chatty Old Lady.

The following advertisement appears in a fashionable English newspaper: "Lonely lady wishes to exchange scandal with another. Replies required only from those in the best society."

Men of understanding are instructed by reason, the ignorant by necessity and beasts by nature.—Cicero.

Luck.

Luck means rising at 6 o'clock in the morning, living on a dollar a day if you earn two, minding your own business and not meddling with other people's. Luck means appointments you have never time to keep. That you have never failed to catch. Luck means trusting in God and in your own resources.—Exchange.

Ignoues Rocks.

Ignoues is derived from the Latin word ignis, meaning fire, and ignoues rocks are those which are said to produce through the action of heat. Ignoues rocks are divided into two great groups, volcanic and plutonic. The volcanic, as the name implies, are those brought to the surface by volcanic action, while the plutonic are those which are solidified below the surface of the earth and have been exposed by the wearing away of the strata above them.

An Explanation.

"Eme," said Margie, who was laboring with a first road, "how can I tell which is a 'd' and which is a 'b'?"

"Why," replied Edie wisely, "the 'd' has its tummy on its back."—Harper's Weekly.

Told on Himself.

"Mr. Taffelrig is a smooth faced young man, isn't he, Matilda?"

"Why, I thought it felt—I mean"—"Matilda"—Judge.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson V.—Second Quarter, For May 5, 1907.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xli, 38-49. Memory Verses, 38-40—Golden Text, Jas. 1-5—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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One of the greatest lessons for the redeemed of the Lord to learn is that God has a set time for everything and does everything at the appointed time. That which seems to us like delay or even denial is simply His waiting time for us while He is surely working out His purpose. He always waits to be gracious and merciful beyond our asking and is too wise and kind to be either too soon or too late in His dealings with His own. Blessed are all they that wait for Him (Isa. xxx, 18). Happy are all who leave all their affairs with Him, with the utmost confidence in Him, and say gladly, "My times are in Thy hand" (Ps. xxxi, 15).

The full time had now come for Joseph's deliverance, and it delights the faithful child to watch his Father at work. That the latter may remember his faults and think upon his prison friend of two years before, Pharaoh is given two dreams in one night, which trouble him, but which none of the wise men of Egypt can interpret (verse 8). It was just so with the king of Babylon and his wise men long afterward (Dan. ii and iv), for all the wisdom of this world cannot interpret the things of God. The natural man re- sists them not.

In Pharaoh's trouble because of his uninterpreted dreams the chief butler recalls his prison experience and tells the king how he and the chief baker, having dreams which troubled them while in prison, had them interpreted by a fellow prisoner, a young Hebrew, and each interpretation was literally fulfilled. On hearing this Pharaoh brought Joseph hastily out of the dungeon (the margin says "made him run"). Joseph, being summoned to meet the king shaved himself, changed his raiment and was soon in the presence of the king. On hearing why the king sent for him he replied: "It is not in me. God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace" (verses 14, 16). Having heard the dreams, he readily interpreted them, prefacing his interpretation by the remark, "What God is about to do He sheweth unto Pharaoh," and adding that the doubling of the dream indicated that the thing was established by God, and He would shortly bring it to pass (verses 28, 32). Then he suggests that Pharaoh appoint a proper person to lay up corn during the years of plenty.

The time of Joseph's deliverance has come. From this on it is rise and progress, and the dreams of his youth have a literal fulfillment. If from being the overseer of Potphar's house to a dungeon was a great fall and a seeming calamity, what shall we say of this change from the dungeon to the throne? (verse 17). For Pharaoh's word was "Only in the throne will I be greater than thou" (verse 40). When God's appointed time comes, how suddenly He works! The same day that Lot went out of Sodom the cities of the plain ceased to exist on earth (Luke xvii, 20).

It is fascinating to read of Joseph's promotion and Pharaoh's words to him: "See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt. According unto thy word shall all my people be ruled. Without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in the land of Egypt." Then see the royal raiment, the ring, the gold chain, the chariot and all the people bowing before him and saying, "Benedicite fortiori." Then he marries Asenath, daughter of the prince of On (verses 38-45).

Let me remind every true believer in Christ, however poor or afflicted or discouraged, that if Jesus should come again, he would find the world in a moment change our mortal for immortal bodies, our present weakness for eternal youth and perfect health, and instead of our present circumstances reign with Christ on His throne I Cor. xv, 51; Phil. iii, 20, 21; I Thess. iv, 15-18; Rev. xii, 21.

Think also of the new name and all its significance! (Verse 15; Rev. ii, 17) Joseph, by the blessing and guidance of God, wrought wisely and diligently during all the seven plenteous years and laid up an abundance for the coming lean years. Our blessed Lord at the same age, thirty (verse 46; Luke iii, 23), entered upon His public ministry and the special phase of preparing bread and life for the perishing millions of earth. The time of His life, the famine days in Egypt and other lands who knew that corn could be had from Joseph and never telling it! It is unthinkable. But what about those who know that life is in Christ and not anywhere else (Acts iv, 12; John x, 12) and are not striven to make it known? In Joseph's day the corn had to be bought by giving money and lands in exchange for it, but our story is that without money or good works (Rom. iii, 24; Eph. ii, 8).

The names which Joseph gave his two children who were born in Egypt because God made him forget his toil and made him fruitful in the land of his affliction (verses 51, 52) are suggestive of Job xi, 16; John xv, 8. Pharaoh's word to every one, "Go unto Joseph; what he saith unto you, do" (verse 55), makes us think of Mary's word to the servants at the marriage feast (John vi, 5). "Whatever He saith unto you, do it." May 11 Sam. xv, 15, be our motto.

Sandy's Narrow Escape.

An "hon's the guild wife, Sandy?" said one farmer to another as they met in the market place and exchanged snuffboxes.

"Did ye no hear that she's dead an' buried?" said Sandy solemnly.

"Dear me!" exclaimed his friend sympathetically. "Surely it must have been very sudden?"

"Aye, it was sudden," returned Sandy. "Ye see, when she turned ill we had na time to send for the doctor, so I gied her a bit poultice I had lying in my drawer for a year or twa an' that I had gae frae the doctor myself, but hadna ta'en. What the poultice was I dinna vera weel ken, but she died soon after. It was a sair loss to me, I can assure ye, but it's something to be thankful for I didna tak' the poultice myself!"—Dundee Advertiser.

The Chairman's Break.

Senator Moses E. Clapp of Minnesota made a speech at Erin Corners, in his state, says the Saturday Evening Post.

His audience was very unfriendly. They howled at the gigantic Clapp, laughed at him, threw things at him and made it most uncomfortable.

Finally Clapp stopped and looked at the chairman.

"Don't mind them, Mose," said the chairman. "Go right ahead. They're nothing but loafers and rowdies. None of the decent people would come."

Remembered It.

First Autoist—Were you never in Bavaria? Second Autoist—Bavaria? It seems to me we stopped there once to get a tire repaired.—Scribner's Magazine.

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5 Stores (TRADE-MARK)
BOSTON, MASS.

We always have sold
We are now selling
We always shall sell

All Drug Store Goods
of the
Highest Possible Quality
at the
Lowest Possible Prices

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BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...
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Have The Best! It Costs No More!
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THE MONKFISH.

This Glutton Has Many Names and an Appalling Appetite.

Among the most curious of fishes is one known on the coast of Maine as monkfish, by Massachusetts fishermen as goosfish, by Rhode Islanders as the fellows fish, in Connecticut as the molligut, in North Carolina as the Atlantic it is called wide gut, kettle maw and other names. Its adult length is about four feet, its weight about forty pounds.

The fish is a glutton, with no finely discriminating palate. It is said to bolt the wooden buoy of a lobster pot with an apparent satisfaction equal to that with which it swallows a mackerel.

Dogfish, sculpens, squids, crabs and lobsters are items in its ordinary diet. Its Massachusetts name is said to have been given because of its practice of swallowing game. Seven wild ducks are said to have been taken from the stomach of one of these fish, which had pulled them down one by one from the surface of the water.

The fish habitually lurks upon the bottom, though it is occasionally seen near the surface. It is sluggish in its ordinary movements, but very quick and ready with its powerful jaws and well fitted by nature for its mode of life. Its margins have long fringes, which sway in the currents like vegetable sea growth, deceiving the unwary prey.—Philadelphia North American.

Squaw as Housekeeper.

Put a squaw in a tepee and she is the neatest of housekeepers. The blankets are neatly rolled and stored away under the edge of the tepee, leaving the center clear. Bright colored blankets and fine fur robes are spread about, and a wonderfully beaded dance drum hangs from one of the poles. But put a squaw in a house and she is anything but a success. Go into one of these frame houses and you will find the mattresses laid along the floor, with the whole family sprawling thereon. The cracked cork stove will be in the middle of the floor, with anything but agreeable odors coming therefrom. Outside the bedsteads and springs will be used as chicken roosts. But the squaw doesn't let her housekeeping shortcomings worry her. When she puts on an elk tooth robe, valued anywhere from \$1,500 to \$3,000, and rides to the fair or to the agency on a Sunday astride a beaded saddle—Denver Republican.

Old Grog.

The inventor of grog, the long time beverage of the sea and of salt water literature, was Admiral Vernon, of whose courageous deeds at Porto Bello a lively poet has sung.

Which when they came to understand he was so brave a fellow.

They did surrender, out of hand, the town of Porto Bello.

"Old Grog" was Vernon's pet name in the navy of his day, and it was thus bestowed: "Out on the Spanish main Vernon found that the result of giving each man in the ship's company half a pint of rum a day would be disastrous. His captains and surgeons suggested to him the revolutionary experiment of taking the spirit with water. In a station order Vernon required this to be done. The new liquor was not favorably received, and the seamen cast about for an obnoxious name for it and its author. Now, Vernon used to wear a program belt cloak; hence "Old Grog."

The Crooked House.

On the estate of Earl Dudley, at Hindley Staffs, there is a curious habitation known as "the crooked house." It is altogether out of the perpendicular and slants toward the south end, which is heavily shored up with thick oak beams. The slanting of the house is the result of mining operations, the under stratum of the earth in those parts being completely hollowed. The clocks on the walls, although absolutely perpendicular, as their pendulums testify, appear to be hanging sideways at a pronounced angle. A short glass shelf, one end of which appears to be a foot higher than the other, proves to be absolutely level, while in the taproom is a table which is apparently slanting, but on which if round marbles are placed at the seemingly lower end they roll to all apparent uphills to the top of the table and fall over with a bump.—London Standard.

Remembered It.

First Autoist—Were you never in Bavaria? Second Autoist—Bavaria? It seems to me we stopped there once to get a tire repaired.—Scribner's Magazine.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Malden Sq. at 8:45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10:45, 11:15 P. M

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1907.

No intoxicating liquors were sold in this city last Sunday. The lids were on at the hotels, and for the first time in several years Woburn was "dry" on the Lord's day. It should be marked with a "white stone." There was some disappointment on the part of scores of tipplers from Winchester, Lexington, Stoneham, and other nearby places; but it was a great credit to our town, and especially so to Mayor Blodgett. Not only are licensed liquor dealers made to toe the mark, but, thanks to the watchfulness and energy of the Mayor, illicit selling has been reduced to a minimum, and will soon disappear altogether.

General Charles W. Bartlett, Boston's leading lawyer, is good and strong, for the Democratic nomination for Governor. Whitney will remain in the race, all the same, while it is well known that Douglas is out of it for keeps. Bartlett and Whitney are able men, sound on the goose, popular, and the nomination of either of them would compel Gould and his friends to get up and work.

We have received a copy of the annual report of President Sherwin of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, recently issued, which will receive due attention at the hands of the JOURNAL next week. He says: "In the entire Boston and Suburban Division there is one telephone to every 14 of the population, while in the city of Boston alone the proportion reaches about one in every 11."

When the Public Opinion Bill came up in the House last Tuesday for final action Mr. Andrew R. Lincoln, our Woburn Representative, voted in favor of it, showing good sense and due regard for popular rights. The bill was opposed by the politicians, because, if enacted, it would deprive them of some of their stock in trade.

Somebody in Boston politics has taken time by the forelock and announced the candidacy of Hon. Eben S. Draper for the office of Governor in 1908. It is said that there are Republicans in the State who would like it better if he were to be the candidate this fall.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.
F. P. Keefe—EYELET.
J. G. Maguire—CITATION.
J. G. Maguire—CITATION.
E. F. Johnson—CITATION.
M. M. Stowers—CITATION.
Comm. of Mass.—LAND COURT.
N. E. Tel. & Tel. Co.—TELEPHONS.

The rainstorm last Saturday was a welcome visitor and did good.

Mr. J. B. Barrett of New York is at home visiting his son and daughter at No. 9 Montvale avenue.

Table linen, silverware china, and glassware loaded at Crawford's 412 Main street, Tel. 133-3.

Mr. Hovey, the florist, who was dangerously ill of pneumonia, is again attending to business at his store.

Undertakers B. A. and C. E. Tripp have charge of the Dr. Humes funeral arrangements this afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Conn of Cleveland, Ohio, have been visiting relatives and former neighbors here of late.

Patches of snow were discovered lying around on the ground here last Saturday morning. How was that for high!

James H. Linnell, manager of Linnell's market, is getting along the best he can with a severe case of sciatica.

The High School will open in their new house on May 20, and Master Owen and Supt. Clapp are delighted, not to mention the pupils.

After an illness that has kept him confined to the house several months, Mr. Joseph Linnell is on the street again as smart as a cricket.

The St. Charles Society are putting in their best links to raise \$1,000 by subscriptions towards paying for their Bennett street property.

Bishop Lawrence preached and administered the rite of confirmation at Trinity church, Rev. Fred W. Beekman, reader, last evening.

Blive & Co's fishing outfit for Woburn anglers never fail to land "speckled beauties," and all other kinds of fish that coquet with tempting bait.

Mrs. William L. Murdock of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Wyman, and other relatives and friends here.

With formal ceremonies the G. A. R. tablet, furnished by individual members of Post 161, will be presented to the High School, at the new building, on May 29.

A fine program is to be given by the Ladies Sewing Society of the Swedish Evangelical Free church at their annual auction sale on Thursday evening, May 30.

A prominent fraternal society are talking of buying the Judge Converse residence on Salem street for a headquarters. It is a fine location and desirable property.

Last Sunday the police made successful liquor raids. "And still there's more to follow." It is beginning to be found out that Woburn is a poor place for kitchen barrooms.

The spring and summer stocks of Gage & Co. does one good to look at, providing he is sufficiently flush to enable him to indulge in a suit from one of the elegant pieces.

Another gentle spring rain Monday set peas to sprouting in the ground and assured a good crop of them to go with the spring lamb at the Bunker Hill Day dinner, June 17.

John Keats, the lamented English poet, wrote: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and that is just what the Library playground promises to become, if Mayor Blodgett has his say about it.

Tin roofing, sheet iron, and furnace work and stove repairs. Satisfaction guaranteed at H. B. Blye & Co.'s, 367 Main street, Woburn, Mass.—Ed.

Capt. John P. Crane enjoyed his visit to Washington, and also, as a spectator at the unveiling of the General McClellan monument in that city, last week, very much indeed.

E. Prior may be found at 846 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—well at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

Mr. Michael McKay, who has been nursing a broken arm, the result of a fall on the ice, for several weeks, has returned to his post of duty as the Winn street Boston & Maine Railroad crossing gateman.

The JOURNAL of May 11, 1906, one year ago tomorrow, made this weather record: "May 11: 6 a. m.; 32 degrees above (freezing); clear; wind N. W." How's that? Wouldn't he believed it, would you?

Last Sunday morning 200 children received their first communion at St. Charles church, and last Wednesday morning Archbishop O'Connell administered the rite of confirmation to 350 children at the church.

At a meeting of the City Council last Monday evening the \$5,000 loan order for grading the new schoolhouse grounds was adopted. Also, a loan order for \$4,500 for sewer mains on Montvale avenue. Also, \$250 for the Library ballfield.

John H. Bates & Son have contracted with The Edison Electric Illuminating Company for thirty electric lamps in their automobile place at 18 Montvale Avenue. Several of these lamps are high efficiency lights, giving more than the usual amount of illumination.

Rev. William C. Barrows, former pastor of the First Baptist church of Woburn, recently entered on the 7th year of his second pastorate of the Baptist church at Biddford, Maine. He still has many warm friends in the church and out, among the people of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Ward celebrated the 50th anniversary of their wedding day at their home, 145 Montvale avenue, last Monday. They kept openhouse in the afternoon and evening during which many friends called on them and left substantial tokens of their esteem for the aged couple.

Mrs. George Tichenor and her sister, Mrs. C. P. Kimball, both of New York City, were welcome guests of the JOURNAL Editor's family last Tuesday. Some members of the party had not met for many years—since separating in Chicago in 1877—consequently the meeting was a happy one.

Mr. Hubbard Copeland, of the dry goods house of Copeland & Bowser, is in New York City this week for rest and pleasure. Of course, his absence from the store does not go unobserved, but Chief Dorr fills the bill all right. By the way, Leon says spring trade is a little tardy in putting in an appearance.

Mr. Charlie A. Jones of this city has recently been elected Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Newton Theological Institute Corporation, of which he has been one of the Trustees for the last four years. The Institute has \$1,800,000, and Mr. Jones's office as Chairman is an important and responsible one.

The other day Supt. Spencer and his men of the Water Department took up some 1-inch pipe running across Main street opposite the National Bank building that had done service there about 33 years, and replaced it with new. The old pipe was filled with dirt and gravel, and showed evidence of its long and constant use.

Graduating exercises of the Woburn High School are to be held in the new school hall on June 26. Honors have been assigned as follows: Hilda Barnum, Valedictorian; Emily Godfrey, Salutatorian; Marjorie Leighton, Class Prophet; Harold Pushee, Class Historian. The Class reception will be held in Lyceum Hall on June 28.

At Hotel Westminster, Boston, on Wednesday, May 15, at 12 o'clock, will be held a May Breakfast, to which all D. A. R. are most cordially invited. Echoes from Congress will be given by those who attended the Congress at Washington. Tickets may be ordered from Mrs. E. F. Hayward on or before May 13th.

Mr. James H. Callahan, after 4 months of illness and confinement at home, returned to his post of duty at the Church avenue B. & M. crossing last Sunday. He had not crossed the gatehouse since last Christmas, and it was feared his working days were over; but he came back in fairly good physical trim, and thinks he will be able to handle the bars and signals for some time to come.

Soon after eating luncheon last Tuesday morning, Dr. A. H. Humes, who had had a bronchial trouble for some time, dropped dead at his home, the Cummings estate on Lowell street, which he purchased and moved into a few months ago. He had practiced medicine in Boston for 20 years, and stood well as a physician and surgeon. He left a widow. The funeral is to be held this afternoon.

These ladies, constituting the Punch Committee of the May Party, were consistent and loyal to local interests in the discharge of their official duties, for they bought the fruit punch for the festival of Mr. Crawford, Chairman; Mrs. Heber B. Clewley, Mrs. J. Henry Hutchings, Mrs. John W. Fox, Mrs. Charles W. Gilbert, Miss Florence Deland.

If Woburn is to continue "dry" permanently, we can't see, for the life of us, how Winchester is going to get along. To be really happy and contented it must have its stimulants, and if Woburn shuts down on it, especially Sundays, where can it go to get them? Winchester has always furnished numerous and profitable clientele for Woburn barrooms, more so on Sundays than any other days, and it is not therefore surprising to hear lamentations from there over Mayor Blodgett's good temperance work here.

Please note carefully the notice of the N. E. Tel. & Tel. Co. in this paper.

The alarm from box 63 at 4.15 last Friday afternoon was false having been rung in by some small child.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Buchanan arrived at the residence of Mr. George Buchanan on Bennett street from the South, yesterday.

The Ladies' Industrial Society of the First Baptist Church held their regular monthly supper last evening, followed by a nice entertainment.

Next Monday Rev. Dr. H. B. Williams, pastor of the First Baptist church, goes to Washington, D. C., to attend the National annual anniversary.

The singing of one hundred children under the leadership of Miss Annie Keegan, organist, on Wednesday morning was certainly commendable.

Misses Mary and Agnes Hoover left here yesterday for East Sumner, Maine, where they, and their sister, Mrs. Lizzie Allen, are to spend the summer.

At the annual meeting of the Middlesex East District Medical Society held at Stoneham last Wednesday, Dr. S. W. Kelley of this city was elected a member of the Trials Committee, and Dr. H. G. Blake of Woburn, member of the Nominating Committee.

Mr. E. F. Hayward goes to Alfred, Maine, today, to represent the Ellis & Buswell Co. in the trial of a suit brought against the Company by a former employee to recover damages for personal injuries received while in their employ.

The suit is for \$10,000, and is to be hotly contested. Mr. Hayward takes with him witnesses in the case.

The Andover and Woburn Branch of the Woman's Missionary Society held sessions at 10.30 a. m. and 2 p. m., yesterday, in the body of First church, this city. The afternoon meeting was addressed by Rev. Cornelius H. Patton, D. D. A substantial dinner was provided by Woburn women. The attendance was good, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather.

At the annual meeting of the Winning House Farm Corporation held Tuesday, Dr. Robert Chalmers was elected a corporate member in place of John Winn, deceased. The following officers were chosen for the current year: President, John W. Johnson of Woburn; Vice-President, Howard M. Munroe of Lexington; Secretary, Charles A. Jones of Woburn; Treasurer, Daniel W. Pratt of Winchester.

About 4 o'clock last Monday afternoon, May 6, Mrs. Mary C. Pickering, wife of Ira Pickering, was found dead in her chair at her home, 97 Pleasant street, by Miss Louise Brown. She was 56 years, 1 month and 14 days old. She left a husband and two sons to mourn her loss. Medical Examiner H. G. Blake pronounced the cause of her death heart disease. She had not been well for some time.

This, in a nutshell, is the program for dedicating the new Montvale avenue schoolhouse on next Wednesday, May 15: Building formally delivered to city and open all day for inspection by the public; evening, an address by President Elliot of Harvard University; an entertainment consisting of singing by a large chorus directed by Dora A. Winn; numbers by Calnan's Orchestra; selections by the Alpine Male Quartet.

The Floating Hospital May Party given last Friday evening in Lyceum Hall was much larger than any of its predecessors. Every seat and all available standing room was occupied. The entertainment was good, of course, and the audience appeared to enjoy it. Dancing was continued up to midnight. The Party yielded a handsome sum for the benefit of the Floating Hospital, for the support of which Woburn contributes generously every year.

At the annual meeting of Mishawum held last Saturday evening the following officers were elected: Dr. George G. Rogers, President; Charles W. Wright, Vice President; Edward G. Brackett, Secretary; Arthur W. Whitecher, Treasurer; Walter L. Dodge, Wallace G. Parkin, Daniel W. Bond, Board of Directors; Dr. Harrison G. Blake, Curator. The Club are to celebrate the 40th anniversary of their organization this evening.

A few days ago the Puritan Trust Company of Boston, of which Mr. Charles A. Jones of this city, President of the Woburn Five Cent Savings Bank, has been Acting President since Jan. 1, 1907, elected E. L. Long, President of the institution, and Mr. Jones was relieved of the cares and duties of the office. He retains membership on the Executive Committee occupied by him for several years past.

Last Friday Mrs. R. Hargrove of Hart Place, this city, was given a verdict of \$1000 by the Superior Court at Cambridge in damages for personal injuries received from a fall on an alleged defective sidewalk. That, with the \$800 awarded Mr. W. B. Ward, gave a total of \$1,800 against the city in one week on account of bad highways. A little more money for the highways and less for water meters would seem to be the sensible thing.

Award of the contract for grading the new schoolhouse round about the Lyceum building was given to J. M. Ellis, or the J. M. Ellis Co. of the city to the other. The reason for it is, that there will be no question as to the quality of the work. It will be done right, even if the job fails to yield a penny's profit to the contractor. Ellis's local pride is a guaranty of this. And, besides, he has good taste and judgment—the best in town—for such an undertaking.

At the annual meeting of the Woburn Firemen's Relief Association held Wednesday evening, May 8, the following officers were elected: President, Clarence Littlefield; Vice President, Frank E. Tracy; Secretary, George H. Newcomb; Financial Secretary, George H. Brauer; Treasurer, Edward E. Stowers; Auditors, J. C. Larock, J. H. Bates, W. G. Stretton; Trustees of Rural Lot, John R. Keeney, J. H. McGovern, W. R. Greenleaf. The Association has a balance in its Treasury, May 1, 1907, \$2,889.01.

ELECTRICITY.

If you are about to move from one dwelling place to another, you should see to it that your new home is wired for electricity before occupation. So will you avoid later trouble and find your future comfort and well-being the more certainly assured.

Have you learned to be light-wise?

To know how easily and readily the wiring may be performed, and how your comfort, safety and convenience will all be increased by electricity, just write our Sales Agent, or call, or telephone "Oxford 3300, Collect."

The Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston, 33.39 Boylston St., Boston.

Mrs. H. M. Aldrich, Treasurer of the Woburn Floating Hospital May Party, reports to the JOURNAL that the net result of the Party held last Friday was \$278.45—the largest ever before realized. Last year the net yield was \$242.50. All honor to the ladies and city!

Col. W. T. Grammer stood at one of the front windows of Whitcher's drugstore the other day and examined, with lively interest, a photographic group picture of the first graduating class of the Woburn High School, who proudly received their diplomas in 1855.

The venerable Colonel fell into a reminiscence. He was a young man when that bevy of 9 fair maidens—all but 3 of whom have passed away—left the High School for the busy scenes of life, everyone of whom he knew, and, perhaps, had "tripped the light fantastic" with the queen beauty of the bunch, and it set him to thinking. He enjoys memories of the past; delights in conjuring up scenes and people of his younger days; loves to meditate.

When he discovered the portraits of W. H. S. Class '55 in Whitcher's window his mind flooded with thoughts that the present generation would lack but little interest in.

The Turner Art Exhibit.

These famous Pictures, which the Boston Transcript says is "the finest collection ever gathered together," is to be exhibited in Room 6 of the new High School on Montvale avenue from May 29 to 31, inclusive, under the auspices of the Woburn High School, with a view of raising funds for decorating the new building and the new high school building. A small admittance fee will be charged. If our people patronize the exhibition as liberally as it and the object of it deserve, the proceeds will go far towards supplying sufficient money for the highly commendable work.

The following from the Springfield Republican gives a better idea of the character of this group of 200 pictures than anything we could say about it:

Much interest has been manifested, deservedly, in the exhibition of artistic photographs in Evangelist Hall, which closed this evening. The great features of this display—the adjective is quite applicable—are the superb views of the temples and pyramids and statues of the Nile valley. These show in the choice of viewpoint, in the grouping, in the mode of treatment throughout, a quality of imagination in the photographer such as might well be inspired by the marvels of Egyptian architecture. The views of the Nile valley are especially interesting. It may be said that no such admirable representations of the architecture of Egypt have been seen in this country before. The views and some views are of great merit, but not so extraordinary as the views of the Nile valley. The views of the Nile valley are especially interesting. It may be said that no such admirable representations of the architecture of Egypt have been seen in this country before. 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Musical.

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PIANO, THEORY, ORGAN.

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Reasonable Prices.

H. O. Buckwheat	10 & 15c Package
Pancake Flour	10c "
Toy Oats	10c "
Apples	15c "
Pinkbury's Vitas	15c "
Shredded Wheat	12c "
Triscuit	10c "
Puffed Rice	10c "
Flaked Rice	15c "
Malt Rice	15c "
Cream of Wheat 2 for 25c	15c "
Grain Nuts 2 for 25c	15c "
Malt Breakfast Food	12c "
Pettigrew Breakfast Food	12c "
Wheatena	15c "
Kellogg Breakfast Food	12c "
Force	12c "
Egg O See	10c "
Maple Flakes	10c "
Toasted Corn Flakes	10c "
Saxon Wheat, dish in every	15c "
Package	
Union Oats, dish in every	25c "
Package	

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Spring Cleaning.

used generally about the house, in place of
soap &c., will at once correct all un-
satisfactory conditions. Lead up to the difficult
work by putting the sink, toilet and entire
drainage system in a perfectly healthy con-
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10c, 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

FOR SALE.

The Residence of the late
James I. Hanson,
situated on Eastern Ave. House
contains twelve rooms, bath and
furnace. For particulars and
terms, address
Mrs. HELEN C. HANSON,
Uxbridge, Mass.

Estate of Edwin L. Haley, late of Woburn, in
the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, re-
sented insolvent.

THE Probate court for said County will receive
and examine claims of creditors against the
estate of said Edwin L. Haley, and notice is hereby
given that a month from the twenty-fourth day of
April A. D. 1907, are allowed to creditors to present
and prove their claims against said estate, and that
the court will receive and examine the claims
of creditors on the twentieth day of May, 1907, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and at
the same time on the seventeenth day of June, 1907, at
nine o'clock in the forenoon.

NETTIE M. HALEY, Executrix
of the will of Edwin L. Haley

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

Blue Eyed Babies.

It is a pity that all babies born with
the prospect of being adopted out of
an orphan asylum are not blessed
with blue eyes. Most persons who
wish to adopt children show a prefer-
ence for the blue eyed variety.

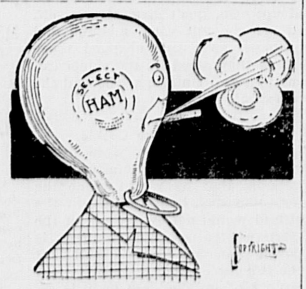
"They seem to think," said the mat-
ron of one such institution, "that blue
eyes give promise of great intelligence,
honesty and general stability of char-
acter. That is pretty hard on the
youngsters with eyes of brown, black,
gray or hazel. Undoubtedly those chil-
dren will grow up to be just as worthy
citizens as the blue eyed lots, but it is
impossible to make most of the pro-
spective parents-in-law believe so.
They have been influenced by the ar-
guments of certain half-baked sci-
entific writers who claim that all the vir-
tues are found in blue eyes, and the
dark eyed children, no matter what
their percentage, suffer from the dis-
crimination."—New York Sun.

The Old Warning Pan.
"Yes, that is a fine specimen of the
old brass warning pan," said an am-
ateur collector of antiques, quoted by
the Philadelphia Record, "but it hangs
in my room from this time on. It will
not be brought into requisition for ac-
tual warming purposes again. It's too
good." Then he added contemptually:
"My daughter thought it would re-
new the ancient flavor of things to put
that warning pan to use. So on one of
the coldest nights of the winter she
filled the pan with live coals, shut
the lid and put the pan into one of
the beds. In a little while the house was
filled with smoke, which, on being
traced to its origin, was found to come
from the bed, which was a fire. With
a few old time wood embers these
warning pans were all right, but with
live anthracite they simply overdo the
job. We put out the fire, but, as I say,
from this time on the warning pan
hangs on the wall empty."

Kneaded Earth.
Even old Pliny wrote of "spisework,"
pronounced "see-say-work." It was
suggested by the building processes of
the ants, and the durable walls made
according to those wonderful archi-
tects of the insect tribe were called
"formicidae." The method was well
known to the ancients, and some of the
oldest houses in the world today are of
this construction. Randolet writes of
a chateau in the department of Au-
vergne, which he repaired in 1794: "It
was at least 150 years old, and the
walls had acquired a hardness and
compactness equal to ordinary stone, so
that in enlarging the windows and other
apertures the workmen used the
same tools as in a quarry." Pliny is
simply kneaded earth. What is Mexi-
can adobe?—London Tit-Bits.

Her Limit.
The old generation of Galloway
hairs were a primitive and hospita-
ble race, but their conviviality some-
times led to awkward occurrences. In
former days, when roads were bad and
wheeled vehicles almost unknown, an
old maid was returning from a supper
party with her lady mounted behind
him on horseback. On crossing the
river Urr at a ford at a point where it
joins the sea the old lady dropped off,
but was not missed until her husband
reached his door, when, of course,
there was an immediate search made.
The party who were dispatched in
quest of her arrived just in time to find
her re-emerging with the advancing
tide, which trickled into her mouth, in
these words: "No another drop, neither
hot nor cold!"—London Tit-Bits.

The Story of a Word.
A comparison of old editions of
Scott's "Monastery" with one of later
date will reveal a slight alteration in
the text of a sentence in the tenth
chapter. For the word "nurse" an-
other is substituted. A tale of comedy
attached to the word which has gone.
"Hardened wretch," says Father Es-
tace, "art thou but this instant deliv-
ered from death, and dost thou so soon
murmure thoughts of slaughter?"
The origin of the word nurse seems so-
berly to have troubled the etymologists.
Two learned correspondents of Notes
and Queries, Mr. Wheatley tells us,
accounted for the word. One explain-
ed it as "to nurse" as when one prints
a musket, from O. Fr. "nurser," pow-
der for the touchhole (Cotgrave), and
the other by "to bite" (Lat. "mordere");
hence "to indulge in biting, stinging
or gnawing thoughts of slaughter." On
the other side of the Atlantic it is said
that the word was a misprint for some-
thing else. "That the word as a misprint
should have been printed and read by
millions for fifty years without being
challenged and altered exceeds the
bounds of probability," exclaimed the
apologists for "nurse." But when the
manuscript was examined there "nurse"
was the word, plainly written.—St.
James's Chronicle.



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the kind you're looking for and the kind we
can give you. Because

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doesn't signify we ask more. On the con-
trary, just as the price that is often
asked for hams that won't stand investiga-
tion. Our hams are from healthy stock,
properly cured and will keep in any climate.
For good hams don't stop, but buy them
here.

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NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly
appointed administrator of the estate of Sarah L.
Wyer, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex,
deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself
the duty of giving bond, at the law office of all persons
having demands upon the estate of said deceased
are requested to exhibit the same; and all persons
indicted to said estate are called upon to make
payment.

SARAH ELLEN BROOKS, Adm-
April 24th, 1907. Woburn, Mass.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
National Bank Building,
Woburn, Mass.

THE RUBBER TREE.

How the Milk is Treated After the
First is Tapped.
Para rubber is obtained from a large
tree sixty feet high. The trees are tap-
ped in the evening, and the juice is
collected on the following morning. A
deep horizontal incision is made near
the base of the tree and then from it
a vertical one extending up the trunk,
with others at short distances in an
oblique direction. Small shallow cups
made from clay and dried in the sun
are placed below the incisions to re-
ceive the milk, each cup being attach-
ed by sticking a piece of soft clay to
the tree and pressing the cup against
it. Each tree yields only about six
ounces of juice in three days.

To produce the rubber the juice is
boiled in the following manner. A
piece of wood about three feet long,
with a flattened clay mold at one end
of it, is dipped in the milk, or this is
placed over it as evenly as possible.
The milk is then carefully dried by
turning the mold round and round to
a white vapor obtained by heating cer-
tain oily palm nuts, the vapor being
confined within certain limits by the
narrowness of the neck of the pot in
which the nuts are heated. Each layer
of rubber is allowed to become firm
before adding another. A practiced
hand can make five or six pounds an
hour.—New York American.

WEARING TROUSERS.

At One Time the Custom Was Regard-
ed as Irreligious.
It will assuredly seem more than
strange that at one time, and not so
long ago, the wearing of trousers was
regarded as irreligious.

The fact that in October, 1812, an
order was made by St. John's and
Trinity colleges that every young man
who appeared in hall or chapel in pan-
talons or trousers should be consid-
ered as absent is startling enough, but
it would appear that the founders of
the churches inserted a clause in the trust
deed ordaining that "under no cir-
cumstances whatever shall any preacher
be allowed to occupy the pulpit who
wears trousers."

This is striking, but it is even more
impressive to find that the Rev. Hugh
Bourne, one of the two founders of the
Primitive Methodist Connection, said of
his colleague, "That trousers wearing,
beer drinking, chess playing, and other
things which were not known to a
man of the Brethren Bible" by say pre-
cisely when this assumed "connexion" be-
tween theology and trousers began and
where the departure from it will end.—
London Notes and Queries.

Salt.

In the appearance of salt, as seen in
everyday use on the table, in the kit-
chen and elsewhere, there is apparently
nothing particularly historic, but in
reality there is. In 1520 B. C. Moses
asked, "Can anything which is un-
savoury be eaten without salt?"

The Jews in ancient times were com-
manded to use salt in their sacrifices.
Herodotus, born 484 B. C., notes that
the Egyptians preserved meat, fish and
fowl by steeping them in brine.

The Hebrews invariably rubbed new-
born babies with a solution of salt to
tender the skin, make it healthy and
prevent skin diseases.

Wherever salt is spoken of in ancient
writings it is in most emphatic lan-
guage, showing the great importance
it possessed for our forefathers.—Pear
son's.

Queer Book Titles.
"These old books," said the antiquar-
y as he pointed to a dingy volume
shelf, "are curious for their titles."

"Here is a volume of sermons printed
in Salem in 1752. 'Sermons to
Asses' is its scornful name."

"Here is a book dated 1743 that is
called 'Look to It or I'll Stab Ye.' It is
a treatise on polygamy."

"This is a pamphlet by a spinster
against the young men of the seven-
teenth century. Its title is 'A Dis-
sertation on the Pertness of Our Youth
in General, Especially Such as Are
Trained Up at Tea Tables.'"

"A return blast to that dissertation is
this other pamphlet of the same year;
'Quilpes For Upstart Newfangled Gen-
tlewomen; or, A Glass to View the
Pride of Vanquishing Woman.'"

The Influence of Trees.
A writer in the Minnesota Horticultur-
ist says: "There are but few people in
the world who do not admire noble
trees on streets or country roads, and
wherever they are found such trees
ought to be the favorite drives. The
man who plants trees is not only a
public benefactor; he is besides minis-
tering to his own well being, physical,
mental and spiritual. He deserves
credit for altruistic work, and he dis-
plays good judgment in securing con-
tinentment for himself, thereby affording
a double motive for his endeavors.
Honor and happiness will be his re-
ward."

The Best Man.

The best man at the wedding is
sometimes hard to pick out. Of course
the bride may consider him the bride-
groom, by the maid of honor would
speak for the bridesmaid and the
bride's mother for the rich uncle who
gave the handsome gift and the
bride's little brother for the caterer, so
there is one.—Home and Abroad.

What He Deserved.

Husband (handing his wife some
money)—There, dear, is \$10, and it has
bothered me a little to get it for you.
I think I deserve a little applause.
Wife—Applause? You deserve an en-
core, my dear!

Betty's Gift.

A Lancashire vicar was asked by the
choir to call upon old Betty, who was
deaf, but who insisted in joining in the
solo of the anthem, and to ask her
only to sing in the hymns. He shouted
into her ear, "Betty, I've been request-
ed to speak to you about your sing-
ing." At last she caught the word
"singing" and replied: "Not to me be
the praise, sir. It's a gift."—Pall Mall
Gazette.

Chinese Troops Good Runners.

In the drilling of recruits for the
Chinese army each man is required to
carry sand in his knapsack. For the
first day he carries two ounces; on
each succeeding day he increases this
amount by two ounces until at last he
is carrying sixteen pounds. These men
can run at a dog trot for ten consecu-
tive hours and arrive at the end of
that time in a fit condition for fighting.

Better Than His Pick.

A story is told of an Irishman who,
while walking with his friend, passed
a jeweler's shop where there were a
lot of precious stones in the window.
"Would you not like to have your
pick?"

"Not me pick, but me shovel," said
Mike.

The Battered Hobbyhorse.

A scarred and battered hobbyhorse,
with one eye missing, its tail and mane
reduced to ragged wisps of hair and a
little leather saddle worn almost to
fragments on its back, formed a part
of the baggage carried by an aged cou-
ple in the Union station waiting room
at St. Louis the other evening. It cap-
tured the interest of a crowd that gathered.
The old man listened to the com-
ments, some of them unkind jests.
Then he spoke, almost in a tone of
apology. "We're going to Texas, and we
couldn't leave it behind us." "You see,
it belonged to our little boy who died
that's dead. He used to set a night o'
store by that old horse, and now it's all
we've got to remember him by. We
kept it all these years back in Indiana,
but the weather got so bad that our
daughter down in Texas sent for us,
why, we just packed up and started.
Had to leave lots of things back there,
but not that. We couldn't leave that
could we?" He turned to his wife.
"You see, the horse," she said.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Buying Clothes.

"I suppose everybody has some plan
of making purchases," said a man hold-
ing a list of wearing apparel that he
was about to buy. "The plan of these
two articles I have crossed off; I am
not going to buy them till the end of
the season, when the price will be cut.
For the same reason I am not going to
lose a day in securing the articles not
crossed off. I intend to wait till the end
of the season, when the price will be cut.
I can wait for without much inconve-
nience. As for the others, since I have
to buy them in season and pay the
regular price, I will buy them at once
and have at least a month and a half's
extra use of them. That makes me
break even with the end of the season.
I save by purchasing early and late,
though the early purchases I deem
more economical, particularly in things
where style is a consideration."—Col-
umbus Dispatch.

The Seat of Authority.

It is an unwritten law on shipboard,
and especially on men-of-war, that the
quarter deck is for the exclusive use of
officers, and all good seamen remem-
ber it in the face of the regulations. It
once happened that an ancient mar-
iner, a "five stripe," while on shore
leave captured a mule. Not without
difficulty he mounted the animal and
perched himself as near the tail as pos-
sible. The mule objected in every way
known to a mule and in ways severe
and unexpected.

"Jack, sit more aindships," called
out an engineer officer who happened
pass—"Will you sit more aindships?"
"Captain," grinned the old salt, "this
is the first craft I ever commanded,
and it's a pity if I can't stay on the
quarter deck."

Stanton Could Swear.

One day President Lincoln saw Sen-
ator Fessenden coming toward his
office room. Mr. Fessenden had received
the promise of some appointment in
Maine for one of his constituents. The
case had been overlooked. As soon as
Mr. Lincoln caught sight of the sen-
ator he saw Fessenden was angry and
called out, "Say, Fessenden, aren't you
an Episcopalian?" Mr. Fessenden,
somewhat taken aback, answered,
"Yes, I belong to that persuasion, Mr.
President." The Lincoln then said, "I
thought so. You swear so much like
Seward. Seward is an Episcopalian.
But you ought to hear Stanton swear.
He can beat you both. He is a Presby-
terian."

Hold Their Own.

A regiment of regulars was making
a long, dusty march across the rolling
prairie land of Montana during a re-
cent summer. It was a hot, blistering
day, and the men, longing for water
and rest, were impatient to reach the
next town. A rancher rode past. "Say,
friend," called out one of the men,
"how far is it to the next town?" "A
matter of two miles or so, I reckon,"
called back the rancher. Another long
hour dragged by, and another dusty
mile was encountered. "How far to the
next town?" the men asked him eagerly.
"Oh, a good two miles," A weary
half hour longer of marching, and then
a third rancher. "Hey, how far's the
next town?" "Not far," was the en-
couraging answer—"only about two
miles." "Well," sighed an optimistic
sergeant, "we're holdin' our own any-
how."

A Slight Mistake.

Chitto Harjo was pleading in Wash-
ington for the Indians' right to roam
in nomad fashion, like their fathers.
"They tell us to trust to fortune," he
said. "Chitto Harjo," said the judge,
"But we are tired of trusting to
fortune. Fortune has used us
Indians as it used the pale face In-
dianess at the Indian school in 1897."

Chitto Harjo smiled and went on:
"This instructor found a horse shoe,
and to get good fortune put it under
her pillow, along with her false teeth.
In the morning in the hurry of dress-
ing, she substituted the shoe for the
teeth and did not discover her mistake
till her advanced husband had been
tones of horror at breakfast what was
the matter with her mouth?"

When Oregon Was in the Balance.
There is no boundary in the world of
greater political importance than the
forty-ninth parallel, which divides
Canada from the United States. When
this boundary was under discussion,
the Pacific coast was almost inacces-
sible, and the ownership of Oregon, now
a state of vast wealth, with opulent
cities and a teeming population, was
in the balance. The matter was set-
tled by the report of Captain Temple,
a brother of Lord Palmerston, who
wrote to the admiralty "that the coun-
try west of the line was a cuss because
the salmon would not take a fly."—Man-
chester Chronicle.

The Only Way.
"I am writing an article," he said,
"on 'The Wretched Woman.'"
"I suppose it will be a long one,"
he replied in a slightly scornful tone.
"No," he answered, "it will be quite
short. In fact, it will consist of only
two words—'Don't try!'"—Birmingham
Post.

Long Wait.
"Grandpa, how old are you?"
"I am eighty-seven years old, my
dear."

"Then you were born eighty years
before I was. What a long time you
had alone waiting for me?"

Worse Still.
Griggs—The idea of your letting
your wife go round saying she made
man of you? You don't hear my wife
saying that. Briggs—No, but I heard
her telling my wife that she did her
best.

The preparation of canvas for paint-
ers is a lucrative trade.

Our Bodies Are Machines.

How many people, I wonder, ever
pause to consider that their bodies are
merely machines to be worked, furnaces
in which necessary fuel is burned,
workshops in which worn-out parts are
supplied and storehouses in which fuel
is laid away for use when
needed? Further, like any other piece
of apparatus, the body works better
under certain circumstances. Its fires
burn better with fuels of certain sorts,
mixed in certain proportions, and it
works more smoothly if it is kept
furnished with proper materials. Man
thinks he eats because he is hungry;
he really eats because his body is cry-
ing out for building materials with
which to repair the waste that is al-
ways going on and for fuel to keep it-
self warm, and it is rather "thicky"
as to the supply it wants for each of
these purposes. At a pinch it can use
almost anything digestible for either,
but it grows and complains and pun-
ishes itself by consuming the wrong
materials. It is not properly tended.—Crittenden Mar-
riott in St. Nicholas.

Drawing Room.

A curious and regrettable revival of
the word "draw" in the sense of "draw-
ing" occurs in "drawing room." Here
the original meaning of the word is lost
because of its lamentable pronun-
ciation by the uneducated. Nobody,
hearing it mentioned as "drawing
room," at its best as "drawing room,"
at its worst, would suspect it of being
a room to which to withdraw for relax-
ation. Most words of the kind, though,
have no better claim to our admiration,
and grow more and more a one to our
sense of language. "Parlor" is an ugly
growth from the old monastic "par-
lor," or room where speaking was al-
lowed, and "boudoir," that early Veto-
rian expression of gentility, began by
being a room for "drawing room," and
grew more and more a one to our
sense of language. "Parlor" is an ugly
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lowed, and "boudoir," that early Veto-
rian expression of gentility, began by
being a room for "drawing room," and
grew more and more a one to our
sense of language.—London Notes and Queries.

Du Maurier and the Fenian Leader.

When John O'Leary, the Fenian
leader, was released from prison in
1870 after spending five of the twenty
years to which he was condemned for
a felony he went to Paris, where
he spent the next fifteen years of his
exile. The revolutionary leader used to
tell how when crossing in the packet
to France he met Du Maurier, then a
young man, going to Paris to study
art. The Fenian leader was friendly and
together in the same building,
where they became acquainted with
two other artists, whom Du Maurier
afterward made famous in his popular
story "Trilby." The Laird and the
Baronet. It was to O'Leary, who had
been a medical student in Paris long
before he threw in his fortunes with
the Fenian movement, that Du Maurier
owed his first glimpse of bohemian
life in the French capital.—West-
minster Gazette.

It Was All Right.

They had evidently been quarreling
before entering the Sutter street car
for the ferry.
"I would thank you, Mr. Johnson, not
to sit by me," she said jolly.
"Oh, Lucy, I'll never go with her
again—never, never, dearie!"
Gradually the harsh tones melted to
soft, endearing phrases. The car had
become very crowded. It stopped at
Van Ness.
The conductor, wedging among pas-
sengers midway of the aisle, could not
see the rear steps. With his hand on
the bell cord, he suddenly yelled:
"How is it back there now?"
"It's all right. We've made up again,"
impulsively responded the young man.
"Oh, Willard, he didn't mean us!"
—San Francisco Chronicle.

Too Much Curiosity.

A dangerous operation was being per-
formed upon a woman. Old Dr. A., a
quaint German, full of kindly wit and
professional enthusiasm, had several
younger doctors with him. One of
them was administering the ether. He
became so interested in the old doc-
tor's work that he withdrew the cone
from the patient's nostrils, and she
half roused and rose to a sitting pos-
ture, looking with wildly eyed amazement over the surroundings. It was
a critical period, and Dr. A. did not
want to be interrupted. "Lay down,
dear, woman," he commanded gruffly.
"You had more curiosity as a medical
student."

The Result.

A nervous passenger on the first day
of the outward voyage importuned the
captain to know what would be the
result of the voyage. The captain, who
was a very old man, struck at the
iceberg while it was plunging through
the fog. "The iceberg would move
right along, madam," the captain re-
plied courteously, "just as if nothing
had happened." And the old lady was
greatly relieved.

A Telltale Nail.

Dr. John Donne, the famous English
poet and poet, who lived in the reign
of James I., was a veritable Sherlock
Holmes in bent of mind.
He was walking in the churchyard
while a grave was being dug when the
skeleton of a man was found. The
doctor took up the skull, and in handling
it found a headless nail driven into it.
This he managed to take out and con-
ceal in his handkerchief. It was evi-
dent to him that murder had been done.
He questioned the sexton and learned
that the skull was probably that of a
certain man who was the proprietor of
a brandy shop and was a drunkard, be-
ing found dead in bed one morning
after a night in which he had drunk
two quarts of brandy.
"Had he a wife?" asked the doctor.
"Yes."

"What character does she bear?"
"She bore a very good character, only
the neighbors gossiped because she
married the day after her husband's
funeral. She still lives here."

The doctor now called on the woman.
He asked for and received the particu-
lars of the death of her first husband.
Suddenly opening his handkerchief, he
showed her the telltale nail, asking in
a loud voice:
"Do you know this nail?"

Musical.

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PIANO, THEORY, ORGAN.
 Fundamental principles, technique, and interpretation.
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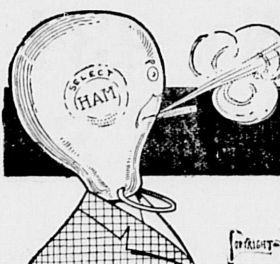
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Linnell's Market,
 406 Main Street, Woburn.
 Telephone 128-6.

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to
 Glenwood Street, Woburn High-
 lands. I trust I may continue to be
 favored with your patronage.
 My team will call for orders.

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If you want the best Coffee try
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 per pound.

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used generally about the house, in place of
 soap, &c., will at once correct all unsanitary
 conditions. Lead up to the difficult
 work by putting the sick to bed, and entire
 drainage system in a perfectly healthy con-
 dition. It breaks up all foul odors, clears
 out all greasy, decomposing accumulations.
 Be sure you get the genuine. Avoid im-
 itations. Just as Good! Initiations. Look for
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 Sold in original packages at all dealers.
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**Get Your Printing Done
 At This Office**

WINCHESTER

Your pass come up yet?
 There is to be no entrance to the High
 School graduating exercises this year.
 New heats for the police were as-
 signed last week. The change is
 approved.
 Edwin Mills of Arlington has been
 appointed Inspector of Plumbing in
 place of Cassidi, resigned.
 The Woman's Board of Missions
 are to hold their semiannual meeting in
 the Congregational church on May 21.
 Our business men are going to close
 their stores, shops, etc. every Wednes-
 day afternoon during June, July and
 August.
 I am happy to be able to inform the
 public that our Shakespeare Club, the
 crack literary aggregation in the Mystic
 Valley region, is prospering.

A large party of gentlemen left here
 for Castle Harbony, Main Street,
 Maine, on a fishing excursion, last
 week. They do this every spring.

Not much progress has yet been
 made towards solving the grade cross-
 ing problem. It is a place where con-
 siderable time must elapse before the
 job is finished, or even begun.

Our farmers complain of a backward
 spring and express some fears for the
 crops. No need of worrying; there
 will be hot weather and time enough
 for the crops; so keep a stiff upper
 lip and let your hair curl.

The W. C. T. U. are to celebrate
 their 31st anniversary in the vestry of
 the Congregational church at 3 p. m.
 May 17. The speaker is to be Miss
 Mosher of New York, and perhaps
 State Secretary, Mrs. Knox.

Hon. Samuel J. Elder made a speech
 at the smoker of the Winchester Boat
 Club last Saturday evening. Although
 lamentably ignorant of the noble science
 of rowing, I, your correspondent, who
 was present, thought it a fine oration.

The Mystic Valley Tennis Association
 have published their schedule of
 meets for this season. The Association
 is composed of many gallant men
 and expert tennis players. Only the
 most fashionable and aristocratic towns
 are permitted to hold membership.

Judge George S. Littlefield, than
 whom no person in this county is
 more capable for the task, delivered an
 address yesterday before the Malden
 Y. M. C. A. Bowling League with
 great acceptance and profit to his
 audience. The Judge is a bowler of
 splendid parts, and a fine talker.

Thieves and burglars exhibit a strong
 fancy for this town. They know a
 thing or two. Money and diamonds,
 and rare and costly jewels of all kinds
 are what burglars most affect, and there
 is no better place to gather in their
 harvest of crime than Winchester.
 Abundance of yield and facility for
 raking in the spoils are what induce
 the lightfingered gentry to visit us so
 often.

The May number of *Edison Light*,
 published monthly at 39 Boylston
 street, Boston, by the Edison Electric
 Illuminating Co., gave our town a
 first-class setting up in the way of
 description and illustrations. It was
 about as neat a notice as I ever laid
 eyes on, and the pictures of buildings,
 scenery and men, were fine. The
 simple, unadorned fact is, Winchester
 is the handsomest and most desirable
 residential town in Boston's environs.

I owe your Winchester readers an
 apology for the nonappearance of local
 news in the *JOURNAL* last week, and
 now it goes. I asked this town all
 over with a fine tooth comb, as it were,
 but no news could I find in all my
 raking. Everything else was lovely.
 Housecleaning was done; lawns looked
 fine; the trees were budding out; and
 some people had planted their peas.
 Bridge was rampant; pink teas, in the
 shade; and everybody seemed happy;
 but there was no news.

The Focus.
 Three sons who had gone west to
 make their fortunes in cattle raising
 wrote home for an appropriate name to
 give their ranch. The reply, "Focus,"
 did not seem especially suitable until
 the explanation was forthcoming: "The
 place where the sons raise meat."
 —Lippincott's.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK
 UNITARIAN.—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by
 the pastor, Rev. W. E. Vandermark.
 12 M. Sunday School.
 P. M. Evening Worship.
 Wednesday at 7:45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
 BAPTIST.—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by
 the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D.
 12 M. Sunday School.
 P. M. Evening Worship.
 Wednesday at 7:45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
 CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10:30 A. M., preaching
 by the pastor, Rev. N. A. Norton, D. D.
 12 M. Sunday School.
 P. M. Evening Worship.
 Wednesday at 7:45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
 TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Wednesday,
 10:30 A. M., Holy Communion and Sermon.
 12 M. Sunday School in Parish House.
 7 P. M. Evening Prayer and Sermon.
 All seats free at every service.
 Rev. Frederick W. Benson, pastor.
 PRINCIPAL CHURCH OF CHRIST.—Services in
 Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room
 12, every Sunday morning at 10:45. Subject
 "Soul and Body."
 Sunday School for the Children at 11:45 A. M.
 Wednesday evening Experience and Testimony
 Meetings at 7:45.
 The Reading Room is open from 2:30 to 4:30 p. m.,
 except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian
 Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Med.

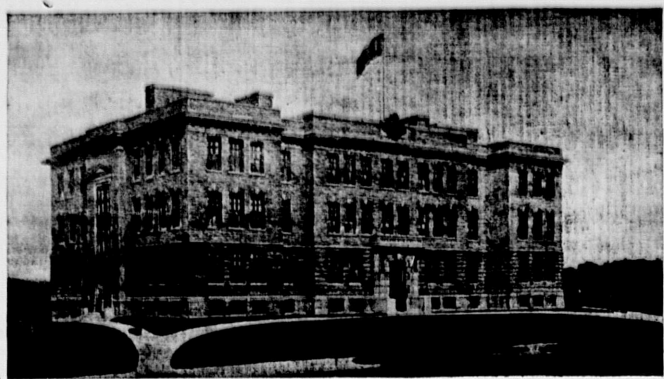
Date, name, and age, inserted free, all other notices
 charged a line.

In this city, May 11, Almira Thompson, aged 90
 years, 2 days.
 In this city, May 12, Lawrence Dulong, aged 4
 years, 10 months, 18 days.
 In this city, May 13, Dr. John Martin Harlow,
 aged 87 years, 6 months, 18 days.

FOR SALE.

The Residence of the late
James I. Hanson,
 situated on Eastern Ave. House
 contains twelve rooms, bath and
 furnace. For particulars and
 terms, address
Mrs. HELEN C. HANSON,
 Uxbridge, Mass.

**PARKER'S
 HAIR BALM**
 (Contains no harmful drugs)
 Cleanses the scalp, cures itching
 humors, keeps the hair soft and
 healthy, and prevents falling out.
 Sold in original packages at all dealers.
 10c., 25c., 50c., \$1.00.



THE NEW WOBURN HIGH SCHOOL.

FOUGHT IN A FOG.

A Duel in Which Neither Principal
 Could See the Other.

The most laughable duel ever fought
 in France was that which took place
 in November, 1878, at Plessis-Plaque
 between Messrs. Gambetta and De
 Fourtoul.
 Some heated words had passed be-
 tween the two distinguished gentlemen
 in the chamber of deputies, for which,
 according to their ideas of honor, noth-
 ing could atone except a duel. The
 men met therefore on the field at-
 tended by their seconds and the sur-
 geons.

A look over the field was enough to
 convince any one present that there
 would be no occasion for the doctors'
 services. A thick November fog hung
 over the scene—so thick, indeed, that
 one could hardly see his hand before
 his face. The arrangements for the
 duel required that it should be fought
 at thirty-five paces.

Nor was the fog the only circum-
 stance that tended to place the com-
 batants out of sight of each other. On
 the field to the field M. de Fourtoul is
 reported to have said:

"M. Gambetta has but one eye, and
 I am shortsighted, so the game will
 be about even."

It was, of course, rendered still more
 "even" by the fog. Neither man could
 see the other, and the sole danger was
 to the seconds and the doctors.

THE NEGROES.

Odd Marriage Ceremony of These
 Barbarous Little People.

Belonging as they do to the lowest
 type of civilization as yet discovered,
 the Negroes of Malaysia and their
 ways are well worth studying. Simple,
 primitive, but not without a certain
 charm, are the customs of these people.
 They have no fixed home or settle-
 ments, but are wanderers over their
 mountainous islands, sleeping under a
 banana leaf, living on herbs and ber-
 ries and game.

Their marriage ceremony is a unique
 survival of early life. The suitor and
 a few companions dance about the
 shelter of the desired girl. There is
 a curious resemblance between the
 dances of the prospective bridegroom
 and those of many of the game birds
 of our woodland. Finally the girl, ac-
 companied by her mother, starts to
 trail the dwelling of the young man.

The young man, who is usually
 a very handsome and well-dressed
 fellow, follows her, and the two, with
 their companions, continue their en-
 ticing and bewitching dances, winding
 round and round the girl. Presents are
 generally demanded and must be given
 before the reluctant bride will pro-
 ceed. Finally the women arrive near
 a steep bamboo platform. A wild
 shout pierces the air, and the bride-
 groom, like a frenzied animal, tears
 through the Negroes assembled at the
 base of the platform, snatches the
 bride in his arms and flies up the
 incline with his mate, where they sit
 during the wedding feast.—New York
 Herald.

The Smell of the Dawn.

Of all hours of the day there is none
 like the early morning for downright
 good odds—the morning before eat-
 ing. Fresh from sleep and unclogged
 with food, a man's senses are like
 knives. The whole world comes in
 upon him. A still morning is best, for
 the mists and the moisture seem to re-
 tain the odors which they have dis-
 tilled through the night. Upon a
 breezy morning, one is likely to get a
 singular, predominant odor, as of clover
 when the wind blows across a hayfield
 or of apple blossoms when the wind
 comes through the orchard, but upon a
 perfectly still morning it is wonderful
 how the odors arrange themselves in
 upright strata, so that one walking
 passes through them as from room to
 room in a marvelous temple of fra-
 grance.—American Magazine.

A Powerful Indorsement.

Many years ago there was consid-
 erable illness in Harrisburg, which
 was attributed to the waters of the Susque-
 hanna river, then the source of the city
 supply. One of the members of the
 legislature for that year, upon his re-
 turn to his constituents, was inter-
 viewed concerning the plague. He
 soon settled the question. "Upon my
 soul, gentlemen," he declared, "the re-
 port of the foulness of the water was a
 slander on the city of Harrisburg. I
 absolutely know the water to be per-
 fectly healthful, for during the session
 I drank the water on two different oc-
 casions, and I never experienced any
 ill effect whatever."—Pittsburg Press.

Music and Method.

The same, healthy way to study the
 piano is to apply one's thought direct-
 ly to the work laid out methodically by
 the teacher for a certain length of time
 every day. That length of time de-
 pends entirely upon the future that the
 student may decide upon. If he or
 she take up music as a profession,
 four hours daily should be given to
 study; if as an amateur, two hours are
 enough. In both cases the division of
 time devoted to practice should be not
 less than one hour.—J. J. Faderewski
 in Strand Magazine.

Force of Habit.

"I must not listen to you, Mr. Pen-
 grave," protested the blushing girl,
 with eyes downcast. "You are only
 trifling, and—and, besides, it is getting
 late."
 "Please hear me out, Miss Helen,"
 pleaded the infuriated young reporter.
 "I'll cut it down to 250 words."
 "You had people ready enough to do
 the Samarra without the oil and
 twopenny.—Sydney Smith.

ART OF WALKING.

The First Requisite For a Good Gait
 Is a Good Poise.

The delightful art of walking, the
 happy practice of vagabondage which
 Stevenson and Whitman praised so
 well, the most innocent of pastimes,
 the simplest of exercises, is in danger
 of falling into abeyance, says Bliss
 Carman in the *Dell*.

Our fashionable people affect one
 ridiculous manner of walking and
 then another year after year, but al-
 most no one thinks it worth while to
 learn to walk normally. The normal
 walk is not a matter of caprice, but of
 art. It lends itself to the infinite va-
 rieties of character and becomes in
 each instance expressive of the indi-
 vidual, so that we recognize a man by
 his gait as readily as by his voice.

The first requisite of good walking is
 a good poise. If the body is well
 poised at each point of its motion, the
 motion itself must be good. The pro-
 cess of walking which has been describ-
 ed as a series of falls is, to be some-
 what more accurate, a series of falls
 and recoveries so sensibly merged that
 there is no saying where the fall ends
 and the recovery begins. In walk-
 ing we are in a continuous state of un-
 stable equilibrium. We pass gradual-
 ly from one position to another, yet
 are never out of poise. We are play-
 ing with gravity. A good walker spins
 the earth gently beneath his feet, as an
 acrobat in a circus, lying on his back,
 spins a barrel or a painted ball.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

The Indifference of the Actor to His
 Stage Companions.

The indifference of the actor of al-
 most every grade to the play and his
 fellow players is to the outsider one of
 the many unaccountable things about
 this little known profession. There is
 an authentic case of an actor who
 gained sufficient favor and fortune
 in a certain play to appear in it con-
 tinuously for four seasons. Although
 he actually played the principal part,
 he did not appear until the second act,
 and it is a well known fact that during
 those four years he never saw the first
 act played or any part of it. There is
 no life behind the scenes, because ac-
 tors and actresses who amount to any-
 thing go at once to their dressing rooms
 immediately their scenes on the stage
 are finished.

I recall an instance of a young woman
 whose dancing was a genuine sen-
 sation on Broadway for several years.
 She was very young and very pretty,
 and her engagement did much to es-
 tablish the success of the theater at
 which she appeared. It must have
 been quite two years after she achiev-
 ed her first success when she was
 asked to appear in a new play. She
 was also the manager and owner of
 the theater, casually remarked one
 night in his dressing room: "Let's go
 down on the stage and look at Miss
 ———— dance. I have never seen her, but
 they tell me she is very good."—Outing
 Magazine.

Caribou Horns.

Not one out of every ten female caribou
 has horns. When a female has horns
 they are much smaller than those of
 the bull. The horns of the female,
 however, in general have many more
 branches than those of the bull, and
 they are much more regularly and
 finely formed. For several years
 they have been seen with their horns in
 the month of April. The old bulls shed
 their horns from the 10th to the last
 of November. They hardly ever carry
 them after the month of November.
 The young bulls shed theirs from the
 first of December until the middle of
 February. The younger the animal the
 longer he retains his horns.

Shakespeare and Scenery.

It is a peculiar fact that, while
 Shakespeare, of all dramatists, offers
 the greatest opportunity for scenery,
 he also, of all men ever wrote, can
 best do without it. In fact, I believe
 Shakespeare owes his greatness in part
 to the fact that he did not have any
 scenery. He had to make everything
 clear without it. That is why his lines
 appeal to the mind as well as to the
 eye. Had he known different
 scenery, Daniel Frohman in the De-
 lator, Shakespeare would not have
 been nearly so great, because he prob-
 ably never would have taken the pains.
 However, the converse is not true. We
 are not hiding any Shakespeares be-
 hind scenery today.

Garrick's Little Joke.

Scene. The Star and Garter.
 David Garrick and the usual galaxy
 assembled.
 Garrick—Nelly, can you tell me why
 Dr. Johnson and Boswell are like that
 and lightning?
 Goldsmith—Tell us the answer, Davy.
 I'll not spoil your fun by trying to
 guess it.
 Garrick—Why, it should be plain to
 all who know them that whenever the
 one flashes the other clips and roars.—
 Harper's Weekly.

Contrary Counsel.

The church was packed, even the
 altar lined with chairs. Just before
 the benediction the thoughtful clergy-
 man, who loved order as he did the
 gospel, thus admonished his hearers:
 "In passing out, please remain seated
 until the ushers have removed the
 chairs from the aisles."—Lippincott's
 Magazine.

Couldn't Stand the Strain.

Landlady—I'm sorry to say, sir, that
 the coffee is exhausted. Lodger—I'm
 not surprised. It has been so very
 weak lately.—Strana.

The word "cab," a contraction of

"cabriolet," was not used until 1823.

Are we to mark this day with a
 white or a black stone?—Corrante.

TEACHING MONKEYS.

Is It That Are Too Difficult
 For Simians to Learn.

It would be a very simple matter for
 a human child to learn to walk on
 all fours, by means of a very light
 wooden rake, an object which it
 did not reach with its hands, and yet
 simple, a very tame Rhesus monkey
 found it difficult to learn to do so.
 In the *World Today*, spent many days in
 trying to learn this simple act and
 did not learn to manipulate the rake
 when our patience ran out. Jimmie
 was kept moderately hungry at the
 time of the experiments; he was teth-
 ered just out of reach of some very
 tempting food (mango grapes). A light
 top wooden rake was given him. In-
 stinctively he grasped it, bit it, then
 dropped it and began straining at his
 tether and reaching out as far as possi-
 ble with his forelimbs making vain ef-
 forts to stretch in his food. The rake
 was then put around one of the grapes,
 and the handle extended toward Jim-
 mie. Instantly he grasped the handle
 as before and jerked it, and the grape
 rolled within reach of his paw. The
 rake was dropped and forgotten and
 the faithful paw utilized for the com-
 pletion of the act.

Now what happens when the grape
 has been eaten? The rake is still with-
 in his reach, and the grapes are still
 outside the pale. Does he perceive the
 relationship existing between "food
 out of reach, rake will lengthen paw,
 ergo, use rake?" Not Jimmie. And he
 is the brightest of six. As long as the
 will kindly hook the blade of the rake
 around the grape and extend the han-
 dle toward him he will condescend to
 pull in the rake and consequently the
 grape, but he has never yet both
 pushed out and then pulled in the rake
 of his own initiative.

THE BLACK SEA.

Its Waters So Badly Poisoned That
 Life Is Practically Impossible.

Few persons, probably, other than
 those engaged in the pursuit of sci-
 ence, are aware that the Black sea
 presents an interest of its own to the
 zoologist and the geologist shared by
 no other part of the ocean at the pre-
 sent day.

Throughout the greater part of the
 ocean the bottom is the dwelling place
 of a number of creatures whose busi-
 ness it is to consume the bodies of the
 members of the surface fauna which
 after death sink to the bottom. In the
 Black sea, however, says the *Field*, owing
 to special geological events, such
 scavengers are totally wanting over
 the greater part of the bottom, so that
 the carcasses of the creatures which
 fall from above are left to decompose,
 which they speedily do in the com-
 paratively high temperature of the
 water.

By their decomposition two soluble
 compounds, carbonate of ammonia and
 sulphurated hydrogen, are developed
 in enormous quantities, while no free
 lime, except such as is introduced from
 the Mediterranean, is left. The vol-
 ume of sulphurated hydrogen is so
 great as to poison the water from the
 greatest depth (2,227 fathoms) to
 within about a hundred fathoms of the
 surface to such a degree that life, ex-
 cept for a few bacteria, is absolutely
 impossible.

The circumstance has a double inter-
 est—first, that it is absolutely unique
 at the present day, and, secondly, that
 it seems to offer an almost exact paral-
 lel to the state of affairs that existed
 at the inconceivably remote epoch
 when the oldest known sedimentary
 rocks were laid down as mud on the
 ancient sea bottom.

Pat Was Surprised.

Two Irishmen got the contract to
 clean a well. Pat tied a rope around
 his middle, and Mike lowered him into
 the well. When Pat was through
 cleaning, Mike began to hoist him up,
 but when he was halfway up he called
 to his companion in the well:

"Hold on a minute, Pat, till I spit
 on me hands, and let go of the rope.
 Naturally Pat descended again a little
 too rapidly for comfort. When Mike
 realized his blunder, he ran to the well
 and called down:

"Pat, Pat, are ye dead?"
 "No, ye brainless spalpeen; O'm not
 dead, begorry, but O'm spackless wid
 surprise at ye."—Judge's Library.

Labor.

The doctrine of the farm is merely
 this, that every man ought to stand in
 primary relation with the work of the
 world; ought to do it himself and not
 to suffer the accident of his having a
 purse in his pocket, or his having been
 bred to some dishonorable or injurious
 craft to sever him from those duties
 and for this reason, that labor is God's
 education; that he only is a sincere
 learner, he only can become master
 who learns the secret of labor and who
 by real earning extorts from nature its
 secret.—Emerson.

Accounting For It.
 "Mamma," asked little Emersonia
 Osgoodson, "who translated the Bi-
 ble?"
 "The accepted version of it, my
 dear," answered her mother, "is the
 work of learned Englishmen."
 "Englishmen! Then that is why
 there is no Epistle to the Bostonians!"
 —Exchange.

Putting Off.

How many defer from day to
 day the best it can do and the most
 beautiful things it can enjoy without
 thinking that every day may be the
 last one and that lost time is lost eternally.

There is no witness so terrible, no
 accuser so powerful, as conscience.—
 Polybius.

Told Who He Was.

The game warden of Colorado was
 walking out in the mountains on one
 occasion when he met a hunter with
 his gun. The official suggested that
 that ought to be a good country for
 hunting. "It certainly is," said the
 hunter proudly. "I killed one of the
 finest bucks yesterday I ever saw, and
 he weighed over two hundred." It was
 the season when deer may not be shot
 without subjecting the hunter to a
 heavy fine. "Well, that is a fine deer,"
 said the warden. "But do you know
 who you are talking to?" Being as-
 sure that he did not, the official said:

"Why, I am the chief game warden of
 Colorado." The hunter was only taken
 aback for a moment, when he asked:
 "And do you know who you are talk-
 ing to?" The warden didn't know.

"Well, sir," said the hunter, appar-
 ently much relieved, "you are talking
 to the biggest liar in the whole state
 of Colorado."—Kansas City Star.

A Rebuff.

"Miss May," began Mr. Hoamley,
 "would you—er—be mad if I were to
 kiss you?"
 "Not necessarily," replied the bright
 girl, "but I would certainly be mad to
 let you."

So Sudden.

Carson—Would you like to own a
 puppy, Miss Cecilia?
 Cecilia—Oh, Mr. Carson, this is so sudden—Young's
 Magazine.

The roar of the lion can be heard
 farther than the sound of any other
 living

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NO. 26.

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Boston & Northern St. Railway
The following new timetable for the
Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. Ry.
is the result of the arrangements which
went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15,
1905:
Cars leave North Woburn Car House
for Winchester, Medford and Elevated
at 5:12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until
9:27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until
12:27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until
7:27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until
11:27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Car House
for North Woburn at 6:17 A. M. and
then every 15 minutes to 10:30 A. M.,
then every 30 minutes to 1:32 P. M.,
then every 15 minutes to 5:32 P. M.,
then every 30 minutes to 12:02 midnight.
On Sundays cars leave at 7:32 A. M. and
every 30 minutes to 10:02 A. M. and
every 15 minutes to 10:32 P. M. and
every 30 minutes to 12:02 midnight.
The through car from Lowell which
has been run from Merrimack Square,
Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester,
Woburn and Medford Square, will be
discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of
this route the new schedule provides
for cars to run from Merrimack Square,
Lowell, via Tewksbury, Wilmington,
and Reading, where direct connections
can be made for through cars to
Spartanburg, via Salisbury, Salisbury,
Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing
to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury
and Lowell can connect with cars that
leave North Woburn Car House and
connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.
Cars leave No. Woburn Car House for
Wilmington on the even hour and re-
turning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington
or No. Woburn on the half hour.—If.

Boston & Maine R. R.
TRAIN SERVICE
In effect October 5, 1906
Trains leave Woburn:
WILCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON—10:55,
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He takes great pains to buy only the best, and all the people say his berries are the boss.

about it. The object of Headmaster Owen in bringing the pictures here was to obtain some money with which to buy works of art for the walls of the new and beautiful building, in pursuance of which it was decided to charge a small sum admittance fee—5 cents for adults, and 10 cents for children—from which a goodly sum is expected to be realized. The object is a highly deserving one, and, with the exhibit, should fill the room on each of the three days of the exhibition.

quite sure to have more than one representative of his stud appear in the races this season. Reports of the organization are silent as to the attitude of Senator Grimes and ex-Representative Roberts towards it; but it is safe to say that religious scruples would keep that staunch old Jacksonian democrat, Representative Lewis, far from its dangerous atmosphere. He has a hairtrigger conscience. Capt. Joseph Larock of Woburn is a member of the Governing Board.

A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.
Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot
Powder, a powder. It cures Tired & Aching
Feet, Blisters, Corns, Bunions, Itchy, In-
flammation, Sweating, Swollen feet. At all
Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample
FREE. Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

bridge on the seventeenth day of June, 1907, at
o'clock in the forenoon.

NETTIE M. HALEY, Executrix
of the will of Edwin J. Haley

CUR-X-ZEMA

WILL STOP THAT ITCHING.

R-X-ZEMA positively cures Itching Piles,
a scientific treatment under which the most
minute cases yield almost instantly.

UR-X-ZEMA immediately heals Chafing and
skin eruptions. Effects quick and permanent
in the severest cases of **Keema**. Endorsed
by Physicians. At drugstores or by mail, 50 cents. If
a sufferer, send 10 cents in stamps for trial
package. **Cur-X-Zema Co., Watervliet, N. Y.**

TRINITY CLUB, WOBURN
Illustrated Lecture
 By Rev. PETER McQUEEN
 Subject—"Panama Canal and the Glorious Tropics."
 Lyceum Hall, Tuesday, May 28, 1907, 8 o'clock, p.
TICKETS 25 CENTS

your order with us at
once, we can please
you. Best Materials.
Best Workmanship.

JOHN H. HERN

Salem St., Woburn.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1907.

MEMORIAL DAY.

The order of exercises for Memorial Day was executed yesterday as published in the JOURNAL on May 24. Flags waved at halfmast all over the city, and business was suspended.

The Soldiers' Monument on the Common was never dressed in better taste, or made a finer appearance. It seemed though the marching column to the cemetery, followed by loads of brilliant flowers in decorated carriages, was more impressive than ever before.

Although cool, the weather was not unbecomingly for the march; and nothing occurred to mar the exercises of the day.

The gathering at Lyceum Hall in the afternoon, to listen to an excellent program, was large and attentive.

Tomorrow, June 1, 1907, the town of Arlington is to celebrate, with much pomp and parade, the 100th anniversary of its incorporation under the name of West Cambridge, for which event elaborate preparations have been made. The Order of Exercises includes everything necessary to make a full and complete gala and jubilee day, and that is just what it is going to be, providing the weather does not interfere with the arrangements. One of the features will be the placing, with appropriate ceremonies, of a bronze tablet in Wellington Park by Mr. William W. Wellington of Dubuque, Iowa, to the memory of his father and mother, who, in 1819, went to housekeeping near the spot now covered by Wellington Park, which was once known as "Flob End." He left Dubuque on May 20 to be present at the centennial on June 1. His mother and Warren Teel's father were brother and sister, and the two cousins have been respected residents of the Mississippi Valley for the last 50 years.

Judge Edward F. Johnson has been appointed life member of the Public Library Board of Trustees by Mayor Blodgett, and the appointment, a well deserved one, was unanimously confirmed by the City Council last Monday night.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.
F. P. Shumway—Long Woburn National Bank—Statement.

The lecture by Peter McQueen, booked for May 28, was postponed.

Lilies are in bloom, and the air is laden with their sweet, old-fashioned fragrance.

May 31: 8 a. m. 46 above zero. Wind N. E. This has been the coldest May on record.

Cutting off steam heat last Monday by landlords was the cause of considerable profanity.

A special meeting of Hope Circle is to be held at 3.30 this afternoon in Odd Fellows parlour.

A successful bazaar is in operation in St. Charles parochial school hall, and it is well worth attending.

No business of any great importance was transacted at the meeting of the City Council last Monday night.

Ald. B. H. Nichols is overseeing the finishing up of the Library playground, which means that it will be done right.

Farmers around here say that, if cold weather don't let up soon, no farm products will be raised, or at least, none worth mentioning.

It began to rain about noon last Sunday and continued to pour, with but slight and infrequent lulls, all that night and well into Monday.

The cold backward spring has affected adversely trade in this city, as everywhere else. Business is dull, and has been all the season.

Rev. Charles H. Washburn of Neponset, former pastor of the Bellingham church, delivered the Memorial Day address in that town yesterday.

Tin roofing, sheet iron, and furnace work and stove repairs. Satisfaction guaranteed at H. B. Blye & Co., 367 Main street, Woburn, Mass.—4t.

Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., Rebekah Lodge, and Woburn Eucampment will decorate the graves of Odd Fellows in Woodbrook cemetery on June 16.

Alderman B. H. Nichols is at his farm in Hope, Maine, looking after the seeding of its acres for next fall's crops. His farm is located not far from Penobscot Bay, and near popular summer resorts.

Miss Gladys Holden, daughter of the Hon. Joshua B. Holden, will pass the summer in Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Holden and other daughters will be in Newcastle, N. H., during July and August.—Boston Herald.

The St. Charles concert comes off next Monday evening in Lyceum Hall. It is given to secure funds with which to pay for the Bennett street property recently bought by the Society, and deserves to be liberally patronized.

One of the front windows of Copeland & Bowser's store, or the things with which it is filled, cause people to halt and take a look at it. The pictures, bric-a-brac, and other exhibits are worth time for an examination.

From 6 to 9 o'clock tomorrow morning, June 1, the Winchester Towing Nurse Association will serve a breakfast in Town Hall for all comers with tickets, the charge for which is only 25 cents. A capital meal is promised.

The display of summer hats at Hammond & Son Co.'s well filled clothing store is a good one. There is some doubt about their ever being wanted—certainly not unless the weather changes; but if a favorable change comes, they will go like hot wafers.

At a meeting of the Swedish Republican Club, last week, of which Rev. G. S. Swenson is Chairman, it was announced that 10 men would accompany the Chairman to Boston this afternoon, May 31, to obtain their naturalization papers. The Club are a lively Republican organization.

E. Prior may be found at 346 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

The alarm from box 42 at 2.55 and quickly followed by a second last Tuesday afternoon, was for a fire that destroyed the upper part of the house occupied by John J. Skinner on Salem street.

The June meeting of the Material Association of First Church, will be held at the home of Mrs. W. A. Prior, 602 Main street on the afternoon of Friday, June 7, at 3.30. A short service will be followed by a social hour. It is hoped that all the members will be present.

The L. C. S. Alliance Branch of the Unitarian Church, will hold their annual meeting, Thursday, June 6, 5 o'clock. The membership fee of 50 cents is due at this meeting. A large attendance is desired. Strawberries Supper at 6.30, followed by a musical program. Supper and entertainment 25c.

Beginning on June 17 and continuing four days Worcester is to hold an Old Home carnival, under the auspices of the Merchants Association of that city. The affair is in the hands of 17 committees, of one of which, Firemen's Day, our former townsman, Mr. Winthrop Hammond, is Chairman.

Two beautiful pictures adorn the walls of the new High School—one of a statue of Lincoln, from Burbank Post 33, G. A. R.; and the other of a statue of General Sherman, from Wagon's Relief Corps. Both are elegantly framed, and admirably hung near the bronze tablet contributed by Post 161.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Avis Hill, of the Senior Class at Wellesley College, to graduate next month, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William W. Hill of North Woburn, to Mr. Theodore P. Berle, of New York, formerly pastor of the North Congregational Church of Woburn.—Boston Courier.

To meet the demands of his increasing business Crawford has recently installed an up-to-date Ice Breaker, with a capacity to cut and haul tons per hour. Belonging in a small way nine years ago, his business has steadily grown until now he has a plant equipped with machinery and devices for handling his product in a most economical and satisfactory manner.

Next to their home on the Hill Hon. and Mrs. E. D. Hayden seem to regard a spot in the Maine forests, located on Roach River and Ponds, a few miles east of Lily Bay, a part of Moosehead Lake, as near paradisaical as any that was ever fashioned by the hand of Providence for the pleasure of mankind. For the true sportsman, with gun and fishing tackle, it beats them all. The Haydens are down there now.

The High School Orchestra Club are to give a concert this evening at the Turner Art Exhibit in the new school-house under the direction of Dora A. Winn, Music Instructor. The Club consists of Miss Deborah Curtis, Carl Foster, Thomas Kerrigan, Francis Dolan, six violins; John Fox, Austin Garsney, and Miss Ethel Wallace, piano; Clifford Soles, battery; Roland Blaisdell, cello; Fox, cornet; Clifford Parker, contrabass.

It requires skill, brains, a keen eye and sound judgment, to water the streets properly. We rather admire the way some of the carts do it. For example, we have in our mind's eye a spot where the mud, caused by the cart, is kneaded all the time, and 20 feet away, is another spot from which a cloud of dust constantly arises.

Nobody is a watercart artist who can do that trick right along every day and every hour of the day.

Elwyn G. Preston of this city was one of the jurymen who tried a distinguished clubman of Boston, the other night, for stealing 12 cream grade chickens from the Club's kitchen. We have forgotten whether the accused was convicted, or not, but the verdict was clearly against the law and evidence, and furnished the opponents to trial by jury with another cudgel with which to fight the prevailing system. We thought better of Elwyn than that.

By invitation of the Rector, Trinity church was filled Sunday morning with Pater 33 and 161, G. A. R. Sons of Veterans, Veterans of the Spanish War, and Woburn Phalanx, who listened, with pleasure, to an able memorial sermon preached by Rev. F. W. Beekman, himself a Veteran of the Spanish War. In the evening the regular Trinity congregation, who were necessarily absent in the morning, were favored with a repetition of the sermon.

The fishing party that left here last Friday for Maine lakes, ponds and streams, likewise, to camp out in its primitive forest, headed by L. W. Holden and other daughters will be in Newcastle, N. H., during July and August.—Boston Herald.

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The completion of the St. Charles parochial schoolhouse, the work of the Rector of St. Charles Church, Rev. James J. Keegan, assisted by his faithful curates Fathers Henry A. Walsh and James F. Dolan, has been completed. The new structure, site and grading cost the Parish about \$55,000, and is a fine one for school purposes. It will accommodate about 600 pupils and is furnished with every facility employed in modern school architecture. This, with the church edifice, changed and modernized by Rev. Fr. Keegan a few years ago, and a large, handsome clerical residence, constitute a striking and attractive addition to the view in that part of the city.

The Trustees of the estate of the late Lydia G. Choate, Messrs. Julius R. Ramsdell, Herbert B. Dow, and Miss Ellen M. Dow, have concluded to incorporate under the name of the Woburn Home for Aged Couples, and associate with themselves, as incorporators, Charles A. Jones, William Beggis, A. Herbert Holland, Rev. Henry C.

Parker, and Ralph F. Goddard. Mrs. Choate left by will three-twentieths of her estate for the founding and maintenance of a home for aged couples, from which \$15,000 has already been realized by the Trustees, which will be increased on settlement of the estate. It is not proposed to establish the Home at once, but to allow the bequest to increase until the amount shall be sufficient to carry out Mrs. Choate's plans.

Considerable has been said and written about the Woburn High School of late, but we do not remember of having heard or read this bit of history connected with the founding of it, the accuracy of which is vouched for by a perfectly reliable gentleman who was there. A good deal of trouble was experienced in getting the school started right, and several townmeetings were held before the machinery was got into shape to work smoothly. The educational test for admittance of pupils wasn't at all satisfactory to many of the parents, considerable heartburning prevailed in the community, and charges of partiality on the part of the School Committee were rife. At the last townmeeting one man said he could prove that the Committee were partial: his neighbor Brown's children were admitted to the school, while his, who were as big as Brown's, were excluded. Thereupon, Mr. Luke Fowler, father of our Luke Warren, thoroughly disgusted with the wrong-doing, moved that pupils be admitted to the High School by weight, and that the Selectmen be instructed to buy a pair of steelyards to weigh them with. His motion brought down the house; trouble ceased, and the school entered peacefully on its long and honorable career.

The alarm from box 64 on Winn street last evening was false.

Memorial

Adopted by the Boston Chamber of Commerce At a Meeting Held May 27th, 1907.

The members of the Boston Chamber of Commerce desire to place on record their appreciation of the high character and the unusually attractive and lovable qualities of their late associate JOSEPH F. DELORIEA

whose death occurred May 24, 1907. Mr. DeLoria had been for many years a loyal and useful member of this organization, serving it in many capacities and always with conspicuous fidelity, although still a young man he had achieved marked success in his chosen business and had gained in an unusual degree the respect and affection of his business associates. Of few men could it be said with equal truth "He had no enemies."

Blessed by nature with a cheerful and sunny disposition, he not only saw, but thought and felt in terms of the best in those with whom he came in contact. Harsh judgments and bitterness were foreign to his very habits of thought. Scrupulously upright and honest in his business relations and of blameless private life, Mr. DeLoria furnished us as an example of rectitude and high living which any man might follow to his profit. In his death those who were privileged to know him best felt a sense of loss deeper than can well be stated in words, and those whose acquaintance with him was less intimate yet knew his worth and the value of a man whose living has enriched this business community and in whose death all have suffered a real loss.

We extend to his bereaved family our deepest sympathy in their great affliction.

Resolved, that this memorial be placed upon the records of the Chamber of Commerce and a copy sent to the family of the deceased.

WINCHESTER.

The local Lodge of Odd Fellows are to hold Memorial services on June 2. The frost on last Friday night did some damage.

Col. Nat. Richardson is not improving in health as rapidly as his many friends hoped for.

I hear that Congressman McCall is going to Europe this summer where his wife and daughter are.

Rev. Mr. Newton, pastor of the Congregational church is to preach the H. S. baccalaureate sermon on June 23.

The Fourth of July Association have begun to talk about plans for a big celebration on next Independence Day. Something will be doing "on those lines" pretty soon.

The Visiting Nurse Association of this town are to give a June breakfast in Town Hall, Saturday morning, June 1, from 6 to 9 o'clock. The breakfast will be a fine one and the price 25 cents.

The Winchester Improvement Association are doing a fine thing for this town. Earnest workers and real friends have their shoulders at the wheels and their hearts in the work. The Association are moving. The Association will prove a great benefit to the town.

The name of our new School Superintendent is Schuyler F. Herron, and looks as though he might be the right man for the office. The School Committee weighed the qualifications of over 60 applicants before making a choice.

The question of a new Y. M. C. A. building is being agitated in Y. M. C. A. circles. That's right! We need, and certainly ought to have, a first-class building for the boys and young men. Wonder if some of the womenfolk would be willing to contribute some of their bridge whist winnings towards one?

It is reported that Congressman McCall of this town has become associated with Fred W. Estabrook in the ownership of the New Hampshire Telegraph. Mr. McCall for the Republican nomination for President of the United States. Mr. Estabrook is a manufacturer and banker.

I see by a New Hampshire paper that our respected citizen, Mr. George H. Gilbert of Sunnyside, has rented a cottage at Dublin, N. H., for his 1907 summer home. It is a fine place for health and pleasure. Mr. Gilbert will go there about the middle of June with his servants, coachman and horses. He has hosts of good friends here and, indeed, wherever he is known, and richly deserves them, for he is "sound corn," head and heart, and a friend that sticks like a brother.

Literary Notices.

The June number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE is the most entertaining one that has been issued from the McClure press, New York, for a long while. The following are its principal papers, nearly everyone of which is finely illustrated: Charles Keary and Ellen Terry in 1856; Memories of My Childhood by Eliza Follen; The Life of Mary Baker Eddy; The Profile, Rochester; Pure Milk Campaign; The Wilderness of Mr. Harcourt Peters; Reminiscences of a Long Life by Carl Schurz, Shiraz, Secret History, By Airship to the North Pole by Walter Wellman; One of the Graykings; The Tale of Cayuse; The Flight of the Copper Kings; Before a Crucifix, etc.

Silent, Swift, Sure. The NEW HOME is Silent, Swift, Sure. It is a high grade Sewing Machine at a moderate price, and every woman that has one is perfectly satisfied. She knows it is the best that is made. Do not purchase any other. Dealers everywhere.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK. UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Vandenberg. 12 M., Sunday School. METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Vandenberg. 12 M., Sunday School. BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Vandenberg. 12 M., Sunday School. A. S. P. M., Evening Service. 7 P. M., C. E. Meeting. 7 P. M., P. M. C. E. Meeting. CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D. 12 M., Sunday School. 7 P. M., C. E. Meeting. 7 P. M., P. M. C. E. Meeting. FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cent Savings Bank Building, 125, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject, "The Kingdom of God is Within You." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial. The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sunday. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 16.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices in this line.

In this city, May 25, Fannie Raney, aged 90 years. In this city, May 25, George W. Berry, formerly of Lynn, aged 42 years, 1 month, 20 days. In this city, May 25, Ellen Elwood, aged 33 years. In this city, May 27, Mary C. Downey, aged 69 years, 4 months, 4 days.

In Boston, May 25, Joseph F. DeLoria of Woburn, aged 48 years, 3 months.

ELECTRICITY.

The electric flatiron will make many a home more comfortable during the coming summer. It saves steps, and the electric heat is placed just where it will do good without heating the kitchen or laundry. The electric flatiron is another convenience made possible wherever is employed the electric light—the clean, convenient and safe illuminant.

Have you learned to be light-wise?

Our Sales Agent will be quick to tell you how low are the reduced rates established by this Company, and the advantages you will secure from employment of electricity if you will write him, or call, or telephone "Oxford 3300, Collect."

The Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston, 33-39 Boylston St., Boston.

No. 7550. REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

At Woburn, in the State of Mass., at the close of business, May 29, 1907.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts.....\$380,994.45
Overdrafts secured and unsecured.....106.62
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.....109,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds.....4,000.00
Bonds, securities, etc.....25,992.50
Due from approved reserve agents.....15,213.18
Checks and other cash items.....229.42
Notes of other National Banks.....5,565.00
Lawful money reserve in bank, viz:
Specie.....27,739.15
Legal tender notes.....11,840.00 39,579.15
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation).....5,000.00
Total.....\$580,919.40

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in.....\$100,000.00
Surplus fund.....20,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid.....15,845.47
National Bank notes outstanding.....99,200.00
Due to other National Banks.....1,698.48
Due to State Banks and Savings Banks.....12,110.54
Due to Trust Companies and Banks.....15,944.57
Dividends unpaid.....39.00
Individual deposits subject to check.....298,576.35
Demand certificates of deposit.....17,070.00
Certified checks.....473.90 345,873.92
Total.....\$580,919.40

STATE OF MASS., COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, ss., I, C. A. DAY, Cashier of the above-named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

C. A. DAY, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of May, 1907.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Notary Public.

EDWARD E. JOHNSON, F. W. E. BLODGETT, JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Directors.

Correct—Attest:

ESTABLISHED 1884

S. B. GODDARD & SON

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY

BOILER AND PLATE GLASS

INSURANCE

Savings Bank Block, Woburn Telephone 77

Boston Office, 913 Water Street Telephone 11902 Main

ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER \$150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over \$700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant.

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

A. W. WHITCHER, heir at law.

Woburn, Mass., May 22, 1907.

Electricity used in your store will attract trade and display your merchandise to best advantage and in true color values.

Nernst Lamps are very economical in use—all the light is usefully directed—the current consumption is small.

For your own good you can't know too much—or too soon—about Nernst Lamps. Ask the Sales Agent of the Edison Company or

TNE NERNST LAMP CO., A. T. HOLBROOK, District Sales Manager, 152 Pearl Street, Boston

Mrs. President McKinley.

As the result of a paralytic stroke suffered a few days before, Mrs. McKinley, widow of the late William McKinley, President of the United States, who was assassinated in 1901 at Buffalo, N. Y., died at her home in Canton, Ohio, a little after noon on Sunday, May 26, 1907, at the age of 74 years.

Since the death of her husband life has had but little attraction for her, and chief desire has been to follow him as soon as the Lord was willing. She had the reputation of being a noble woman, a devoted wife, kind and generous, and greatly beloved by all who knew her. As the Nation's widow, and as a woman, she was honored, respected and loved by everybody.

Dangers of the Dark

Burglars, fire or sudden illness; any emergency which requires aid suddenly, demonstrates the value of a residence telephone.

The social advantages which it affords are too well known to need any explanation. The convenience is obvious.

Why not get rates from our local manager to-day?

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

Is neatly packed in Pt. Bricks sliced ready to serve.

Price 25c. Sold ONLY at

412 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE 133-3.

Strawberry Coffee

Orange Sherbet Pineapple

Don't forget the Office, 416 Main Street.

H. B. BLYE & CO., DEALERS IN Hardware, Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, FERTILIZERS.

Garden Seeds, Farmers' and Mechanics' Tools, Kitchen Furnishings Goods, etc. 700 Tins and Street Iron Work.

367 Main Street, Woburn, Mass. Telephone connection.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss. PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Elizabeth S. Bell, late of Woburn in said County deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by William E. Bell, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of June, A. D. 1907, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be on the day at least before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court, this ninth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and seven.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTYRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and seven.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss. PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of James W. HERRAS, late of Woburn in said County deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Frances K. Halloway and John W. Johnson, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of June, A. D. 1907, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be on the day at least before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court, this ninth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and seven.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTYRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and seven.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss. PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of James W. HERRAS, late of Woburn in said County deceased.

Musical.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

MRS. ANNIE M. S. LEWIS
MR. F. PERCYAL LEWIS

PIANO, THEORY, ORGAN.

Fundamental principles, technique, and interpretation.

Consult at Woburn Western Vestry, Saturdays, 10 to 12 a. m. 24 p. m.

Address Winchester, Mass.

VIOLIN INSTRUCTION

GIVEN BY

WALTER LINCOLN RICE.

Violins loaned to beginners without cost until the progress made by the pupil warrants the purchase of an instrument. Lessons given at the pupils' residence if desired. Information regarding lessons can be obtained by letter or phone.

38 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass.

The Price

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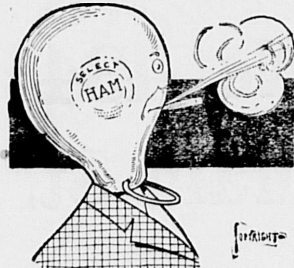
TELEPHONE 106-6.

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THE USE OF

Woburna
Lotion Soap

Gives a feeling of freshness
and invigoration obtained in
no other way.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.
WOBURN



SMOKED HAM

with a pedigree never goes begging. It's the kind you're looking for and the kind we give you. Because

WE SELL AT HAM

doesn't signify we ask more. On the contrary, we charge a less price than is often asked for hams that won't stand investigation. Our hams are from healthy stock, properly cured and will keep in any climate. For good hams don't shop, but buy them here.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone 124-6

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage.

My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

PREPARE FOR

Spring Cleaning



used generally about the house, in place of soap, etc., will at once correct all unsanitary conditions. Lead up to the difficult task by putting the sink toilets and entire drainage system in a perfectly healthy condition. It breaks up all foul odors, clears out all greasy, decomposing accumulations. Be sure you get the genuine. Avoid inferior "Just as Good" imitations. Look for above Trade-Mark.

Sold in original packages at all dealers

10c, 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

RHEUMATISM and Neuralgia sufferers, Write today to "Free and How to Overcome It" mailed free on receipt of address. H. F. CLARK, 26 Liberty Street, New York.

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

NAMES FOR BIG GUNS.

Two Significant Ones That Were Suggested and Rejected.

At the Fort Pitt Camp, Fort Pitt, Pa., were held in 1907 for the monitor Puritan two twenty-inch guns, which Captain W. C. Wise, then chief of the naval bureau of ordnance, proposed to call Sator and Lancer. This proposition called forth a protest from the pastor of a Presbyterian church at Pittsburgh, who characterized it as "most unseemly, if not impious." His letter was referred by the member of congress to whom it was addressed to the department and finally came into the hands of Captain Wise for reply.

In answer he called attention to the foreign custom of giving to vessels such names as Jupiter, Atlas, Vulcan, Venus, Juggernaut, Inferno and Lucifer and Satan to convey an idea of the power of the destructive agent used in battle. These guns, argued the learned captain, were not intended for peace and the utterance of good will toward men, but to inflict as much mischief and destruction on human beings in time of war as their namesake, the devil, tries to do at all times. He further reminded his clerical critic that a number of clergymen had witnessed without protest his act of "christening" in presence of a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen the first twenty-inch gun cast for the navy as Beelzebub. However, the argument did not prevail, for religious sentiment is effective in preventing this use of Biblical nomenclature—Army and Navy Journal.

TOUGHS OF PARIS.

They Are Known as "Apaches" and Work in Gangs.

Les Apaches—They work in gangs. In the underworld their associations are complete and distinct. Fame has come to them—to the gang of Robert of Montmartre, of Eugene of the Courtille, the Green Cravats, the Costards of the Villette, the Mont-en-l'air of the Batignolles. Against these bands the police war in vain. They wage their battles in open day—for some "monse" that Robert has stolen from Eugene. A hand comes down from the heights of Belleville or of Charonne and raids a peaceful quarter—a home going cab is surrounded, the passenger robbed through the window and robbed. They prey on the public. Band wars upon band. There are nightly duels on the fortifications or under the bridges—when the Beau Totor meets Poligné d'Acier, knife to knife, in a savage and not unbloody way. Young all, from sixteen to twenty-two, rarely older. Where do they come from? Everywhere. They grow on the pavements of Paris, along the gutters—gutters of deserted children, some perhaps of that laboring class which is on the edge of crime and beggary. The life of the Apache is short, but for every one sent to the jail or the guillotine two stand ready at the door of the prison. They used to hunt the son of the "monse" Lancer from "The Slump of Paris" by Vance Thompson, in *Gutter Magazine*.

Nurses and Cancer.

"I and the trained nurses brave enough in most cases of cancer," the kind you're looking for and the kind we give you. Because

Intoxicated Midge Flies.

Concerning the life history of the particular little midge that patronizes the arm in England very little is known, yet it is certain that when arms are blooming these midges give little time to anything besides drunken orgies within their shelter. You have only to cut open a bloom at the narrow neck, section and look down to the lower part to see the helpless insects lying in heaps, all more or less intoxicated—intoxicated from overindulgence in arm pollen.—*Strand Magazine*.

Two Views.

"What a pity you are engaged so young, my dear," said the maid who was beginning to carry weight for age. "You will never know what fun it is to refuse a man."

The One Thing Left.

"But what will be left for you to do after your toiling and scheming and self denial have brought you the millions you covet?"

"What'll there be left? Gosh, I can go to New York and spend an can't 17—Chicago Record-Herald.

It Hurt Him.

Tommy—Did the fowl hurt you, Mr. Squires? Mr. Squires—What d'you mean, my dear? What fowl? Tommy—Well, I wanted to know if it hurt, 'cause ummy said you had been booped for twenty years.—*Strand Magazine*.

A Substitute.

"Anna, you wished to buy a dictionary?"

"I have married a professor instead."—*Megendorfer Blatter*.

Forgotten Hotel Key.

"I suppose," said a guest, "a good many forgetful people go off with your hotel keys?"

"This will show you," said the clerk. And he took from a drawer the following printed slip:

"The manager of the Blank hotel acknowledges with thanks the return of key No. —, which M— by oversight carried away on departure."

So many keys, the young man explained, were mailed back by forgetful guests that as a time saving device, to have a key acknowledgment printed.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

The Goose.

The goose, which for some unknown reason has become an emblem of idleness, but which is really a wise bird of good habits and one of the most profitable for the fancier, was probably the first fowl to be domesticated by man. Homer, 1200 years before the Christian era, speaks of his geese, in which he was greatly interested, and the historic fables of Egypt prove that at his time they had been tamed for centuries.—*Circus*.

INK THAT NEVER DRIES.

Care Used in Handling Fine Etchings and Engravings.

"One of the first things we have to impress upon ourselves," said the artist, "is to take the utmost care in handling prints for the simple reason that the ink used in printing engravings and etchings practically never dries. Of all the ink in the world, this is the one that is the most difficult to handle. It can be safely said that on the prints of only two of them—Rembrandt and Dürer—the ink really dried. And you know it is a long time since they were alive. It has been our frequent experience to have prints fully 200 years old show signs that the ink still had some moisture in it, as we have learned to our cost in sealing them rubbed."

An expert, whether he be a professional or amateur collector, can tell at a glance that a print has had another one pulled across it, for to his accustomed eyes the telltale marks of the ink having been drawn across a blank place on the paper are as clear as daylight. That is why we keep all of our prints in boxes that just fit them so that they must be lifted out squarely with no chance of their being dragged across the one below. It seems like a trifle, but it is just such trifles that make or mar the sale of a really fine print worth thousands of dollars."—*New York Press*.

A CORDIAL NATURE.

If It Is Not Yours, Do Your Best to Acquire It.

The cultivation of cordiality and popularity early in life will have a great deal to do with one's advancement, comfort and happiness.

It is a mortifying thing to have a kindly feeling in the depths of one's heart and yet not be able to express it, to repel people when one has just the opposite feeling toward them. To be increased in an icy exterior with a really warm heart is a most unfortunate thing.

Some people have a repelling expression in their faces and manner which is a constant embarrassment to them, but they do not seem able to overcome it. This is largely due to a lack of early training or to the fact that sometimes these people have been reared in the country, away from the great centers of civilization, where they do not have the advantage of social life, and in consequence become cold and appear unsympathetic when they are really the opposite.

It is a very difficult thing to overcome these handicaps, but the cultivation of a good will, of a helpful spirit and kindly feeling toward everybody will go far to open up the hard exterior so that the soul can express itself.—*Success Magazine*.

The Horse's Ancestors.

Lovers of horses may be delighted with the distinguished genealogy which geologists have completed for that favored animal. At least the names of the horse's ancestors look very distinguished. Here is the list, with the geologist's name in which each lived, as arranged by Professor W. N. Rice: The line of descent begins with Hyracotherium and Eohippius of the lower eocene and upper miocene, and finally Equus of the pliocene and the quaternary, from which the modern horse directly descends. Hippopotamus and Hippidium represented ancient side branches that died without descendants.

More Laughter, Less Suicides.

The physiological benefits of laughter cannot be overestimated. It shakes up the diaphragm, sets the pulses beating, gives the liver a vigorous action, stimulates the blood corpuscles, cultivates the brain and sometimes produces dislocation of the jaw when indulged in too heartily by a man with a large mouth. Used with discretion, laughter is as healthful as a sea breeze, as refreshing as an August shower. Its moral effect is beyond computation. It has killed more ridiculous superstitions by its rollicking roars of merriment than any other agency.

Living Up to His Name.

A teacher in a mission school in Boston has named his pupil after a colored boy named Ralph Waldo Emerson Longfellow. As he was absent one Sunday, she asked the class if any one knew the reason for his absence.

"I reckon I do," said one small, serious looking boy.

"What is the reason, Johnnie?"

"I guess he's home writing poetry," responded the boy, with a delighted chuckle.—*Youth's Companion*.

That's What Makes Him Mad.

"Why are you always quarrelling with your wife?"

"She is always arguing with me."

"But you need not get angry; just explain to her in a calm, gentle tone of voice wherein she is wrong."

"But she is never wrong!"—Houston Post.

Farming.

Nothing will take the various artificial distempers which the city and rural life breed out of a man like farming, like direct and loving contact with the soil. It draws out the poison.—John Burroughs.

Domestic Economy.

"I see Robinson's married again—married his first wife's sister."

"Yes. He said he didn't want to have to break in another mother-in-law."—*London Weekly*.

Qualities of the Oyster.

A San Francisco man has discovered a new method of cutting short rodents that promise to become too long winded. An acquaintance of his who has a local reputation as a bore was one day holding forth at some length when the Californian interrupted him with:

"By the way, did I ever tell you the story of the oyster?"

On receiving a negative reply he continued:

"It seems that when oysters are taken from the sea they often open their shells so that the juice or liquid runs out. As this is undesirable, the experienced oyster gatherer has a tub of water close at hand into which the oyster is plunged as soon as it begins to open its shell."

"Well, and what then?" asked the other as the narrator paused.

"The San Francisco man smiled."

"Oh, after awhile the oyster learns to keep its mouth shut," he remarked quietly.—*Exchange*.

Different Names For Waves.

They have curiously different names for waves about the coast of Great Britain.

The Onion Dodge.

"Inevitably, as it may seem," said the detective, "there are many shoplifters who steal by the agency of the onion. These men, before setting out upon their contemplated crimes, eat of raw onions abundantly. Then they stroll into the store and select the merchandise or the jeweler's that they propose to rob."

Long Hair a Mark of Honor.

In olden times, exceedingly long hair was considered a mark of honor and rank. For many centuries long hair was in France the distinctive mark of kings. The ancient Persians and Parthians of high caste wore long, flowing hair, while the poorer classes were obliged to cut theirs short. Homer speaks of the long haired Greeks by way of distinction.

The Gauls considered long hair a mark of honor, but Caesar obliged them to cut it in token of submission. Long hair was thought by the Franks to denote high birth, and the Goths looked upon it as a distinctive mark of culture and honor. Short hair was considered by the Romans a mark of nations to denote thralldom, and even now criminals have their heads shaved.—*Denver Times*.

The Word "Fudge."

The expression "Fudge," which is heard so often nowadays, is not a new one. On the contrary, its origin dates back to the reign of Charles II., when there was a sea captain who was named Fudge.

No matter how unsatisfactory his voyage, this nautical man always returned with an endless string of preposterous tales of great deeds and success. His propensity for falsifying became so great that whenever he told any one was heard telling a questionable exploit, it became the custom to cry, "Oh, you Fudge it!"—*Pittsburgh Post*.

Art and Happiness.

Artists are not as a class the happiest of mortals, but that is because they fail to relate the ideal rationally to life rather than because they are crowded to stand in the way of social progress. Happiness comes upon them as it would upon any one else in consequence of folly and indifference and willfulness—and their devotion to art, which is often held to be the cause of this misfortune, is really the cause of their misfortune in their lives.—*Bliss Carman in Craftsman*.

Sure Cure.

"Here's a letter from a young man," said the editor of a nonpareil editor, "who wants to know how he can break himself of the cigarette habit."

"Tell him to marry a strong minded woman who objects to it," growled the same editor.—*Chicago News*.

The London Police Whistle.

What is the most powerful weapon a man can carry against the possible dangers of nocturnal London? For great utility and convenience in the middle of the night, a police whistle is a most valuable possession. It is a small, round, brass instrument, which is carried by the police in their pockets. It is used to attract attention in a quiet byway. An agitated elderly gentleman at an open door, which he is afraid to enter, can blow his whistle, and within may be burglars! Have you seen a policeman? No. But three blasts on the whistle and the deserted pavement swarms with them. Then every corner is patrolled, and every citizen knows not by what forces he is encompassed full of sounds that whistle in his or some one else's emergency.—*London Standard*.

When the Snuffbox Went Round.

A curious characteristic of the earlier days of club life was the almost universal practice of snuff taking and its very slow replacement by the use of tobacco. It was part of a gentleman's education to acquire a snuffbox elegantly, and the possession of a snuffbox of costly specimens of these receptacles was indispensable, explaining why snuffboxes of every variety in gold, silver, enamel and jewel were to be seen on the tables of the clubs. There were snuffboxes kept full in every room in the clubhouse, and the frequent call for it by an irritable old member was one of the little bits of Butler Lytton's play "Money." The supply of snuff was made gratis to members. The cost amounted to £20 or £30 a year, and as the indulgence in tobacco in this form gradually gave way to that of smoking the expenditure was thought unnecessary.—*Fortnightly Review*.

Costly Keys.

One thousand seven hundred pounds was the sum given by Count Adolph de Rothschild for what may be said to be the most valuable key in the world. It is marked with the arms of the Strozzi family and is believed to be the work of the great Italian artist Benvenuto Cellini, who flourished in the sixteenth century. The key is chiseled out of a block of steel, presenting two grotesque female figures and ornamented with various masks and scrolls. Another costly key, which formerly belonged to the Medici family, is in the South Kensington museum, London. The upper part of the key rests upon a square temple, inclosing a standing figure, exquisitely chiseled, holding a shield. The pipe consists of a column with a Corinthian capital.

A Fight In the Air.

W. E. Webb, the author of "Buffalo Land," tells this cut story:

The chicken hawk of the west is a savage and dangerous enemy, but once one of these air pirates got worsted. I was sitting in front of the doctor's office when a hawk shot down with wonderful rapidity of wing so fast that its shadow seemed busy to reach the earth before its body. It pounced upon the doctor's favorite kitten, which lay asleep on the grass, and made off with it. At an elevation of about fifty feet from the ground, the hawk was surprised to find work for liberty. The feline was exercised to astonishment and wrath. Twisting like a wasp, its claws came up, and to my straining gaze a sight presented itself much like a feather had being tipped open in midair. The amazed hawk received new light on the subject of

precisely, let go and made off like a really plucked goose, but the cat came safely to earth on its feet.

The Onion Dodge.

"Inevitably, as it may seem," said the detective, "there are many shoplifters who steal by the agency of the onion. These men, before setting out upon their contemplated crimes, eat of raw onions abundantly. Then they stroll into the store and select the merchandise or the jeweler's that they propose to rob."

There are two processes, says the *Carriage Monthly*, in use in the imitation of ebony. The first is a grained piece of wood, usually black, which is made black with black coloring matter, or good air drying black varnish may be applied. This, however, gives only a superficial coloring, and when the edges wear off the light colored wood shows. The other method is to wash three or four times any dense wood with a boiling concoction of log wood, allowing it to dry between each application. The result is a solid color of acetate of iron, which is made by dissolving iron filings in vinegar. This stain is very black and penetrates into the wood so that ordinary wear and chipping will not show the original color.

Ants the Ideal Communists.

It would perhaps be pushing metaphors to an unwarranted extreme to speak of "ant communists" in connection with the occupations of ants. But if by the phrase we mean that labor is the honorable lot of all citizens, and that all labors of whatever sort are upon the same level of respectability, the ant community affords a very apt saying even to the labors of an ant hill. For therein all are workers, from the newly fledged callow to the veteran of a second summer.—*Henry McCook in Harper's*.

Dean Maitlands of Real Life.

From the little black cross they speak of silver protruded sharp as pin points. "It is a cross," said the dealer, "that we have in mind a very religious man, a high church Episcopalian. He will wear it next his skin, and when temptation assails him he will press his hand against his breast and—ah, a stab of acquiescing pain."

"Oh, yes, such orders are quite usual. We make continually a number of little instruments of self torture. Some of our patrons are priests, some clergymen, but the majority are laymen and even some of nobly ardent religious trend."

"This is a hair shirt. If you should wear it a few hours it would prick you all over, and on taking it off you would find your skin many tiny points of dry blood."

"Here is a barbed belt. If you touch this knot, a little needle leaps out, stabs you an eighth of an inch deep and leaps back silently into its place again. Very painful, I assure you. You groan. What's the matter? A stitch in my side, you answer truthfully."—*Minneapolis Journal*.

Entering a Mosque.

The popular idea that people are obliged as a sign of respect to take off their shoes before entering a mosque is incorrect. This is done simply because the floors of the mosques are covered either with mats or carpets, which must be scrupulously clean, as during their devotion the faithful touch them perpetually with their foreheads. If you wear galoshes, you have only to remove them and walk into the mosque in your boots. Another popular error connected with the mosques is the belief that, according to the Koran, Christians must not be allowed to enter them. This is absolutely opposed to the teaching of the Koran, which declares that any man or woman may enter a mosque, be his religion what it may. Indeed, in the earlier period of the history of Islam it was considered that to invite them to attend the service was an excellent method of converting unbelievers. At the present time there is but one mosque in Constantinople which a ghaur may not inspect, the mosque of Eyub.—*The Sultan and His Subjects*.

Miniature Marvels.

Almost any commonplace object magnified under a good lens will reveal astonishing and unexpected features of structure and life. For instance, insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand. Mold is a forest of beautiful trees, with branches, leaves and fruit. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are tubes filled with pith and ornamented on the outside with scales. The surface of the human body is covered with scales like a fish. A single grain of sand would cover 150 of these scales, and at a scale covered about 500 pores. Through these narrow openings the perspiration forces itself like water through a sieve. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of creatures swimming with as much freedom as whales in the sea.

"Crossing the Bar."

"Crossing the Bar," Tennyson's biographer says, "was written in the poet's eighty-first year, on a day in October when we came from Aldworth to Farringford. Before reaching Farringford he had the morning of the day in his mind, and after dinner he showed me this poem written out. I said, 'That is the crown of your life's work?' He answered, 'It came in a moment.' He explained the 'Pilot' as being a metaphor for the sea, and his death he said to me, 'Mind you put 'Crossing the Bar' at the end of all editions of my poems.'"

He Did What He Could.

"I hope my little Tommy has taken to heart mamma's talk of last night about charity and usefulness," said a fond mother. "How many acts of kindness has he done? How many hearts has he won?" Tommy made grateful and glad.

Her Tommy replied: "I've done a whole lot of good, ma. I gave you new hat to a beggar woman, and I gave the cook's shoes to a little girl in basted rubbers what I seen on the street, and I gave a poor lame shoemaker seller pa's black evening suit, the open front one that he hardly ever wears."

SPORTS AT SEA.

How the Long Trip From Madeira to Cape Town is Enjoyed.

The voyage to Cape Town from Southampton or of Madeira is a long one, sixteen to twenty days, says the *Truth Magazine*. And so we find passengers engaged on board far transcending the ordinary concert, amateur theatricals, deck games and the like familiar to all of us on the ordinary ocean going liner.

The passengers in an ambitious one, comprising boxing, a little dill, obstacle racing, cock fighting, cricket, basketball and football, egg and spoon races for men and girls and children, ordinary deck games and evening amusements, such as concerts and dances.

The sack race for grown men is the delight of all the children, who love to see their fathers tied up in sacks and progressing in kangaroo-like bounds, whose uncertainty is made still more precarious by the pitch and roll of the great vessel. Nor must I forget the bolster and pillow fights, with competitors perched on horizontal bars, with their legs tied beneath. Some fighters display rare gameness and staying power, so that the onlookers feel quite grieved when they "go under" in a very literal sense.

THE LIGHTNING ROD.

Franklin's Theory Was Known Away Back in Talmudic Times.

In an article on "Current Topics in Ancient Literature" J. D. Eisenstein says in the *Sydney (Australia) Standard*: "The lightning rod was invented by Benjamin Franklin in 1752 to arrest the electricity of the thunder. When the information of the discovery reached Rabbi Saul Katzenellenbogen of Wilna, he said that the theory was not new, because it was already known in Talmudic times, and he showed a passage in the Tosefta (third century) where it says that 'on Sabbath it is permitted to place an iron rod near the henhouse to safeguard the fowls from thunder and lightning strikes.' The Talmud vouchers that 'there is nothing superstitious about this belief.' (Tosefta, Shabbat, chapter 6, end.)

"The system of telegraphy, in a crude manner, is curiously described by Rabbi Jacob Chayot in his commentary 'The System of Theology' chapter, 'The Gate of the Chariot' (see page 218b, ed. Ferrara, 1558). Chayot is perhaps the first Hebrew author who transcribes the words 'magnet,' and he explains the physical phenomena as follows: 'If you break the magnet into two parts and separate them at any distance, even a thousand miles apart, any movement caused by a joining with one part will be repeated by the other part' (quoted also in Shelah, page 20a, ed. Amsterdam, 1708)."

Why Penmen Get Tired.

The average person has no idea how much muscular effort is expended in writing a letter. A rapid penman can write thirty words in a minute. To do this he must draw his pen through the space of an inch and a half foot, and very many penmen travel a full mile in five hours a third of a mile. In writing an average word the penman makes in the neighborhood of sixteen curves of the pen. Thus in writing thirty words he makes a mile. While his pen would make 480 curves, 28,000 curves an hour and \$8,400,000 in a year of 300 days of ten hours each. The man who succeeded in making 1,000,000 marks with a pen in a month was not at all remarkable. Many men make 4,000,000 while merely writing.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

Cleaning a Sickroom.

Most of us know how untidy a sickroom becomes and how annoying the dust of the sweeping is to the patient. "To remedy this," said a trained and capable nurse, "I put a little ammonia in a pail of warm water and with my mop wrung as dry as possible go all over the carpet first. This takes up all the dust and much of the loose dirt. A broom will take what is too large to adhere to the mop and raise no dust. With my dust cloth well sprinkled I go over the furniture, and the room is fairly clean."

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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NO. 28.

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Boston & Northern Railway

The following new timetable for the

Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. Ry.

is the result of the arrangements which

went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15,

1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House

for Winchester, Medford and Elevated

at 5:12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until

12:27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until

12:27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until

1:27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until

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Boston & Maine R. R.

TRAIN SERVICE

In effect October 9, 1906

Trains Leave Woburn:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — 10:55,

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COURT CARDS

AND CUPID.

By COLIN S. COLLINS.

Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

"Jack of Spades," Culbert called him

that first morning he had gone to work

in the Buckley building. Protests to

the effect that his name was John Sym-

monds were of no avail. "His name

was Jack, and he was as black as the

ace of spades, so the name clung.

At first he was angry, but one could

not remain angry long with Kingsland

Culbert, and in the end Jack wound up

by paying him a hero worship that at

times threatened to cost the man his

position, for with Culbert in the eleva-

tor it ran express to the next to the

top floor, no matter what the other

passengers might threaten.

But Jack had gained the position

through having saved Buckley's

girl from a runaway accident, and he

merely smiled tolerantly at the com-

plaints and suggested that perhaps the

elevator had become unmanageable.

Until Edith McQueen came, Culbert

had remained alone, but after that he

was relegated to second place, the only

instance wherein, according to Ben

Hodgman, the queen outranked both

king and Jack in the pack.

Miss McQueen was employed by

Hodgman & Pettit, whose office was

on the third floor, and it was Culbert's

habit to drop off at their offices on his

way out to lunch and pick up the girl.

He had obtained the position for her,

and it was understood that they were

engaged, though no golden band an-

nounced that fact.

There came the day when Jack

noticed that Miss McQueen had been

crying when she came in. Culbert did

not arrive until late and his face was

drawn and very white. He did not

even smile as he nodded to Jack.

When he went out to lunch, he stayed

twice as long as usual, and when he

did return it seemed to Jack that he

had more than the one cocktail he

usually allowed himself.

Miss McQueen did not go out to

lunch at all, and when her employers

had ridden down to lunch together,

Jack slipped into the office to ask if

he could bring her in something. There

he found her with her head upon her

arms. Her eyes glistened with tears

as she raised her face at the sound of

his entrance.

"Don't you want a cup of tea, Miss

Queenie?" he pleaded. "It's so good

for the headache."

She shook her head with a little

smile and Jack slipped out again. That

night the car passed Culbert's door

twice before it stopped for him. A king

had been deposed.

But he was reinstated again because

of that deaf suffering. After that

first day he did not report the cocktail

episode; indeed, he seemed oblivious

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1907.

THE LEGISLATURE.

It is reported that the Legislature of this Commonwealth is on the eve of final adjournment. It is indeed, the two bodies have not already vacated their seats beneath the Glided Dome on Beacon Hill. The session has lasted 5 months, and better, which the taxpayers of the State think is much too long a period necessary in which to transact the public business.

And so it is. Maine has the average length of a session is 90 days. If the Massachusetts Senate and House would turn a cold shoulder to petitions for special legislation, and give their attention to legitimate work, the sessions would be cut down to less than half their usual length, and better laws would be enacted.

The demand for personal, or special, legislation is growing apace in this State. There has been more of it this year than ever before, and more time wasted on purely personal matters than was justifiable from a business point of view. It has come to pass that every session of the Legislature is besieged by people who want something, and their applications are received, taken up, seriously considered, wrangled over, and disposed of, or referred to the next Legislature. Many measures of purely special character have thus been treated by the present General Court. Take, for instance, the Shoe Machinery bill—a private grab game to determine which party should secure legislative authority to rob the public time, eloquence, and some say, money, were squandered on it. Others equally destitute of merit absorbed the time of the members.

That the members have been diligent in the prosecution of their tasks, and that a majority of them are honest, admits of no question; but it is the character of the Legislature that they have been pounding away on for the last five months that gives rise to well merited criticism.

Mr. Benjamin S. Hinckley, son of the late Benjamin Hinckley of this city, President of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank for many years, has been promoted to the office of Engineer of Tests by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company. He graduated from the Woburn High School and Massachusetts Institute of Technology a few years ago, and for a considerable period was connected with a leading Western railroad. He is thoroughly educated in his profession. Mr. Hinckley will please accept the JOURNAL's congratulations on his advancement to a higher position.

In a circular letter Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston asks the press of the State to boom the Boston Old Home Week, which request, we doubt not, the press will be prompt to comply with. The Week is to begin on July 28, and end on August 3, and for each day a splendid program has been laid out. The JOURNAL will give it in full shortly.

At the reunion of Class 1906 of the Boston University College of Liberal Arts held in Boston last Saturday, Mr. Wilford D. Gray responded to a toast in the Boston papers said, a felicitous manner. He was Class Orator at the graduating exercises of the College last year. Mr. Gray is Tax Collector of Woburn, and one of the most popular and promising young men of this city.

It is reported about town that Lawyer John P. Feeney, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, is to return to this city, his native place, to reside, and will be the Democratic candidate for Mayor next fall. He cannot resist the beguile of the Woburn Democracy for him to be their Moses to lead them out of the Wilderness.

Senator H. S. Riley of this city was guest at the reception given by ex-Governor Brackett last Saturday at the Arlington Centennial celebration, which was a grand affair and unequalled success from the firing of the first morning gun to the last piece of fireworks.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements
C. A. Lewis—Scraper.
D. W. Johnson—Clerk.
D. B. Gove & Son—Clerk.
Edward Caldwell—Insurance.
J. C. Ayer Co.—Saratoga.

The City Assessors report a gain of 50 polls this year.

Mrs. Louise Bangs of Cambridge visited friends in this city last Tuesday.

With the stores closed things looked pretty dull here last Wednesday.

More trouble with the new school-house, eh? Woburn finds fault with it.

On and after June 5 the stores are to be closed every Wednesday afternoon.

The Lutheran church flower festival last evening was a complete success.

The St. Charles Parish fair closed a successful season last Wednesday evening.

Strawberry Frappi made with new fruit juice at Crawford's. Price per gal. \$1.50.

Mrs. A. E. Bradley of Sherman Place, has gone to the Weirs, N. H., for a three weeks visit.

Please read the list of June Records at Caldwell's big and popular business headquarters.

Mr. L. W. Waldo Thompson continues taking a voyage into the Western States on an early day.

In New York City, Helen, daughter of Edgar Asa and Evelyn Trull Bates, born June 1, died June 4.

Post 32, G. A. R., turned out 21 of its 24 members on Memorial Day, which was a record hard to beat.

Children's Day will be observed at the First Baptist Church, Sunday, June 9, at 4 p. m.

—Mr. Albert P. Barrett returned to Norton yesterday. He came up to attend Memorial Day services with his Post 33.

—We thank Mrs. George Buchanan for a painful of the largest and handsomest pasties we ever saw in all our born days.

—Mr. Joseph Linnell returned a few days ago from his summer cottage at the seaside. He said it was mighty cold down there.

—Madams Alice H. Simonds, Annie E. Dow and Alice D. Place left here last Monday evening for a sojourn in the Maine forests.

—The engagement of Miss Mary K. Buel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Buel, and William W. Holmes of Webster, is announced.

—On account of the severe storm, and the cold, for which the rooms were not prepared, Supt. Clapp suspended school operations last Monday.

—The Feast of the Sacred Heart was celebrated at St. Charles church this morning, and special services are to be held at 7.30 this evening.

—Tin roofing, sheet iron, and furnace work and stove repairs. Satisfaction guaranteed at H. B. Blye & Co.'s, 367 Main street, Woburn, Mass.—4t.

—The nobbiest and best stock of summer hats that has been seen in this city for many a day is now on exhibition, and selling rapidly, at Hammond's clothing store.

—The funeral of Mrs. Hannah Smith Foss, who died last Tuesday at the age of 81 years, will be held at 2 o'clock this afternoon, conducted by B. A. and C. E. Tripp.

—The Baracca Club of the M. E. church, new organization, are offered by: N. W. True, President; W. T. Wilson, Vice-President; Fred Marion, Secretary and Treasurer.

—The Board of License Commissioners heard the charges and testimony against the Innitout Hotel brought by Mayor Blodgett last Tuesday evening, and reserved their decision.

—Last Monday evening the following jurors were drawn for the June term of the U. S. Circuit Court: Terence J. McManus, David A. Ray, John C. Meehan, Charles A. White.

—E. Prior may be found at 346 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—well at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

—Mrs. Julia P. Lewis reached here from Illinois last Monday for a summer visit with relatives and friends in this State and Maine. She reports a cold, backward spring in the Middle West.

—To fill the unexpired term of Judge E. F. Johnson, who has been appointed a Life Member, Mr. Elmer E. Silver has been appointed a member of the Board of Trustees of the Public Library.

—We have received a copy of the "Trolley Wayfinder," published by the N. E. Street Railway Club, 12 Pearl street, Boston, which will be found a correct "Guide" and a handy thing to have around.

—We received a pleasant call from Mr. Charles A. Sturtevant of Haverhill a few days ago. Up to a recent date he had been a resident of Woburn many years. He was accompanied by his brother of Haverhill.

—Master Owen of the High School took advantage of Supt. Clapp's "No School" signal last Monday and made a flying visit to his summer home at Monmouth, Maine. He was on deck for work Tuesday morning.

—It really looked hot Tuesday as though summer had got along at last. It was warm and sunny until that East Wind put in an appearance towards evening, when everything was changed. Wednesday was cold and rainy.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Beggs of Confluence, Pa., formerly of Woburn, have announced the engagement of their daughter Dora to Rev. Virgil W. Wallace, Pastor of the Christian church at Confluence. Congratulations.

—Mr. George R. Russell of this city, an instructor in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, went to Rangley Lakes, Maine, last Monday to conduct a spring school composed of 30 Tech students. His wife accompanied him.

—Bunker Hill Day, June 17, comes in one week from next Monday, and will demand patriotic attention. Holidays arrive thick and fast in this section of the vineyard. In a little less than four weeks Independence Day will dawn on this free and favored land.

—Company G, 5th Regiment of this city, and the Woburn Brass Band, went to Winchester on May 30 to help the people there carry out their Memorial Day program. The Band, one of the oldest and best in the State, have many professional engagements outside of this city.

—According to custom, which, long ago, crystallized into law, June 1 was Boston Straw Hat Day, but, in reality, it was anything but a day for wearing straw hats. A few were seen out, but the proprietors appeared to be ashamed of their folly, and soon ran the straws under cover.

—The Lewis Manufacturing Co. of Chicago advertise in the JOURNAL this week one of the neatest and most useful kitchen utensils that has ever been invented. It is a real labor-saver, and the housewife who tries it once will be sure to keep her kitchen fully equipped with this popular piece of furniture.

—Miss Avis Hill took a prominent part in presenting a literary program on the campus of Wellesley College, from which she graduates in a few weeks to enter the state of matrimony, last Saturday. She enjoys the enviable reputation of being one of the brightest scholars in that famous institution of learning.

—The strong wind and rain tore a great many tender leaves and branches from the trees last Monday and gave foliage a ragged appearance in spots. A few umbrellas were wrecked, and it was no fun of a job for a person to navigate the sidewalks with an unfurled one in his, or her, hands. Indeed, it was a remarkable day for June.

—The Peter McQueen lecture, which was to be given under the auspices of Trinity Club, has been postponed indefinitely.

—Judge Johnson of the District Court is furnishing reckless auto drivers lessons, and also food for thought. He imposes stiff fines on the chaps, but not a bit more so than they deserve. The way the most of the drivers rush through the streets is a menace to human life and limb, and for their recklessness they cannot be punished too severely.

—The Woburn party of ladies and gentlemen who have been fishing at Grand Lake, Maine, for a fortnight past have returned to their homes. They reported having a good time and fine fishing, although the weather would have been more agreeable if it had been a little warmer. However, not much inconvenience was experienced from this cause.

—Last Tuesday evening the Young People's Society of the Swedish Evangelical Free church elected the following officers: President, Joseph Johnson; Vice-President, Anna Larson; Secretary, Emma Olson; Treasurer, Victoria Gustafson; Pianist, Mabel Rosenquist; Doorkeepers, Victoria Gustafson, Nils Anderson.

—If Winchester gets up a big celebration for next Fourth, as seems likely, there will be no need of Woburn having one; indeed, it is probable that the town first above named will draw so heavily on the last named for music, military, and a crowd, that it would be folly for the last above named town to attempt to get up a 4th of July celebration a month hence.

—At 8 o'clock Tuesday evening, June 11, 1907, Miss Maude H. Littlejohn, music pupil, are to give a rehearsal in the vestry of First Baptist church, which, we have an idea, will be a fine treat. Being a popular and excellent teacher of the violin and piano, it is fair to presume that she and her scholars will give an undoubtedly large audience a first-class entertainment.

—Miss Elizabeth Gracia Titus, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Titus of Alna, Maine, was united in marriage to Mr. Frank C. Harding at West Medford, Mass., on May 18, 1907. It will be remembered that the bride and groom were both graduates of the Woburn High School and were married in Woburn about 20 years ago, and that he was active as a politician and as a member of the then flourishing Board of Trade.

—For the space of 24 hours from last Sunday noon rain fell without ceasing, and a cold storm it was, too. Some said that little flurries of snow came down with the rain, and a strong N. E. wind pierced to the marrow. Monday was a cold, moist, disagreeable day; but Tuesday morning dawned cloudless, warm, and glorious, which, at once inaugurated a thawing-out process, and humanity hereabouts felt more cheerful, and smiled happily.

—Mr. E. J. Gregory, a Boston auctioneer, sold at auction, for Herbert B. Dow, and Charles D. Adams, the Executors, the Choate estate on Warren avenue last Tuesday, for \$6,500. There were 4 or 5 bidders, and Mr. Sprague, representing the Choate heirs, made the final and successful offer. The estate was assessed in 1906 as follows: land, \$20,000; house, \$6,000; stable, \$1,800; cottage, \$750; total, \$28,550. The sale attracted a large number of people.

—Mr. Ephraim Colburn of 18 Wyman street was 86 years old on May 1, 1907. He came to Woburn 41 years ago, and was one of the town's prosperous farmers until a sufficient of this world's goods enabled him to retire from labor as a yeoman. Mr. Colburn was born in New Boston, N. H., which was his home in early life. In 1860 he married, for his second wife, Charlotte Brown of Merrimack, N. H. On his call at the JOURNAL office yesterday he appeared as young and active as a man of 60 years.

—Her many Woburn schoolmates and friends will be pleased to learn that Miss Laura Kenney, daughter of Mr. William F. Kenney of the Boston Globe, a native and former resident of this city, distinguished herself as soloist at a recital given by several pupils of the Vocal Normal classes of the New England Conservatory of Music in Recital Hall, Boston, last Tuesday afternoon. Her piece was Tosti's "Sogno," which she executed in fine style, and proved, as suggest 1, that she is a "Woburn girl who is doing things."

—Mr. Wallace P. Robinson of Boston, for many years a close and personal friend of Mr. George H. Gilbert, drove over in his car Tuesday afternoon and spent an hour or more with Mr. Gilbert in an enjoyable chat in which the two genial gentlemen revived the many pleasant incidents of their long acquaintance. Mr. Robinson is one of the largest owners of real estate in Boston and also one of the largest holders of stock in the United Shoe Machinery Co., and for several years President of the Boston Chamber of Commerce.—Winchester Star.

—There's one chance to be thankful for—in all the postmaster salary changes, Massachusetts gets not a single decrease.—Boston Globe. But the Boston Sunday Herald reported that the salary of Postmaster Weyer of this city had been reduced \$100. The Herald's "bright young men" didn't know what they were talking about, as an order from the Postal Department at Washington, which we read last Monday, announced that Capt. Weyer's salary would be continued from July 1, 1907, the same as at present and last year.

—Mrs. Henry M. Aldrich, Treasurer of the Woburn May Party fund for the Floating Hospital, has received from Manager Briggs the Floating Hospital Treasurer's receipt for \$375 45, the proceeds of the 1907 Party, with warm thanks for the same. This amount was largely in excess of any former total from Woburn contributors.

The Manager announces to Mrs. Aldrich that July 3 has been reserved for the Floating Hospital, and "Woburn Night," the cost of which is \$150 for the former, and \$100 for the latter. The Trustees of this splendid charity are arranging for the reception of a larger number of visitors to the hospital boat this season than ever before.

—Co. G, 5th Regiment of Woburn are to constitute a part of the public parade at Dorchester tomorrow in the celebration of "Dorchester Day."

—Miss Mabel Brooks of Worcester, Mrs. Myron Brooks of Boston, Mrs. Frederic Snow and daughter Ruth, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frederic P. Brooks of Pleasant street.

—Mr. Paul Norton, son of Rev. Dr. Norton, gave a highly enjoyable party to numerous of his young friends at his home on Francis street last Friday evening. There were games, music and refreshments. Those present were: Misses Edith Aldrich, Esther Dean, Mary Grimes, Emmet Hopper, Clara Jaquith, Hilary Snow, Joseph Penney, Ruth Richardson, Dora Richardson, Marguerite Smith, Harry Fellows, Lester Hartshorn, Carl Jaquith George Smith, Clarence Stetson, Percy Strout, of this city, and Eric Allen of Hartford, Clifford Lewis of Somerville, Frank Seaver of Cambridge.

—The present American Flag was adopted by the American Congress on June 14, 1777, which was 130 years ago next Friday, or June 14. Hence Flag Day, the keeping of which, in a proper manner, is the bounden duty of every lover of this great and glorious Republic. The original Flag, with its Stars and Stripes, was made by Betsy Ross at her home, 236 Arch street, Philadelphia, pronounced perfect in design and workmanship by George Washington, Robert Morris and George Ross who recommended its adoption as the National Emblem by Congress, which was done. Next Friday will be a good time for the teachers of our city schools to tell their pupils what the American Flag is, and stands for, and impress on their minds the duty of always honoring it.

—Miss Mary Campbell of Birmingham, Alabama, who named the U. S. warship Birmingham, and broke the bottle of wine over her bow, at the Fore River Company's yards in Quincy last week, and her party of friends, who were touring Lexington, Concord, and other historic scenes about Boston, were entertained at luncheon by Mrs. Carrie E. Dow last Friday afternoon at her home on Arlington Road, this city. The ladies became acquainted when Mrs. Dow was visiting her sons at Birmingham some time ago, and met again at the christening of the Birmingham on May 29. Miss Campbell and her party from the South were delighted with the cordial reception and generous hospitality they received from the people of Boston and vicinity. The leader said to a news paper man, "never say to me again that Boston is cold."

—A Famous Hymn. One of the aged members of the Congregational church in Woburn, Mass., has left a legacy to the Pastor Emeritus of the church, the Rev. Daniel March, D. D., of \$1,000, and \$5,000 to the church itself. Dr. March is now 91 years of age, loved as Pastor Emeritus as only the best aged ministers have been loved in the history of New England churches. How much he needs is not known, but it is a fine illustration of making some provision for ministers in their old age. Dr. March is the author of one of our well known hymns:

"Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,
"Come ye, ye weary ones, to me."
The hymn will be forty years old next year. He wrote it while he was a Presbyterian pastor in Philadelphia on the 18th of October, 1868. He had been asked to preach to the Y. M. C. A. of that city. At a late hour he learned that one of the hymns selected was not suitable. His text was, "Here am I; send me" (Is. 6, 8). He wrote in great haste and it was sung from the manuscript by Mr. S. S. Knapp, and was one of the most successful of the poem in a newspaper and the words to a tune by S. N. Granitis, entitled "Your Mission," written by Mrs. Ellen Huntington Gates. That hymn was sung in the Senate chamber in Washington by Philip Phillips on one occasion when Abraham Lincoln was President and asked for the repetition of the hymn.—The Advance.

—The hymn "The Advance" by Mrs. Margaret McKay, which has been found in current hymnals and sung by church choirs at the present day, although many of them were written long ago. His poems, religious and secular, if collected, would make a volume of considerable size. He is, indeed, Woburn's "Grand Old Man."

—Mrs. Margaret McKay. At 8 o'clock last Friday evening, May 31, 1907, Mrs. Margaret McKay passed peacefully away at her home, No. 19 Chestnut street, this city, where she had lived for 77 years, and when 10 years of age came to Woburn, she came to this country, which has ever since been her home. She came on the sailing vessel, the "Darius," on her first voyage across the Atlantic.

On Oct. 30, 1833, she was united in marriage to Mr. Richard McKay, a son of Rev. Dr. McKay, which union proved a prosperous and happy one. For nearly 40 years the couple lived together in peace, a stay and comfort to each other. She had been in feeble health for several years, but she died peacefully and unexpectedly, was a sore bereavement to the family. She left behind her a husband and three children, Joseph F. McKay, Mrs. Edward L. Shea, and Mary L. McKay.

The deceased was a faithful wife—a true helpmeet, of her husband, a kind friend, and good neighbor. The funeral was held on Monday morning last, a high requiem mass being celebrated at St. Charles church by Rev. James J. Keegan, the Rector. It was largely attended, and many floral tributes attested the high esteem in which Mrs. McKay was held.

—Boston Theatres. THE ORPHEUM. Owing to the tremendous success scored by the eminent French hypnotist last week at Percy Williams Orpheum he has been retained for a second week, for three successive weeks, the greatest sensation in vaudeville in many years and has been attracting tremendous crowds. The Orpheum is a place in which such a variety of entertainment is presented in such a way that many opportunities are given for laughs.

—Anxious inquiries regarding the first grand opera of the season, which has been organized by the management during the past few weeks and the public will therefore be glad to know that "Faust" is to be the attraction through all of next week. To describe or to praise this most notable of grand operas is unnecessary. It is Gounod's masterpiece, and for 40 years it has given delighted pleasure to the music lovers of Europe and America.

—Died. Date, name, and age, inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line. In this city, May 31, Margaret McKay, aged 67 years. In this city, June 2, Michael Donahue, aged 59 years. In this city, June 4, Sarah Jane Foss, aged 81 years, 4 months, 20 days.

H. B. BLYE & CO., DEALERS IN Hardware, Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, FERTILIZERS.

Garden Seeds, Farmers' and Mechanics' Tools, Kitchen Furnishing Goods, etc. 307 Main Street, Woburn, Mass. Telephone connection.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. MIDDLESEX, ss. PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Nancy Stanger, deceased, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, I, the undersigned, Clerk of said Court, do hereby give notice, that if any person claims to be the last will and testament of said deceased, or if any person claims to be the executor or administrator of said estate, they should file a copy of the same in said Court, on or before the first day of June, A. D. 1907, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be on one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and seven.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

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ELECTRICITY.

Especially well adapted for use in this district—for store lighting and large spaces—are the Nernst Lamps. They give a light which pleases customers and displays merchandise so that it looks most attractive and salable.

Have you learned to be light-wise? Full information concerning these lamps or any application of electricity will follow your inquiry. Write our Sales Agent, or call, telephone "Oxford 3300, Collect."

The Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston, 35-39 Boylston St., Boston.

(For the Woburn Journal.) "Well Well They Didn't Wait for Me."

The road was long and dusty and the hot sun beat pitilessly down upon the unshaded way.

And soldier plodded patiently along leaning heavily upon his cane. Occasionally he drew a long and hard breath and wiped great beads of perspiration from his brow. He was going to a friend's house in the village, and from there march to the old cemetery of Canton where many comrades lay sleeping.

His brother was one of the sleepers there, and some sadistic people said that was not for the best. "Doctor" Richards would never leave his quiet abode.

Today as he feebly walked along he wondered why it was so painful for him. The turn of the road seemed to his failing vision, receding in the distance, instead of growing nearer.

He halted, unable to hear the sound of life and drum, when the rumbling of wagon wheels and a loud hoarse shout, "Up a war, war, sir, I will fetch you some water."

The veteran said as he beckoned him back, "tell me—didn't they know I was coming," and he pointed to a trembling hand, and said, "I can't say, sir," the keeper replied. The old soldier paused a long while before he slowly said, "Well, well—they didn't wait for me!"

His bare head sank upon an aching hand, then resuming his march, but the alert innkeeper caught and tenderly supported him.

The music sounds clear and sweet from the distance, the veteran has gone to join his ranks.

BYDDA M. JOHNSON.

Thanks. I take this method to thank the Woburn Fire Department for their excellent work at the fire at my residence, 145 Salem street, on May 29. Considering the conditions and the high wind that prevailed the efforts of the Department to save our house were worthy of all praise.

JOHN J. SKINNER and Family.

Card of Thanks. We wish to thank the many kind friends for their love and sympathy to us in our deep sorrow.

JAMES W. DELORAIN, SUZIE H. DELORAIN, LILLIE M. ATWOOD, ZETTIE M. ATWOOD.

June 6th, 1907.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK. UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Vanier.

12 M., Sunday School. METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D.

12 M., Sunday School. 7 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D.

12 M., Sunday School. 7 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.

12 M., Sunday School. 7 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—2d Sunday after Trinity, 10.30, Morning Prayer and Sermon.

12 M., Sunday School in Parish House. 7.00, Evening Prayer and Sermon.

Full vested choir. Mrs. Denison will sing a soprano solo in the evening.

All services free of charge. Rev. Frederick W. Beckman, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services by Mrs. E. B. Williams, D. D., every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject, "God the Preserver of Man."

Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. Wednesday evening Experience and Testimony Meeting at 7.45.

The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., every day. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 10.

Died. Date, name, and age, inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, May 31, Margaret McKay, aged 67 years.

In this city, June 2, Michael Donahue, aged 59 years.

In this city, June 4, Sarah Jane Foss, aged 81 years, 4 months, 20 days.

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Musical.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

MRS. ANNIE M. S. LEWIS
MR. F. PERCYVALE LEWIS
PIANO, THEORY, ORGAN.

Fundamental principles, technique, and interpretation.

Consult at Woburn Union Varsity, Saturdays, 10:12 A. M., 2:4 P. M.

Address Winchester, Mass.

VIOLIN INSTRUCTION

GIVEN BY
WALTER LINCOLN RICE.

Violins loaned to beginners without cost until the progress made by the pupil warrants the purchase of an instrument.

Lessons given at the pupils' residence if desired. Information regarding lessons can be obtained by letter or phone.

38 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass.

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Woburn
Lotion Soap

Gives a feeling of freshness
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WOBURN



SMOKED HAM
with a pedigree never goes begging. It's the kind you're looking for and the kind we can give you.

WE SELL A HAM
doesn't signify we ask more. On the contrary, we charge a less price than is often asked for hams that won't stand investigation. Our hams are from healthy stock, properly cured and will keep in any climate. For good hams don't shop, but buy them here.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone 128-6

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.
If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound

PREPARE FOR
Spring Cleaning.

used generally about the house, in place of soap, etc., will at once correct all unsanitary conditions. Load up to the disinfectant work by putting the sink, toilet and entire drainage system in a perfectly healthy condition. It breaks up all foul odors, clears out all greasy, clogging accumulations. Be sure you get the genuine. Avoid inferior "Just as Good" imitations. Look for above Trade-Mark.

Sold in original packages at all dealers.
10c., 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

RHEUMATISM and Neuralgia sufferers, Write today for "Five Reasons Why" Literature mailed free on receipt of address. H. F. CLARK, 26 Liberty Street, New York.

Get Your Printing Done
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Literary Notices.

From Chancellorsville to Bull Run is the title of an interesting feature of DONAHUE'S MAGAZINE for June; The Making of a Member, by T. M. Kettle; Some Women of a Medieval Century, by Dr. James J. Walsh; The Late Rev. Anthony D. Ubach; by James Connolly; From Communion Day, by Mary B. O'Sullivan; and The Regent of Bavaria, by Ben Hurst, are other illustrated articles that will hold the attention of readers. Richard Amerle contributes a story of unusual character, The Gray Path; the Rev. P. J. Cormican, S. J., prays tribute to the Sacred Heart in a poem, God is Love; and Mary West has a greeting to the season, Summer, Hail and Farewell. People in Print, numerous book reviews, and the Question Box complete the make-up of the issue.

The covers of the last few numbers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE have been strikingly beautiful, but none are more dignified or pleasing than the June design which is by W. G. Upham and is printed in three colors, and typifies the momentous period in the lives of studious youths all through the land at this season of Graduation. The Lamson Studio furnishes two frontispieces, which are printed in colors and they deserve from rank as works of progressive art. Class Day at Harvard, from the Chickering Studio, is a striking panorama photograph, and these illustrations are supplemented throughout the entire magazine with a great variety of half-tone illustrations. The NATIONAL'S Editor, Joe Mitchell Chapelle, leads his readers through interesting journeys at the National Capital. He tells us of the habits in Graduation Days is one of the best things that has appeared in this department since it was inaugurated. The NATIONAL is becoming better with each and every number.

WINCHESTER.

We are going to have a 4th of July celebration.

Market gardeners about here are unhappy.

A great many Winchester people attended the Arlington centennial celebration last Saturday.

The District Nurse June breakfast was a pronounced success from start to finish. The patronage exceeded all expectations.

The Boat Club are in full swing and doing business. They are anticipating great sport this summer, if we ever get any reasonable weather.

Fishing parties for Maine waters are more numerous here than ever before. Several of them are at present fishing, canoeing and camping away up in the northern regions of the Pine Tree State, and having great luck.

Another townmeeting is talked of to further consider the grade crossing matter. Isn't about time that some definite plan was decided on, and the nuisance abated? There has been a lot of talk about it, but the outcome is not yet clearly discerned.

Memorial Day was observed in the usual manner in this town on May 30. The participation of the Woburn Philharmonic and the Woburn Brass Band contributed largely to the interest of the occasion. It was kind of those organizations to come and help us out.

Ralph E. Joslin contends that automobilism is proving destructive to macadamized roads, and ought to be put a stop to. There are reasons to think he is right. Autos are a tough proposition, anyway. But the craze for them, like the bicycle when they first appeared, will die out pretty soon, and roads and things will get better, and human life and limb less precarious. The horse will win in the end.

A Woman's Want Satisfied.
The NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE has done this, and those that are using them wonder why those that are not, do not at once secure one and be assured they have the best in the world. Dealers everywhere.

Making It Pleasant.
"I am nineteen years old and go to parties a good deal. I want to make myself pleasant and agreeable, but am a poor conversationalist. Could you suggest some topics for conversation that would talk well in mixed company?"

Yes, Mabel. As soon as you enter the parlor shake your head and exclaim in a loud tone:

"Oh, dear! I washed my hair yesterday and can't do a thing with it!"

That makes a light right away and puts every one at ease. This expression can be used whenever conversation lags. Music is a great help. Express yourself this way:

"Well, I don't know anything about music, but I do know what pleases me."

This will give the idea that you are a musician.

To discuss all you have to do is to look at the pictures in the wall and when you see one you like exclaim:

"Isn't that a beauty?"

This will divulge your artistic sense. At the supper table reach for the olive dish and say:

"There was a time when I couldn't eat olives, but I can eat a whole lot of them now."

Then take five in one grab, and people will like you for saying what you mean. With these few hints you'll find conversation comparatively easy.—Detroit Free Press.

It Was Still There.
The story is told of a clergyman, who, after he had finished his sermon, heard one of his congregation say, "Yes it was a good sermon, but he stole it."

A short time afterward the preacher called on the man, requested the acknowledgment and asked him to retract what he had said.

"I am not," answered the man, "illiterate to take back anything that I have said, but in this case I will, for on returning home and referring to the book whence I thought you had taken your sermon, I found that it was still there."

STATE POLITICS

Side Lights on Whitney's gubernatorial Candidacy

GENERAL BARTLETT'S IRONY

Much Work Being Done For Whitney

—Attempts Made to Block New Haven-Boston and Maine Merger—

Henry M. Whitney of Brookline, who is after the Democratic nomination for governor in this state but also in Maine. Mr. Whitney has spoken in Abington, where he talked reciprocity to merchants and others and advocated expansion of the commonwealth in the line of her industries and commerce.

It is said by Mr. Whitney that when General Charles W. Bartlett read this speech of his friend he remarked that Mr. Whitney was not the only man in the commonwealth who desired to see its material interests expanded. Mr. Bartlett is said to have stated that so far as his knowledge went, all the citizens of the commonwealth were of that opinion and were doing in that way. Whitney has spoken in Abington, where he talked reciprocity to merchants and others and advocated expansion of the commonwealth in the line of her industries and commerce.

It is not strange that Mr. Whitney favors free trade with Canada, for a great part of his interests are in that province, and for years he has been engaged in developing her industries and her mines. A great many Massachusetts men have put their whole lives into developing Massachusetts and yet are not making half the talk about the expansion of this commonwealth that Mr. Whitney is.

There was a time when Mr. Whitney was not so fond of free trade between the Canadian provinces and the United States as he claims to be at present. That was the time when he wrote to a member of the Canadian parliament protesting violently against the abolition of the Canadian duty on American coal, because he wanted the whole Canadian market to himself and his Dominion coal mines.

Against American Coal
Mr. Whitney did not want American coal permitted to enter the Canadian provinces free of duty, but he did want, and was demanding at home in Massachusetts, that the duty be removed from Canadian coal, so that the product of his mines might come into the commonwealth without payment of duty.

This letter which he wrote was addressed to D. McKen, M. P., and published in the North Sydney Cape Breton Herald, Feb. 5, 1896. In it he stated: "I consider that the coal of the present day on coal by Canada is of the most vital importance to the welfare and continued prosperity of the coal interests of Cape Breton and Nova Scotia."

Of an unwillingness to believe that any political party, if charged with the sobering responsibilities of power, could seriously propose at this time so mad and rash an act as to lessen the protection which Canada now wisely gives to the coal industry."

At the time this letter was written, Mr. Whitney was president of the Dominion Coal company of Cape Breton. Today he is demanding that the United States open its ports freely to the products of the Canadian provinces, although a decade ago he could not, if he had tried, have secured a "sow" enthusiastic protest against the Dominion of Canada opening its ports to the products of the United States. How self-interest warps a man's opinions and judgment.

There are a good many Democrats in Massachusetts who are unable to recognize his position, then with his position at the present time. They think his vast interests in the provinces must influence the position he now takes and that there is at the bottom of it something beyond the promotion of the public good.

Much Work Done In State
It is plainly evident, however, that a great deal of quiet work is being done in the interest of the candidacy of Mr. Whitney. Men are going about the state visiting the various cities and towns and committing as many prominent men as possible to his candidacy.

There is every indication that work is being done which is likely to have some effect upon the canvasses and to influence Democratic sentiment throughout the state.

So far as can be seen there is very little of this work being done for General Bartlett. Some of his friends have voluntarily gone to work to boost his candidacy, but there is no evidence of a campaign fund in his interest. Those who are working for Mr. Whitney are men who are accustomed to be paid for their labors and it is apparent that there is money enough for all necessary purposes.

There is every indication at the present moment that the great and general court will reach the end of its work and be prorogued by the 15th of June. The officers of the two branches of the legislature are doing every possible thing to bring about this result. Probably another week will see the end of the greater part of the work of the house and senate. All the committees have practically finished their labors. The ways and means committee, which has to pass upon all measures of money, has been and is very busy. Its members have worked overtime, notwithstanding the passage of the overtime law, for several weeks. They have met at 10:30 in the morning and in some instances have worked as late as 11 at night. It has been practically a continuous performance, so far as they are concerned.

That committee will probably finish its work by Saturday and the legislature is due for prorogation by the 15th at the latest, unless something unforeseen should happen to prevent.

To Block Railroad Merger
A new effort is being made to prevent the merger of the Boston and Maine and New Haven railroads. Representative Rogers of Cambridge has filed a petition in the house asking for the appointment of a joint special committee consisting of four senators and eleven representatives to sit during the recess with a view to ascertaining whether it is for the best interests of the state to prevent the consolidation of these two roads, or whether it is expedient for the commonwealth to purchase the Boston and Maine railroad. Under this petition the special committee

would have authority to send for persons and papers and compel the attendance of witnesses. It is provided that this committee shall report its findings to the incoming legislature of 1908 in January of that year. There is pending in the senate a petition and accompanying bill of the 10 Democratic senators who demand that the legislature prohibit a consolidation of these two roads.

The senate committee on rules has been the subject of this letter measure, considerable time and thought, and will have to consider also the petition of Representative Rogers in addition.

Probably a large majority of the business men of the metropolitan district favor the merger. It is looked upon by many of them as inevitable and in quite a different light from the consolidation of the Boston and Albany railroads. The consolidation of the New York Central, as the New Haven, under the management of Mr. Mellen, has developed a very progressive spirit and shown a sincere desire to please its patrons.

The Vanishing Trick.
Into the grocery's shop walked an ancient lady with a slow and halting tread and carrying on her arm a basket containing a large earthenware pot with a lid. Placing the basket on the counter, she made various purchases, which she put carefully in the pot, and had her bill made out.

"By the way," she said before paying this, "do you mind keeping this pot with the purchases in it until I come back and pay for them, as I have to buy other things some distance off, and it will be more convenient for me to leave the things here till later?"

This request was willingly acceded to, and, lifting the pot, the old dame placed it, with an effort, in a corner, then placing her basket on her arm, left the shop. Hours went by, day ripened into evening, and evening gave way to night, but the old woman did not return. At last the proprietor thought of examining the earthenware pot to see if by any chance it had its owner's address upon it, and great was his astonishment, not untinged with dismay, to find that it possessed no bottom.—London Answers.

Witchcraft In the Nineteenth Century.
Most people believe that witchcraft among civilized people ended when the "Salem witch mania" ran its course and died in the year 1692. It did as far as America is concerned, except among savages, but in other countries the belief in the superstition did not die until a much later date, even if it can be truly said to be dead now. In France an old beggar was tortured to death as late as 1807 on the charge of being one who "communed with evil spirits," and in Spain a witch was burned in 1808. In 1850 in France a man and his wife were tortured to death, and nothing at all was done with them but the evidence was on account of the lingering belief in sorcery. Four years later a witch was drowned in England, and in 1850 one was burned in Mexico. In 1874, 1879, 1880 and again in 1889 witches were publicly burned in Russia. In 1892 as late as 1890 regular judicial trials of witches were held in Prussia, Poland and Austria-Hungary.

Hoped He Wouldn't Grow.
A well known member of parliament was addressing an agricultural meeting in the south of England and in the course of his remarks expressed the opinion that farmers do not sufficiently vary their crops and make a mistake in always sowing wheat.

One of the audience proposed to him in politics asked him what crops he would recommend.

"Everything in turn," he replied.

"Well," said his interlocutor, "if sweets don't come up, what then?"

"Sow mustard," said the M. P.

"And if mustard doesn't come up, what then?"

And so he went on through a whole list of crops until, the M. P.'s patience being exhausted, he put an end to his questioning amid roars of laughter by saying:

"Oh, sow yourself, and I hope you won't come up."

Circumstantial Evidence.
Chick Bruno, a Cleveland guide, who accompanied Grover Cleveland on one of two of his hunting trips in those mountains. Chick left Mr. Cleveland sitting on a log one morning while he went out to drive some deer and he never drove one.

When he came back he saw his distinguished employer still sitting on the log, but with the muzzle of his gun pointing directly at the presidential chest.

"Here," shouted Chick, "quit that, do! quit! Suppose that gun had gone off and you had killed yourself, what would have happened to me? Dear ye, everybody knows I'm a Republican!"—Saturday Evening Post.

A Large Order.
The proprietor of a certain restaurant "leased" the reverse side of his bill of fare to a carriage manufacturer, who prints advertisements thereon.

The other day a customer of a great hurry, ran into the restaurant, sat at a table and was handed a bill wrong side up by the flurried waiter. The customer put on his pince-nez, curled his mustache with his left hand and shouted in a voice of thunder: "Bring me a fry, a fry, two victorias and a dogcart. Get any funeral cars?" The waiter fled.—London Graphic.

Judgment Reversed.
Schoolteacher—I am sorry to complain, but John Jones has been very impudent. Principal—You must be more patient, Miss Howard. Teach the children to respect you as they do me, and we shall have fewer complaints. What did he say? Schoolteacher—He said you were the skinniest old maid alive.—Brooklyn Life.

The Disadvantages of Schools.
"Why have you taken your son out at school without asking permission?" Father (to mother)—But they were running him. I tried to bring him up to carry on my business, and they were teaching him that there are sixteen ounces in a pound.—Motto Pu Kidder.

A Nice Present.
It is said of a champion mean man that the only present he ever made to his wife was on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding, when he gave her four yards of cotton cloth with which to make him a shirt.

The Locality.
"Are you in pain, my little man?" the kind old gentleman asked.

"No," answered the boy. "The pain's in me."

Know how to give without hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meanness.—George Sand.

PLANTING TROUT.

One Point on Which the Old man Wanted More Light.

It was the policy of the officers of a certain railroad line in all their advertising matter to place great stress on the existence of the trout fishing to be reached by their lines, and in order to provide the trout it was necessary from time to time to plant the advertised streams with fry.

On one occasion an old gardener named Conolly, who had charge of the station grounds, was sent out with the cans of fry, procured from the state hatchery, and a railroad man marked to show exactly where to plant the fry.

Conolly returned that night, however, with part of the fry still unplanted. He needed further instructions from the general passenger agent, who had marked the map.

"Say, mister," said Conolly, scratching his perplexed head with one hand and pointing to the can with the other, "shall I plant them fish wild the tails up or down?"

"Why," shouted the fractious agent, "you should know better!"

"Alsy, alsy," murmured Conolly. "O'm no such blockhead as ye'd think. The shot on the map where ye towid me to plant them trout is all biled down to mud. If them small fish is to go in that stream at all, at all, 'tis wan by wan they'll have to go in, like bones. All I'm askin' is this, is it heads up ye'll have them, or tails?"—Youth's Companion.

NEW YORK'S EAST SIDE.

Where Cents Are Common and Big Bills Are Eyed With Suspicion.

"When you think of the millions in New York and the money spent on Fifth avenue and Broadway," said the woman, "it is painful to see the dearth of it on the east side. It is noticeable most of all in the change they give you—always pennies. Go to the grocery, and you come back with your pocketbook filled with pennies. Fortunately they are not cart wheel pennies such as we see in England or you would have to call a messenger boy to carry them home for you."

"I went into a little place near First avenue the other day to have my face massaged. The masseur was an accomplished Austrian. He did the work beautifully, but when I handed him a dollar—it was 50 cents I owed him—he handed me back 20 cents of the change in pennies. I don't know why, but it seemed a painful thing to me that he should have had that much silver in change in the house."

"They stare at you, though, these east side people, if you ask them to change a five dollar bill. They are afraid it may be counterfeit. And as for a ten, they won't change a ten at all on First avenue."—New York Press.

He Was Overdue.

The master of a large southern plantation would fire off a small cannon every evening at 6 o'clock as a signal to the people living on his land. One evening at the time for the usual boom the master was away. Two of his negroes, John and Jim, had long desired to fire the cannon, but had never had a chance to do so.

"They decided to make the trial on this afternoon, but thought that it would be best for them to have the cannon make no sound. It was decided that Jim should hold a water bucket over the mouth of the cannon while John applied the fuse. The piece was touched off there was a great boom, and John looked up to find that his friend was gone.

When the master returned John was very busy in the field. "John," said he, "where is Jim?"

"He went down to the spring after a bucket of water, sah."

"When is he coming back?"

"Well, sah, if he come back like he went, he's sure due dead now."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wouldn't Tip, So He Grew a Beard.
I knew a man who was a conscientious objector to tipping barbers and could not shave himself. He told me once that, according to careful calculation, he had been forced to travel considerably more than 100 miles during one year in order to find new barber shops where his unbending attitude on the tip question was unknown and to spend rather more than \$5 in bus and cab fares in doing so. Finally, having exhausted the list of barber shops, and most of the suburbs, he had to give up the struggle and grow a beard.—London Truth.

What Strawberries Really Are.
The pulpy portion of the strawberry is not really a fruit nor even a berry, but is a cluster of dry seeds slightly imbedded in a mass of pulp. The little seeds are the true fruit. It is surprising that the pulp enlarges; that it does not remain small and dry. By some wise provision of nature the pollen not only directly gives life to each seed on which it falls, but also stimulates the surrounding portion of the receptacle to grow and harden to grow into the soft pulp and luscious form.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

More Speed Mania.
Miss Polly—Just to think, Aunt Matilda, Jason Hurdapple ain't been calling on me for two years and last night he actually proposed. Aunt Matilda—Do tell! I declare this here speed mania has reached Bacon Ridge at last.—Chicago News.

Obedient Instructions.
Man of the House—Yorona, I told you to call me at 7 o'clock sharp this morning. Domestic—I called ye as sharp as I could, sorr, but I couldn't wake ye.—Chicago Tribune.

Nature is a mutable cloud which is always and never the same.—Emerson.

Music Without Sound.
The foundation of all music is the necessity of reproduction of its artistic creations by performance. Were it as easy to learn to read music as words the sonatas of Beethoven would have the popularity of the poems of Schiller.—F. Miller.

Beautiful Harmony.
"I like to see things harmonize." "Well, you ought to be satisfied. You have a rubber neck and an elastic conscience."—New York Press.

Little do you know what a gloriously uncertain thing the law is.—Plautus.

More Important.
"Did I understand you to say," asked Mrs. Chatters, "that your husband had no vacation?"

"Worse than that," replied the minister's wife. "I said he had no vacation."—Philadelphia Press.

One's own thistle field is dearer to him than his neighbor's garden of roses.—German Proverb.

A Testimonial For Veracity.

"It's a mighty good thing to have a character for truth," remarked a marked elderly man when he returned home the other evening.

"Include it if it is that same," agreed Mrs. O'Grady, with an approving nod, as she handed one child out of the fender and scolded the others off his shoulders, "what makes ye say that, Phelim?"

"Cause me master believes in me veracity intirely," was the response of Phelim. He lighted his short pipe and took his accustomed seat on a broken chair near the chimney. "I told him this morning that I couldn't help being late an' that I had run a mule in a minute an' a half to get there in toms. An' what do ye think he said?"

"Maybe that ye deserved another sixpence a week."

"Better than that. These are his very words. 'O'Grady,' says he, 'I'd just as soon believe ye if ye said ye had done it in half a minute.' So ye see, veracity is a mighty good thing, Phelim."—London Answers.

Reading the Face.

Restless eyes denote a deceitful, designing disposition; greenish eyes mean falsehood, malice and a love of scandal; heavy eyes tell of tendency to coquetry; black eyes mean a lively, spirited and sometimes deceitful character; eyes with a yellowish, bloodshot white usually betoken strong emotions and a temper; gray eyes mean dignity and intelligence and brown eyes a tender, true, kind and happy nature. A mouth had better be too large than too small, for a very small, pursed up mouth is seldom significant of good conversational power. Large mouths are more often found in conjunction with liberal dispositions than very small ones. A person with a pointed chin is fanciful, refined in taste and difficult to please. A broad, square chin signifies ardent love, often accompanied by jealousy. A broad, round chin means ardent love, with a steadfastness and purity of affection.

When Did You Oil Your Watch?

When did you oil your watch last? Never? You may remember when you lubricated your sewing machine, typewriter, lawn mower or grindstone—within a year, probably—but your watch you never oiled, that you can remember. Yet in a period of eighteen months the balance wheel turns on its axis 13,996,800,000 times. Expert watchmakers say that a watch should be thoroughly cleaned and oiled every eighteen months. Many persons wear a watch for years, winding it up each night, and never oil it. Watches are instruments of uncertain accuracy, run indefinitely, keeping accurate time, without need of repairs. As a matter of fact, nothing is so neglected as this small, delicate and useful instrument.—North American.

Blond Indians.

One of the mysteries of Mexico is presented by the Maya Indians, who inhabit the Sierra Madre mountains in the lower part of Sonora. They have fair skins, blue eyes and light hair, and students of ethnology have always been puzzled to account for them. There is a tradition, however, that these Indians are the descendants of the crew and passengers of a Swedish vessel wrecked on the Mexican coast centuries before Columbus discovered the new world. But this tradition is founded on nothing more substantial than a folklore tale current among them that their ancestors came over the big salt water hundreds of moons ago.

A Frog of Peculiar Habits.

South America has a frog of peculiar habits. Dwelling in the virgin forests, at the tops of the highest trees, it chooses as a site for its nursery some hollow stump and then proceeds to line it with resin procured from trees in the neighborhood. This lining serves to catch and hold the rainwater, with which it quickly becomes filled. As soon as this takes place the eggs are laid therein, and here they undergo development into tadpoles. How the resin is collected is a mystery, nor is it set known how the separate pieces of resin are welded to form the water tight basin necessary to insure the safety of the treasures deposited there.

Something of That Kind.

"Young man," said the serious gentleman, "did you ever put a clock in that each tick of the clock brings you another moment nearer to the end of your existence?"

"I was thinking of something of that kind, but I never minded it," cheerfully replied the youth, "only the idea struck me that each tick brought pay day that much nearer."

A Puzzle.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1907.

VETOED.

Last Monday Governor Guild, following the example of three of his predecessors, and in conformity with the decision of the Supreme Court delivered last year, refused to affix his signature to the War Veterans' Bounty Bill, and the measure was lost. The principal reason for the veto, given in a long and carefully considered communication to the Legislature, was the unconstitutionality of the bill.

In addition to this, the Governor called attention to the fact that even now Massachusetts' second biggest annual expenditure is for the care of Veterans of the Civil War, the amount being in excess of \$1,100,000.

"In addition to this generous sum," says the governor, "the auditor of the Commonwealth informs me that over \$600,000,000 has been paid by the taxpayers on account of the Veterans of the Civil War."

NEW CLASSIFICATION.

Last Monday Mr. Crocker, President of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, told the Legislative committee in the railroad merger matter that President Mellen of the N. Y. N. H. & H. Railroad Company told him that there are three kinds of liars—ordinary liars, damned liars, and statisticians.

Mr. John L. Parker, for more than 25 years Editor of the *Lynn Item*, was 70 years old last Friday. His birthday anniversary was celebrated in a quiet and unostentatious manner, consisting of a family reunion at his home in Lynn, and a dinner. In the spring of 1880 Mr. Parker sold the *Woburn Journal*, after having owned and published it for 10 years, or more, and immediately went to his old friend and War Comrade, Horace Hastings, publisher of the *Lynn Item*, for solicitation, and there, for a quarter of a century, he has done good work with brain and pen. Now he has reached the limit—three score years and 10. Up to last Friday he had Bible authority for an earthly existence; now he is living on sufferance. We have not heard that he proposes to throw up the sponge and vacate his tripod right away; but when an Editor has arrived at the end of the allotted span of life there is no counting on what will happen after that. Long may John L. wave!

On next Wednesday, June 19, Mr. and Mrs. Julius F. Ramsdell and their daughter Helen Ramsdell of Arlington Road, and Mr. and Mrs. William Beetz and their son Sidney Beetz of 620 Main street, all of Woburn, will sail for Boston for Europe. They leave with the intention of making an extended tour of Great Britain, probably by automobile, although the plans in respect of mode of conveyance may be modified on their arrival at Liverpool, England. The party expect to return to their homes in September, but before leaving the other side will probably visit some specially inviting scenes on the continent. No doubt the realization will exceed their anticipations of a delightful trip and visit to the Old Country, for nothing, we opine, can possibly be more charming than a tour of rural England and adjacent lands.

Massachusetts Chapters of D. A. R. are to entertain visitors daily during the Boston Old Home Week—July 28 to August 3. At a meeting held in Boston last Monday a detailed plan was made for each day of the week to officially receive and entertain. In the appointment it fell to the lot of Loammi Baldwin Chapter of Woburn, with three other Chapters, to perform that pleasing duty on Saturday, July 3. At the same meeting a general Old Home Week Committee were selected, of which Mr. Julius F. Ramsdell of this city was chosen a member. This Committee will have the supervision and direction of all the parts taken by the D. A. R. during the celebration.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Hanson & Co.—Jewelry.
C. M. Mason—Land Conveyancing.
E. F. Johnson—Mort. Sale.

Ice cream in bricks sliced, six pieces in a quart. Price 50c. at Crawford's.

Theonleigh Club in pint bricks, sliced in three pieces, ready to serve sold only at Crawford's. Price 25c.

The Sunday *Globe* contained an excellent photographic view of the Boston Company's ice houses at Horn Pond, the Pond and surrounding scenery.

Crawford's homemade peppermints are the boss, and only 20 cents a pound. All of his goods are genuine, and for quality his icecream stands at the head.

Company G, 5th Reg't made a gallant show in the Dorchester celebration last Saturday. They are as fine a Company of soldiers as the M. V. C. can produce.

On June 10 a change in the Woburn timetable was made by the Boston & Maine Railroad Co., as may be learned by reference to their advertisement in this paper.

Edward J. Ahern has contracted with The Edison Electric Illuminating Company for seven incandescent electric lamps for his hair dressing establishment, 111 Main street.

Mrs. Charles F. Hayes and daughter Katherine of Dover, N. H., were guests of the Editor's family a few days ago. They are of the Hobbs tribe of Old Wells, Maine.

They call it no luncheon. Its exact composition is not known to the writer hereof, but it is good. McLaughlin & Davidson furnish it beautiful from their soda fountain.

Woburn High School graduation June 26.

There is considerable scarlet fever in this city.

Independence Day three weeks from yesterday—July 4.

Read the enlarged advertisement of L. E. Hanson & Co. in this paper.

Next Monday is Bunker Hill Day.

June 17. Great doings in Charleston.

Legg is to make the crayon portrait of ex-Mayor Lincoln for the Council chamber.

The Congregational S. S. are to have a picnic at Millikin's Grove, Wilmington, next Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Barrows of South Carver are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frederick P. Brooks.

Charlotte E. Watts has been chosen Valedictorian of Class '07 at the Goodyear school on proficiency in studies and personal popularity.

The 89th anniversary of the First Congregational S. S. will be observed next Sunday by appropriate exercises in connection with Children's Day.

Tin roofing, sheet iron, and furnace work and store repairs. Satisfaction guaranteed at H. B. Blue & Co., 367 Main street, Woburn, Mass.—4c.

Mr. D. Wilbur Brown, ex-Alderman of this city, and a gentleman well spoken of, proposes to pass a few weeks up around Allam Bay, N. H., and early in July join Mr. Elwyn G. Preston and family at Squam Lake for a summer outing.

The important news reaches this office, no less interesting than important, that the High School graduation essays are burning midnight oil over the literary productions to which they intend to treat a large and enthusiastic audience, and enchant them.

The new timetable of the B. & M. Railroad shows two additional trains—one in the forenoon, and one in the afternoon, and right hands turn, they are, too. Notice should also be taken of the change in time of leaving of the last train to Boston from 11 14 p. m. to 10 58 p. m. The remainder of the table shows but few alterations from the preceding schedule.

The jewelry store of L. E. Hanson & Co. has been occupied for the same business continuously ever since 1871. Arthur K. Smith sits at the same bench that his father, G. F. Smith, occupied for many years, repairs clocks and watches, and politely waits on customers just as the elder Smith did long ago. Varnum and Smith make a good, strong business team, and enjoy a fine trade all the time.

Churchgoing people got on very nicely last Sunday forenoon as to weather until the congregations were dismissed at noon; but after that hour the day was a wet one. Early in the afternoon there was a heavy shower of rain accompanied by hail, and a little later thunder and lightning gave a concert. There were frequent showers all the afternoon, with occasional streaks of sunshine, and late at night, or early on Monday morning, more rain fell.

The Woburn Brass Band, Thos. J. Marrinan, Leader, have contracted with the Metropolitan Park Commissioners to give Saturday afternoon concerts during July and August in the concrete bandstand built by the Commission on Manchester Field, Winchester. This insures to Winchester the best series of free music entertainments that fine and art cultured village ever enjoyed. The Woburn Brass is one of the leading bands in Massachusetts.

The price of meat is away up, and to obtain that article of diet to keep soul and body together is beyond the reach of common mortals. George Durward, one of the principal marketmen in this city, says he never saw anything like it before. Mutton costs 40 cents a pound! Prices of other meats in proportion! And vegetables! Don't mention them. What, for pity's sake, are we all coming to? To nothing; we are there now—in the grasp of the Trusts.

The various churches in this city celebrated Children's Day in the usual manner last Sunday. Services fitted to juvenile capacities were held by the Sunday Schools, and the customary pots of flowering and foliage plants were distributed among the pupils.

The weather was not favorable for a large turnout, but, judging from the number of boys and girls seen on the streets after the services, with pots and paper parcels in their hands, the attendance at each church must have been from fair to middling.

It does not seem possible that the days will reach their greatest length—15 hours, 17 minutes—next Monday, June 17; and that on Wednesday, June 26, they will begin to shorten; but if Mr. Robert B. Thomas, author of "The Old Farmers' Almanack," is reliable authority, and he is old enough to be able to tell a straight story, such are the facts. The winter of 1906-7 was unusually cold; spring, ditto; summer, so far, off from the same piece; and soon come the shortening of the summer days!

It dawned on the consciousness of Mr. Daniel N. Hood, organist, that he was a bit too previous with his straw hat last week. He takes immense pride, every year, in being able to tann his neighbors with the announcement that he is the first man of the season to don permanently the straw hat, but he overtemped the mark in his boasting this year, for he hadn't more than fairly got the new straw fitted to his head before the wind took a sudden about into the N. E., and he was glad enough to discard it for, figuratively speaking, a fur cap and earflaps.

An unusually excellent musical entertainment followed the strawberry supper of the Ladies Charitable Society Alliance Branch at the Unitarian church on Thursday evening, June 6. It was keenly enjoyed by a large and appreciative assembly of ladies and gentlemen. The music was given by Mrs. Annie S. Lewis, Mr. F. Percival Lewis, the church organist, and the Quartet Choir—Lillian V. Beatey, Hyde Park; Bernice W. Billings, Winchester; George N. Parker, Woburn; Harry Van Buskirk, Allston. The program consisted of 8 popular pieces, and was splendidly rendered.

E. Prior may be found at 346 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

The Evening Service at the First Church next Sunday will be of a patriotic nature. The Alpine Quartette will sing. The pastor will speak on a patriotic theme.

Factory "E" of The American Hide & Leather Company on Cross street, is illuminated by twelve incandescent electric lamps, two of which are high power.

Mrs. N. S. Watson of N. W. and Mrs. Charlotte Ham are camping out on Concord River, or soon will be. It is a romantic stream, the Concord is, and many Woburn people spend joyous days on its flowery banks during the summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Lincolnton, Miss Dora Buss and Miss Bertha P. Trull attended the reception at the Senior Class of Lassaie Seminary at Auburndale last Saturday evening. Mr. Lincolnton took the party over in his auto in just 40 minutes.

The series of summer evening concerts on the Common is to be inaugurated by the Woburn Brass Band on Thursday evening, June 27, the concert to be succeeded by a ball in Lyceum Hall. Music for the promenade and dancing will be furnished by the full band.

The recital of Maud Littlefield's pupils last Tuesday evening was one of the very best recitals given here this season. The Baptist vestry was filled to overflowing. A long program was executed in fine style, and everybody was delighted. The recital was a genuine success in every respect.

Rev. G. Sigfrid Swenson, pastor of the Swede Lutheran church in this city, left here yesterday for New Britain, Conn., to attend the Yearly Meeting of the Augustana Synod of America, from whence he will return next Tuesday. About 30 candidates will be ordained at the meeting, and an English Synod organized.

Mr. Harry F. Parker of Church avenue went to the Nashua, N. H., Emergency Hospital last Wednesday to undergo a surgical operation for the removal of an annoying, but not dangerous, trouble. A relative of his is the head of the Hospital, and was to perform the operation, which was the reason for Mr. Parker going there.

It is the subject of remark since Ellis & Co. completed the grading and lawn making in the rear of Trinity church property, in that part of it where the old stable was before its removal that the church, rectory, parish house and lawns, present as prosperous and as well kept a property as any in the city. Fred Fountain is the present sexton.

Next Sunday afternoon Crystal Point Lodge, I. O. O. F., and Hope Lodge, I. O. O. F., are to hold memorial services and decorate the graves of deceased Odd Fellows. The Alpine Quartette will furnish music at Odd Fellows Hall, where the services are to be held, and Rev. Lewis E. Perry of the Congregational church of Ayer will deliver an address.

Thomas E. Caulfield, M. D., who was married last Wednesday morning, has fitted up the Allen residence on Church avenue, which he purchased some months ago, in fine shape, and will make it his home in the future. Rooms for his office have, also, been arranged and furnished there. The location is one of the handsomest and pleasantest in the city.

Some idea of the extent of territory covered by Edward Caldwell's big business may be gleaned from the fact that, last Wednesday he shipped to Dundee, Scotland, a piano bought of him by Mr. Alexander of that city. It has been understood that Mr. Caldwell's trade in New England, outside of Woburn, is very large; but it is not known to everybody that he supplies European cities with his goods.

The High School class of 1897 (4-year members) will have a reunion in the new building Thursday evening, June 27. It is possible that other classes will co-operate in having a general alumni assembly, with entertainment and refreshments. Some of the best amateur and professional talent are willing to give a concert for the benefit of the decorating fund. Details are being worked out, and results will be published next week.

The venerable Samuel G. Babcock, Archdeacon of Massachusetts, will preach at Trinity church on Sunday evening. Mr. Babcock holds a warm place in the hearts of the Episcopalians of Woburn, as he was the constant counsellor of the Rector and committee of Trinity parish during the strenuous period of a year or two ago, when they were making the extensive property improvements, which has meant so much in their progress.

Last Saturday we were privileged to pass a few fleeting moments with our highly esteemed Winchester friend, Mr. George H. Gilbert, which moments were pleasantly spent in the Editor's Sanctum. He brought with him cheering tidings of the health, prosperity and happiness of his Winchester neighbors, and furnished ample evidence of his own good physical condition. On June 13, indeed, Mr. Gilbert and his household got to Dublin, N. H., where he has rented a commodious cottage, and stable for his horses, which will be occupied by him and his until the close of the present summer.

At about noon last Saturday fire broke out on one of the Boston Ice Co.'s houses at the foot of Horn Pond, which consumed the whole row of 6 before it was extinguished. A second alarm brought out the whole Fire Department, and the officers and men were warmly praised for doing excellent work, especially in saving the big electric plant and several other buildings from burning. It was thought the fire caught from a spark from a locomotive, but of this there was no certainty. The roofs of the 6 big buildings, which contained some 14,000 tons of ice, were totally consumed, and the walls of the most of them badly damaged. The loss was estimated at all the way from \$75,000 to \$100,000, and was the most destructive fire Woburn has experienced for a long time. The property was partially insured. The firemen were on the scene until nearly night.

A Good Hand.

The largest salmon hooked this season at Lake George, Somerset county, Maine, was caught by Guy Nelson of Canaan. It weighed 8 pounds. The same day he secured a string of 16 fine pickered.—*Boston Globe*.

It was not long ago, seemingly, that patient fishermen, with elegant bait angleworms on their hooks, were unable to haul from the pellucid waters of Lake George any other fish than red-fish, hornpouts, chubs, and mudsuckers, none of them edible; and now to read in metropolitan newspapers of the capture of salmon, pickerel, white perch, and other delicious denizens of that famous and beautiful sheet of water, astonishes the writer of this item, who, when a lad, spent many a happy summer day on its wooded and grassy shores, and didn't care whether the school kept, or not.

Corbett—Daw.

LYNN COLSON CORBETT and CORA GRACE DAW, daughter of Mrs. Eleanor D. Daw, 25 Cleveland avenue, were married Wednesday evening at 7 30 o'clock at their future home, 7 Chestnut street.

The house was beautifully decorated with flowers and greenery. As the bride party entered the orchestra played Mendelssohn's Wedding March. The ceremony was performed by Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D., of the Congregational church.

The ceremony was performed under a canopy of white and green. The procession was led by two ribbon carriers, L. E. Young in white suit, and Laura E. Taber in white muslin dress, followed by four ushers, Hugh H. Walker, Alva Buckman, William Kenney, of Woburn, Fred H. Lawton of Dorchester, Miss Ida W. Richardson of Dorchester was bridesmaid, and wore pink silk muslin, carrying a bouquet of pink. The bride was gowned in white satin with a veil carried a bouquet of the valley and carried a bouquet of the valley.

Harold of Arlington catered. The treble orchestra furnished music. About 150 relatives and friends registered on the guest book.

The presents were numerous and costly.

The groom is also associated with the old carpenter firm of T. R. Corbett & Son who have been in business in this city for over 50 years, the senior member of which is still active in business.

Literary Notices.

A military school cadet taking a lark while standing on four horses, looks out from the cover of the June *AMERICAN BOY*. Readers will be sorry to say good-bye this month to the splendid series of Judge Shute and Edward Stratemeyer, but the publishers promise that equally good matter will take their place. Off the Reservation; The Camp Fire of Mad Anthony; and Tad continue to show more interest.

Some of the other stories and larger articles are: A Flea's Essay; The Bird Chatter; An Episode of the Plains; Two Years an Indian; The Kite Over the Steeples; The Boy on His Muscle; How to Become Strong; How to Cruise With a Canoe; A Summer in the Saddle; and The Aquatic Tournament. When Daniel Webster Taught School is a fine story of how the great American worked in his youth to fit himself for his splendid life work. Keeping Tab on the World gives the boys much information in an interesting way. In addition there are over 75 illustrations. \$1.00 a year. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

Caulfield—Moore.

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Eighty-ninth Anniversary

of the First Church Sunday School and Children's Day Service at 10 30 A. M., Sunday, June 16, 1907.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

Organ Prelude.
Benediction.
Prayer.
Singing.
Readings.
Sermon.
Prayer.
Benediction.

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Is acknowledged to be the most successful remedy in the country for those painful ailments peculiar to women.

For more than 30 years it has been curing Female Complaints, such as Indigestion, and Uterine, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, Backache, and is peculiarly adapted to the Change of Life.

Records show that it has cured more cases of Female Ills than any other remedy known.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound dissolves and expels Tumors at an early stage of development. Dragging Sensations causing pain, weight, and headache are relieved and permanently cured by its use.

It corrects Irregularities or Painful Functions. Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility, also, Dizziness, Faintness, Extreme Lassitude. "Don't care to do anything," feeling, Irritability, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Flatulency, Melancholia or the "Blues." These are sure indications of female weakness or some organic derangement.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a most excellent remedy.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. for advice. She is the Mrs. Pinkham who has been advising sick women free of charge for more than twenty years, and before she she has helped thousands of women back to health. Thus she is well qualified to guide sick women back to health. Her advice is free and always helpful.

Marcia's Ride

By ANNE HEILMAN.

Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

The sun was setting, as for weeks past, in a hot, merciless glare, which made its disappearance a distinct relief. It cast no long afternoon shadows, for between Marcia's eyes and the far horizon stretched only a rolling sea of prairie grass browned almost to a stubble.

"See any thing of pap?" asked a querulous voice from the squeaky wooden rocker near the back door of the house.

"He's coming," the girl answered listlessly. Then in a brisker, brighter tone: "How easily Bonnie Belle makes it! You'd think she was on her first mile, and I'll wager my new hat pap's kept that pace for the whole trip. Bless the pretty creature!"

"She's a fine mare, Marsha. There ain't many in Nebraska slicker, 'less it's Charlie Keith's roan," with a covert glance. "Well, if you'll dish the supper I'll get the better and preserver, hey?"

"All right! Hello, father! Back again? How's Bonnie Belle?"

"Clippin's ever, Marsha. See her reach for ye, darter. I vow she's got more sense than some humans. Supper ready?"

"Better, and supper's on the table. I'll unsaddle Belle. Any mail, father?"

"Waal, now, they want any letters, darter, but here's the paper. I swan but it's lively times down to Prairie City. Boomers till ye can't ride, and ye hear nothin' but braggin' about the Klack reservation an' the ride for it next Sat'day. There's settlers pillin' in by every train, an' cowboys an' cowboys gallop. Won't be nary chance for an old fellow like me. Yes, yes, I'm comin'."

He entered to the impatient invalid, and Marcia led her blooded mare to the shed stable. After removing the saddle and bridle the girl suddenly broke into a dry sob and leaned her head against the pretty creature's sleek side.

"Oh, why don't I hear? Where is he? It can't be that little quarrel at the dance. I hate Tom Hobson—passionately—I own up to it, but he's my cause—because I didn't care to show I preferred Charlie when they came up at the same minute. It would have been so marked! Why couldn't he understand? Men are idiots!"

Half laughing, half sobbing, she gave her pet a gentle rub-down, adding food, drink and a last caress, and then she turned toward the cabin.

"We need rain awfully," she sighed, "as much as we need money. Oh, what a life! Work, work, work, and for what? If it isn't grasshoppers, it's fires, and if it isn't those it's sand storms and cyclones. There's no use trying to get ahead in this wretched country!"

"What ye mutterin' over, Marsha?" called her father's big voice from the supper table. "Come in an' read the news to your ma. The paper's full of it."

"Of what?" said Marcia obliviously. "Why, wasn't I tellin' ye? Of the opening of the reservation an' the gov' givin' out till ye can't ride, and I swan, if I was younger I'd make a race for it myself. I know Bonnie Belle could do it. She came from the city tonight in forty minutes and never turned a hair!"

Marcia began to read of that vast eruption of the stranger and the "ten-deerfoot" which was transforming the small, sleepy town into a noisy, bustling, open all night, fairs ridden city nearing its hundred thousand inhabitants, the better portion intent upon claiming a house at the gaming table, the remainder were as intent upon plunder, lawlessness and devilry. Marcia read listlessly for a time, then with growing excitement.

"I'll be a wonderful sight, pa, that ride. How I wish that we could get a town lot at Kiowa and make a home there! I could teach them, and you could perhaps start a mill again, father, and we'd give up fighting the storms and bugs on this land ranch. If you only could!"

"Yes, darter, but I couldn't. How's a man to make such a run when he can't move his bride arm 'toid an' pain ketchin' him? Pap's too old an' too clumsy, my girl!"

Marcia lay awake far into the night, thinking, planning, revolving.

It was nothing unusual for Marcia to ride over to Prairie City for a visit. She had schoolmates there who were always glad to see her, and possibly other interests drew her to the town. It was the town Charlie Keith called home and in which she spent his brief vacations. Here Marcia had met him often in the past two years of her happy school life, and here she had, seemingly, irretrievably offended him by one of those sudden, girlish freaks, so inexplicable to a lover.

She had neither seen nor heard from him since. Her father noted the cessation of certain frequent letters and the address on his darling's beautiful face and longed to comfort her. When she asked the next morning if she might spend the rest of the week with Effie Darrow, in Prairie City, he gladly gave



LYDIA E. PINKHAM

worn by the Romans.

Gloves have been taken of solemn and important things from the ninth century. They were adopted as a rite of the church, and later the transferring of lands or titles was always attended with the presentation of gloves. In the eleventh century the method of challenging to single combat by throwing down a glove was instituted, and the custom still remains in some countries. Gloves were not worn by women until after the reformation—St. Louis Republic.

In Trouble.
"Did you go to the doctor's to be examined this morning?"
"Yes. And I was terribly disappointed."
"What was the trouble, dear?"
"I found him in—Milwaukee Sentinel."

The Earliest Anchors.
The earliest anchors of which we have any record were made of wood, and gradually, through the iron anchor of one hook and the anchor in the shape of a rake, there was evolved the anchor with the straight thick shank, the two curving arms with flattened extremities and the long cross stock. The process of storing one of these old anchors was a long and laborious one. It was how close up to the capstan or windlass; a man was let down by rope to hook on a huge tackle, and the registrar took hold. But Marcia was still perpendicular, to a stout projecting timber. Then the lower end had to be hoisted up horizontally by another tackle and the whole made fast.

In the modern stockless anchor a chain is attached to it at the heel, at point, and this is passed through a pulley at the head of the anchor davit. When the anchor is high enough, davit and all swing round until the anchor over the bilboard, where it rests and is secured by chains.—London Globe.

Working in Steel Masks.
The workman wore a steel mask with glass eyeholes, a rubber suit, rubber gloves and rubber boots, and he carried a pair of tongs of silvery aluminum.

"In certain departments of the plant," said the dynamite manufacturer, "all our workmen are dressed like that. They must be. Otherwise they would be smeared with chemicals and splashed with acids that would eat their flesh like liquid fire."

"They are for lifting the gun cotton out of its nitric acid bath. Aluminum is the only metal upon which the nitric acid has no effect."

He turned to the workman.
"Everything all right, George?" he said.
"So, so," came a sepulchral answer from behind the mask of steel.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Slang of Other Days.
Slang has always been a fruitful source for the expansion of language, and instances may be multiplied of words now respectable which were once tabooed as vulgarisms. But, on the other hand, there have been many slang phrases in use for centuries which have never become acceptable to the purists. As long ago as 1750 the celebrated letter writer Horace Walpole used to speak of "sitting zuzzling" and getting "drunk as an owl." You accept again in the diary of one of the most prominent women writers of the eighteenth century, Frances Burney, are found good slang phrases of the American college girl of today, as, for instance, "I snaked out," "Did you ever know such a toad?" and "I had a vile cold."—St. Louis Republic.

Hyperbole.
A Rochester clergyman was accustomed to use scientific terms, which the people did not understand. A deputation waited on him with the request that in the future whenever he used such terms he would explain them. On the following Sunday he used the term hyperbole, and added: "The next day the deputation again called to see that the minister need not explain technical terms. The people would learn their meaning from a dictionary.—Rochester Herald.

At His Word.
Many postoffice names are queer enough to make one desire an explanation of them. Sometimes the explanation is queerer than the name itself. A postmaster in Cass county wrote to Washington in behalf of the residents of a growing hamlet, asking that a postoffice be added to its institutions. The request was favorably received, and was accepted, suggesting a name that would be acceptable to his neighbors. He replied that they were not hard to please so long as the name was peculiar. The postoffice department took him at his word, and "Peculiar" is the name of the office to this day.—Kansas City Star.

The Case of Emergency.
While on the march in India the pioneer corporal of a famous Irish regiment went to the quartermaster for a loan of a camel to carry a spare tent, but the quartermaster refused, saying: "I have only the cart, and this spare camel I am keeping for a case of emergency."

Wasteful Ignorance.
The ordinary waste of food in an English middle-class family is sufficient wholly to maintain a French family of similar station, and the waste of food is at least largely due to the ignorance of cookery which prevails among the classes from which English domestic servants are derived.—London Lancet.

Would Like It Very Much.
"By the way," asked the waiter, "how would you like to have your steak?"
"My steak, indeed," replied the old man, who had been patiently waiting for twenty minutes.

Exasperating.
Mrs. Subub-Oh, George, the cook is coming to dinner! Mr. Subub-Darn it! They always catch us between cooks!—Brooklyn Life.

It is not possible for men to be perfectly blessed and happy, except a few.—Plato.

Logical Result.
Teacher: What happens when a person's temperature goes down as far as it can go? Tommy: Then he has cold feet.

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.—Van Artevelde.

A FAMOUS KEY.

It Was Thrown Into Loch Leven When Queen Mary Escaped.

The interesting key of Loch Leven castle is still in existence. It was found in the lake and is supposed to have been the one thrown in by the young Douglas when Mary, queen of Scots, made her escape. The key was originally in the possession of William Douglas, Esq., who presented it to Sir Walter Scott, having first had an engraving made of it.

The castle of Loch Leven is situated on an island of about two acres near the northwest extremity of the lake. Queen Mary when she dismissed both well on Carberry hill and joined the insurgents was carried captive into Edinburgh and on the following day committed to Loch Leven castle. On the 25th of March, 1568, she attempted to escape thence in the disguise of a laundress, but was frustrated.

On Monday, May 2, 1568, however, while the family were at supper the boy, William Douglas, secured the keys of the castle and gave the signal to the queen to escape. She was dressed in a hood, then, locking the gates behind them to prevent pursuit, he placed the fugitives in a boat that lay near at hand and rowed them to the appointed landing place on the north side of the lake.—Strand Magazine.

The AGE OF NATIONS.
Turkey, Born in 1453, the Oldest of the Present Generation.

The ages of most countries are recorded as exactly as that of any individual man. The ancients were usually considered old, even an ancient was really born long after those we call the younger ones of the new world. The age of nations, as we know them, is Turkey, with the sultan seated at Constantinople Sept. 1453.

Then comes Denmark, born in 1523, followed by Russia, born Oct. 22, 1721, when Peter the Great became the first emperor. The United States of America, that most readers probably remember, was born July 4, 1776, and Sweden starts from Feb. 5, 1818.

Brazil dates from Sept. 7, 1522; Mexico was born Oct. 4, 1823, and Bolivia was born Aug. 6, 1824. Belgium is younger, being born July 19, 1831, the same year Ecuador and Venezuela. It may be a surprise to find Italy so youthful, her birth occurring Feb. 28, 1861.—London Answers.

Too Much Culture.
"Aunt Penelope Wiggins," as every body called her, was a college graduate by a niece, a Vassar college graduate. Aunt Penelope was one of the most hospitable souls alive, but she was not greatly impressed by the superior learning of her young relative, and one day she freed her mind about her thus:

"Talk to me about what a college education does for a girl! What do you suppose Matilda said to me the first day she came? She said: 'I'm so glad to meet you, aunt! You accept your name on the Aunt Penultimate, don't you?' Did you ever hear such nonsense? I had to tell her my name wasn't Aunt Penultimate, but Aunt Penelope, and I thought she would die a-laughing!"

Woes of the Rich Young.
The children of the rich today are not allowed to be imaginative. They have no illusions. They do not have the great and airy ideas which the young of former times had. In simpler, less material years the child "played at" something. A block of wood was a locomotive. A doll was a human being or a fairy. The tin horse was faster and more wonderful than any real horse or creature. Now everything must be done for the pleasure of a girl or a boy. The poor youngsters are not encouraged. They are hardly allowed to invent their own amusements, to turn plain and useful things into something rare and glorified by sheer force of imagination.—Boston Herald.

English Versus French Roads.
In England it is almost impossible to attain speed with safety. The roads are packed and jammed, and the hedges prevent the driver's seeing what there is beyond a curve. An average pace of twenty-five miles an hour is fairly good time in England. Of course the country is settled much more than in France, which adds to the danger of speeding. Speed laws are enforced with severity in England, but if you will try the mettle of your motor car's journey. In France the road is yours.—Travel Magazine.

Tempering With the Truth.
A schoolteacher trying to explain to his class the meaning of the word "conceited" said:

"Suppose I would go around saying, 'Look how good I am to my class,' or bragging about how much I know or how good looking I am—what would you say I was?"

"A liar," instantly responded his class.—Judge's Library.

Not a Mourning Suit.
Brown—I just met a fellow a few minutes ago on his way downtown to recover his son's body. Green—You don't tell me! Was his son drowned? Brown—Oh, no. But his father said he needed a new suit of clothes.

Merely a Suggestion.
Wright—I've tried everything, and my novels don't seem to sell. Penman—Excuse me, but secondly, you are doing everything. You know, it is said that Dickens' novels sold four times better than during his life.—Yonkers Statesman.

Retribution.
Minister (meeting a small boy on Sunday afternoon carrying a string of fish—Johnny, Johnny, do these belong to you? Johnny—Yes, sir. You see, that's what he was doing with worms on a Sunday.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Not Her Business.
Husband—Another new dress! Where do you suppose I shall get the money from to pay for it? Wife—You must excuse me. I didn't marry you to give you financial advice.

Mohammedan meals begin with salt and end with vinegar. The salt defends the liver from second diseases; the vinegar assures him increased prosperity.

The Willy Arab of Tripoli.

Down the street the faint intermittent tinkling of a bell was heard. "Bur-ro!" "Get out!" in warning rasped the high pitched voice of a camel driver. I dodged quickly into the shop of a silversmith and watched four lumbering camels stride softly by. To prevent those behind the driver from being stolen the halter rope of each is tied to the tail of the one ahead, and the tail of the last camel as he tips and flaps its tail side tipples a bell. A wily one of the faithful, not being rich in this world's goods, turned covetous eyes on a nomadic herdsman who passed through the town leading a string of six camels. "Allah! Allah ured el Allah! Could not the brother spare one of his fimsy?" (camels). So, dusting the flies from his eyes and hooding himself with his banner, he stealthily followed.

He was aware that near the New gate the street narrowed and made a double turn. No sooner had the driver and head camel rounded the first corner than the wily one seized the bell attached to the hindmost camel. With a stroke of the knife he severed it from the tail of the animal, and, keeping it thinking, he quickly fastened it to the tail of the next, cut loose the last camel and—"Allah ured el Allah"—made off with his loot.—C. W. Furlong in Harper's.

A Mysterious Booming.
A strange phenomenon is that of the so-called "gull" in the Burmah delta. Burrissal is a station in the Sunderbunds, the marshy delta of the Ganges, a region covered with a vast and luxuriant jungle of tropic vegetation. Here in the rainy season there is occasionally heard a loud, booming noise like the discharge of distant artillery. It seems to come from the south, but if one follows the sound in that direction its apparent distance constantly increases. It has been suggested that it may be produced by the heavy surf of the monsoon season thundering on the shores of the bay of Bengal or on an island, but the place of its origin has never been identified.

It has been explained why the roar of the waves should be heard so much farther inland here than on other coasts.

When "Girl" Was "Gell."
Concerning the pronunciation of "girl," it is to be feared that only very careful English people fail to rhyme it with "pearl" nowadays. The song of some years back—"My dear little girlie, with hair so nice and curly, and tender, being sung by John S. G. I. Chron. x, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20.

The salvation of the Lord is as whole as Himself as was the deliverance of Jonah (Jonah 1, 9). The snarer is as utterly helpless to save himself as was Israel in the bondage of Egypt or at the Red sea, but the same Lord who delivered them is our deliverer also, and we may take His precious word home to our own hearts. In every time of trial the Lord always knows just what He will do and allows His people to be tried, that there may be an opportunity to show His power on their behalf (Ex. vi, 1; John vi, 6; II Chron. x, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100).

One of the Lord's questions to Moses at the burning bush was, "What is that in thine hand?" And when He said him forth He said, "Thou shalt take this rod in thine hand, wherewith thou shalt do signs" (Ex. 4, 17). Now He says, "Lift thou up thy rod and stretch out thine hand over the sea and divide it" (verse 16). Thus He graciously takes what we have and makes His power manifest through it and us. Think of the lad's five leaves and Dorcas' needle and just hand over to Him whatever you have as unreservedly as they did, and thou shalt see what He will do (Jer. xxxiii, 8).

There is a time to pray, a time to stand still and see, a time to go forward (verse 15). If our motto is "Ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall appoint" (II Sam. xvi, 15), we shall know when to stand still and wait (Ruth ii, 18) or be still (Ps. xli, 10) and when to go forward.

See how wondrously the pillar of cloud, the angel of the Lord, removed from before Israel and stood behind it, between the Egyptian and the Israel, darkness to them, but light to these all the night, while the Lord directed the sea for Israel to pass through (verses 19-22).

Compare Josh. ii, 16, 17, and see in Josh. ii, 22, 24, why the Lord did it. See also Isa. lxiii, 12-14, and ask honestly, is my life making Him a name on the earth among men? Do I in all things glorify Him? It is well also to ask in these days, Do I heartily and unfeignedly believe this word of dividing the sea and fearlessly stand by it, declaring that this God is my God? We now come to one of the morning scenes of Scripture (verses 24, 27, all so typical of the morning for which our souls are longing, when God shall deliver Israel with such a mighty deliverance that all the former ones shall seem as nothing (Jer. xvi, 14, 15; xxiii, 7, 8; Zech. xiv, 3-5). See some of the morning passages in II Sam. xxxi, 4; I Chron. xiv, 5; Neh. vi, 1; II Chron. 6, 8; Isa. xxxvii, 36; Dan. vi, 19-24.

Remember the morning scene on Galilee when after a night of toll against certain virgins (picture of the church in this age) the Lord came in the fourth wave, walking on the sea, and the virgins who had not oil were shut out. The thoroughness of God is seen vividly in chapter vii, 31, when he remembered the flies it is written, "There remained not one." No wonder that when Israel saw this great and thorough overthrow of their enemies they feared the Lord and believed the Lord and sang unto the Lord (xvi, 31, xv, 1). Long afterward the disciple Thomas saw and believed, but our Lord said to him, "Blessed are they that have not seen, yet have believed" (John xv, 26).

London Theaters Charm.
One of the delicious treats London offers Americans is the acting and accessories of her theaters. The orchestration of the music, the very sumptuous and very noisy and are evidently created on purpose to appeal to hearty diners. The usher is a very tidy young woman in black dress and coquettish cap and apron, positioned at a sweet face and a still softer voice. You pay her a sixpence for each programme. The stage settings are perfect in detail. Best of all is the elocution of the players. From the rising of the curtain even unto the going down of the same, each and every word uttered is as clear and tuneful as the tinkle of a silver bell. You don't have to wait till the middle of the first act before you can even guess what the plot is about. Under these unusual circumstances the interest one takes in a play is greatly enhanced, and he wonders why an American company is not as well drilled.—Travel Magazine.

A Curious Widow's Cap.
A very curious cap for a "widow's weaver" of the Australia aborigine

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XI.—Second Quarter, For June 16, 1907.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Ex. xiv, 15-27. Memory Verses, 13, 14—Golden Text, Ex. xiv, 30.—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

(Copyright, 1907, by American Free Association.) The lesson today opens with a word we always need, "Fear not," and from the first one in Gen. xvi, 1, to the last in Revelation what a wealth of comfort there is in this oft repeated message. God has not given to any one a spirit of fear, and it is our privilege to serve Him without fear all the days of our life (II Tim. 1, 7; Luke 1, 74, 75).

By strength of hand the Lord brought Israel out of Egypt (xiii, 3, 9, 14, 16), and He said that He would bring them into the promised land (xiii, 5, 11). Having brought them out, He led them and went before them in a pillar of cloud by night and a pillar of fire by day, that they should not turn back, and to give them light (xiii, 17, 18, 21, 22). Whatever their misdeeds, He never took it away, and this pillar was everything to them—their guide, their shelter from the burning sun, their light, their oracle, their protection, all that they needed—but to enjoy it to the full they must be wholly submissive and obedient (Isa. 1, 19).

The adversary sees that he can still use Pharaoh and so strives him to punish Israel, which he does with his chariots and horsemen and army, and finds them encamped by the sea. It was natural for them to cry out in fear and complain and think that it would have been better to serve the Egyptians than thus to perish. But it did not show much confidence in the God who had just wrought such a miracle for them. Yet to such murmurers Moses has from God a "Fear ye not. Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which He will show to you today."

"* * * The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace" (verses 13, 14). Compare Deut. x, 3, 4; II Chron. x, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20.

The salvation of the Lord is as whole as Himself as was the deliverance of Jonah (Jonah 1, 9). The snarer is as utterly helpless to save himself as was Israel in the bondage of Egypt or at the Red sea, but the same Lord who delivered them is our deliverer also, and we may take His precious word home to our own hearts. In every time of trial the Lord always knows just what He will do and allows His people to be tried, that there may be an opportunity to show His power on their behalf (Ex. vi, 1; John vi, 6; II Chron. x, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100).

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STATE POLITICS

New Haven Merger May Be
a Campaign Issue Later

BARTLETT OPPOSES WHITNEY

He Thus Aligns Himself with Legis-

lative Democrats and Against Whit-

ney—Republicans Will Protect State

Interests

It is not unlikely that the proposed

merger between the New Haven rail-

road and the Boston and Maine may

play a large part in state politics this

year.

From the time this merger was first

proposed there has been a great interest

in it in Boston and its immediate vicin-

ity and it has attracted the attention of

other parts of the state in a greater or

less degree, even though far removed

from the metropolitan district.

It is not unlikely that it may influ-

ence the nominating campaign now be-

ing waged by Henry M. Whitney, of

Brookline and General Charles W. Bart-

lett, of Boston. Mr. Whitney is an

earnest advocate of the merging of the

two lines. He has done whatever he

could in the direction of bringing about

this consolidation of interests and is

not hesitating to state his views upon

that question.

General Bartlett, on the other hand,

has taken the ground that such a mer-

ger would be detrimental to the best

interests of the state of Massachusetts

and the city of Boston, and that it would

place this commonwealth at the mercy

of a foreign corporation. The merger

has given General Bartlett a full-

fledged issue upon which to make his

appeal to the Democratic masses. It

is quite likely that a large number of

Democrats in the commonwealth look

upon this consolidation as the consum-

mation of a great monopoly which may

result in a not too benevolent form of

despotism.

Bartlett Opposes the Merger

Those who might be in a position to

know that General Bartlett's candi-

dacy for the Democratic nomination

has received a very considerable im-

petus by the merger developments of

the last two or three weeks. His

friends say that his position receives

the cordial approval and support of

Democrats of all grades and kinds. It

is quite within the bounds of possi-

bility that this is true owing to the

less general prejudice to whatever has

the appearance of a monopoly, and to

the passing of the last Massachusetts

railroad of any importance into the

hands of an outside corporation.

It must, however, be admitted that

Mr. Whitney has the support of a large

majority of the Democratic leaders in

Boston and its vicinity. One by one

these leading Democrats have an-

nounced their adherence to the Whit-

ney column, while the accession of ac-

knowledgeable leaders to the ranks of

General Bartlett has not been nearly so

large.

And yet it is quite within the possi-

bilities that General Bartlett may in

the end be the candidate of the party.

Those who followed the contest of

the last year very well that for a num-

ber of weeks it seemed certain that

Mr. Whitney would secure the Demo-

cratic nomination, notwithstanding the

strenuous candidacy of District At-

ARITHMETIC 1700 B. C.

Some Over Which Egyptian Children

Puzzled Their Drains.

Probably the oldest copy book for

children in arithmetic was found in

ancient Egypt. The papyrus, which

was found in excellent condition, dates

from the period about 1700 B. C.—that

is, about 1000 years before the time of

Moses, or almost 3000 years ago. It

shows that the Egyptians had a thor-

ough knowledge of elementary mathe-

matics almost to the extent of our

own. The papyrus has a long heading,

"Direction how to attain the knowl-

edge of all dark things," etc. Num-

erous examples show that their princi-

pal operations with entire units and

fractions were made by means of addi-

tion and multiplication. Subtractions

and divisions were not known in their

present form, but correct results were

obtained nevertheless.

Equations are also found in the

papyrus. Among the examples given

is this one: Ten measures of barley are

to be divided among ten persons in

such a manner that each subsequent

person receives one-eighth of a mea-

sure less than the one before him. An

other example given is: There are sev-

en men; each has seven cats, each

cat has seven mice, each mouse has

seven flies, each fly has seven grains of

barley. Each grain of barley would, if

cultivated, have yielded seven measures of

barley. How much barley has been lost

in that way? The papyrus also contains

calculations of area, the calculation of

the area of a circle and its transformation

into a square and finally calculations of

the cubic measurements of pyramids.

SHORT INTERVIEW.

A Woman Reporter's Visit to Robert

Louis Stevenson.

A number of years ago a somewhat

sensational journalist was making a

travelling trip around the world for her

newspaper. She stopped in San Fran-

cisco. Among other assignments for

her brief stay there was a visit to

Robert Louis Stevenson, who was then

living in that city.

Calling at his home, she was told

that he was ill to see any one that

day. She wrote him an appointment

note on the back of her card, explain-

ing that her schedule would not permit

her to remain over to see him later

and that as an interview with him

was one of the chief objects of her

travelling tour, she begged for at least

two minutes' conversation.

Permission was granted for her to

ascend to his room, and when she saw

him propped up in bed with pillows,

looking pitifully white and frail, she

was much shocked and regretted her

perseverance. For once her usual as-

urance deserted her, and she stood

silent and shy before the writer.

Stevenson, too, seemed at a loss, and

after a moment or two of embarrassed

silence, during which his hands were

fumbling beneath the counterpane, he

drew forth an unfinished wooden stool,

and, beginning feverishly to push

the stool toward her, he said:

"Sit down."

"No," answered the reporter, and

glancing at the mantel clock, she real-

ized with chagrin that the interview

was ended—Yonhi's Companion.

Dog Jealousy.

There is a strong trait of jealousy in

a dog's nature. A story is told of a

Birmingham dog that had been a

To Let.

BY G. PLACE.

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acres of land.

NICE SNUG HOUSE, all improve-

ments, \$30.

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19,000 feet of land.

FIRST CLASS HOUSE and BARN,

28,000 feet of land. See it before buying.

DOUBLE HOUSE, small Barn, 4 acres

land, elegant place for home and garden.

Don't forget the Office, 410

Main Street.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other

persons interested in the estate of Joseph F. De-

Woburn, late of Woburn, in said County deceased,

whereas a certain instrument purporting to be

the last will and testament of said de-

ceased, was presented to said Court for

probate, by John W. Johnson and Edwin G. Preston,

who pray that letters testamentary may be issued

to them, the executors therein named, without

giving a surety on their official bond.

And said petitioners pray that said Court

will be pleased to grant the same, and to

appoint said executors, and to issue letters

testamentary to them, and to issue letters

of administration to the said executors, and

to issue letters of administration to the said

executors, and to issue letters of adminis-

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WORKING WOMEN,
WHAT THEY SHOULD KNOW

MRS. SADIE ABBOTT

MRS. PREE MCKITTRICK

Women for the most part spend their lives at home, and it is these women who are willing and ambitious that their homes shall be kept neat and pretty, their children well dressed and fed, who do their own cooking, sweeping, dusting and often washing, ironing and sewing for the entire family, who care for their sympathy.

Truly the work of such a woman is "never done" and it is any wonder that she breaks down at the end of a few years, the back begins to ache, there is a displacement, inflammation or ulceration of the abdominal organs, a female weakness is brought on, and the struggle of that day and another to continue her duties is pitiful.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, is the exact medicine women need whose strength is overtaxed. It keeps the feminine organs in a strong and healthy condition. In preparing for childbirth and recuperating therefrom it is most efficient. It carries a woman safely through the change of life and in making her strong and well assists her to be a good wife and mother.

Mrs. Sadie Abbott, of Jeannette, Pa., writes:
"I suffered severely with pain every month and also a pain in my left side. My doctor prescribed for me but did me no good. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I bought it in regard to my condition. I followed your advice and am a perfectly well woman. The pills have all disappeared and I cannot recommend your medicine too highly."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.

Mrs. Pree McKittrick, of La Farge, Wis., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:
"For six years I suffered from female weakness. I was so irregular that I would go from three weeks to six months, so I thought I would give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial."
"Now I am once more well and can do my work without a pain. Any one who wishes, can write to me and I will answer all letters gladly."

Women should remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound holds the record for the greatest number of actual cures of female ills. Even suffering women in 14 of the United States is asked to accept the following invitation. It is free, will bring you health and may save your life.

Mrs. Pinkham's Invitation to Women.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. From the symptoms given, the trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised. Out of her vast knowledge of experience in treating female ills Mrs. Pinkham probably has the very knowledge that will help your case. Her advice is free and always helpful.

Mrs. Pinkham's Invitation to Women.

WHEN HE
HUSTLED.

By Abbie F. Ransom.

Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parrella.

She stood by the window watching the retreating figure of the young man, too much absorbed to notice the entrance of her father until he was by her side. Without speaking she crossed her arm upon his shoulder and thus they watched until the young man was no longer in sight. Then her father spoke:

"It won't do, Elsie. You've got to tell him I said so. He isn't the one for you. Without speaking she crossed her arm upon his shoulder and thus they watched until the young man was no longer in sight. Then her father spoke:

"What's wrong, father?" she demanded. Why haven't you said that before?"

The gray eyes gazing into her own held far more kindness than his words. They were full of stern decision.

"Because I don't want to see you married to a man who can never support a wife. He isn't able to now, and he never will be. You've got to call it off."

"But, father," she began.

"It's no use," he interrupted. "It isn't in him. A young man to succeed nowadays must get out and hustle, and that's something Fred Denton will never do. He spends his time in his office reading, reading, and that never brought patient to a doctor yet."

"Why, the other night there was an accident at Cedar Glen. Kensett was nipped up in it. Had a drunken chauffeur, and the whole car came precariously near going over the cliff. Would have gone if it hadn't been for a young man who understood springing and who saved it in the nick of time."

"As it was, Kensett got off with a broken collar bone, a friend of his came home with a smashed hand, and—well, you read it in the papers. That sawbones is fixed for life just because he happened to be on the spot and knew what to do and how to do it. But it wasn't Denton. He was in his office reading up the minutiae of anatomy or some other outlandish disease."

"Fred was just telling me," began Elsie, when her father cut her short.

"Then, too, he had a little money in one of the banks. Where's that? He wasn't content to let it stay where it was."

He asked me what I thought about Aurora stocks, and I told him they weren't worth the matches to burn 'em, but he invested in them. Where are they now? Gosh! Now you see 'em and now you don't."

"Father, if you would only listen!" "Listen to what? The same old story of love in a flat and your \$500 a year? I've got a deal on hand and won't be home before tomorrow night. In the meantime you just give me that ring on your finger and I'll return it to Fred Denton, M. D."

Slowly his daughter drew off the ring, a curious expression growing in her eyes, one which her father was quick to observe.

"See here, Elsie," he said as he took it from her. "I want you to promise that if he calls you won't see him until I give you permission; that is, if I ever do."

"You are very unjust, father; if you would only listen!"

"I've waited too long already," he responded, starting off. "Mind your promise, Elsie; there isn't to be any more of this nonsense."

"Perhaps there'll be more instead of less," she murmured as the door closed behind him. Then she went up the stairs to her room with a tread as full of decision as his had been.

It didn't take long for her to reappear dressed for the street, and fifteen minutes later she surprised a certain young man who was very busily engaged doing nothing at all in a pleasantly furnished office of a downtown business block.

"He wouldn't give me a chance to say a single word," she concluded indignantly.

Fred Denton smiled complacently into her flushed face. There was no trace of the despondent lover about him.

"We won't try to explain," he said.

speak, "I asked Elsie to take this trip with me, and she consented."

"Huh!" granted Kingston. "A wedding trip, I presume."

"Hardly that," responded Denton, "as we are not married yet. We just expect to be when we reach New York."

"Then what?" The question was asked in a tone which made Elsie quail.

"Nothing much," Denton answered coolly, "only Aurora stocks brought me in a neat three thousand more than I put into them, and yesterday I secured a position as house physician in the Woodlawn sanitarium, and that's good for a couple of thousand a year."

"What's that?" asked Kingston sharply.

"You see, Kensett is one of the most influential men connected with that institution, and the little sister I was fortunate enough to render the night that drunken chauffeur tried to kill him brought me the place. I've worked for it for three months, but that clinched it, sure."

"I thought that was a fellow by the name of Lent," growled Kingston.

"That's what the papers said. I didn't care whether they called me Lent or Easter so long as I got the place and Elsie with it."

"Why didn't you keep me from making a fool of myself?" her father demanded, turning to his daughter with a look of angry reproach.

For answer she rested her elbows upon the table, her chin in her hands, and gazed fixedly into his eyes for an instant; then she said earnestly:

"I was afraid, father. I was afraid you might lay the blame for that defect in your constitution upon the Lord. Most people do."

Three hours later in the parlor of the Little Church Around the Corner the bride was given away by her father.

The Force of Habit.
"Do I snore?" said the fat commercial traveler. "I should say so. That's what I can use an alarm clock, can't you?"

"Yes, you snore about the best of 'em. And, speaking of the force of habit—I put up once at a crowded country hotel where I had to double up with an acquaintance. I told him I snored a few, but he kept saying, 'I said, because his wife was a star in that line, and he had a system' to beat it."

"I'll just tap you on the shoulder every time you begin to snore, and I'll stop you, and after a little I'll drop off myself."

"It worked like a charm. I felt his taps for a time, but finally off I went on a dream of \$100,000 salary and a percent commission. Well, sir, when I awoke in the morning there was that chap tapping away at my shoulder regular as clockwork, and he snored asleep. Been at it all night, don't you see?"

And he beamed indulgently on the silent party.—New York Globe.

The Bachelor Maid's Keys.
"Do I enjoy the freedom of a latch-key?" exclaimed the bachelor maid bitterly. "Look at that latch—holding about a ring full of keys. 'Fifteen, and I have to carry all of them all the time. This one is the key to the studio building, this to my own studio, this to the club, this to my key, this to the secret drawer of the desk, this to a trunk, this to another, this to my letter box, this to my sewing machine—oh, yes, the woman who comes to clean the studio would do her annual seeing to this key, this to my box in the safety deposit, this to the piano—of course—this positively I forget what it is for, but I know I need it once in a while. I'm simply worn out hugging around a wrist bag big enough to hold them all. I assure you, my dear, that if you ever heard I have committed matrimony you may tell all my friends I needed a man to carry my keys for me!"—New York Sun.

Greater Than the Nation.
There is a certain congressman who, whatever authority he may hold in the councils of state, is of comparatively minor importance in his own household. Indeed, it has been wholly intimated that his wife is "the whole thing" in their establishment.

Representative and Mrs. Blank had been to Baltimore one afternoon. When they left the train at Washington on their return Mrs. Blank discovered that her umbrella, which had been entrusted to the care of her husband, was missing.

"Where's my umbrella?" she demanded.

"I'm afraid I've forgotten it, my dear," meekly answered the congressman. "It must still be in the train."

"In the train?" snorted the lady. "And to think that the affairs of the nation are entrusted to a man who doesn't know enough to take care of a woman's umbrella!" Success.

The Mystery of Death.
Oh, death! how bitter is the thought of thee! How speedy thy approach! How stealthy thy steps! How universal thy hour! How universal thy sway! The powerful cannot escape thee; the wise know not how to avoid thee; the strong have no strength to oppose thee; the rich cannot bribe thee; the great cannot buy thee; the hammer that always strikes, a sword that is never dull, a net into which all fall, a prison into which all must enter, a sea on which all must venture, a penalty which all must suffer, a tribulation which all must pay, Oh, death! Impalpable enemy to the human race! Why didst thou enter into the world?—Louis de Granada.

Made Sure It Was Used.
An old farmer and his wife, noted for their niggardliness, had a custom of allowing the servant only one match to light the fire with each morning.

One morning the match failed to kindle, so the servant went to their bedroom door and asked for another one.

A whispered consultation was held between the two, then audibly the wife said:

"Will you risk her wif' another one, John?"

"I don't wif' her the risk her, Janet," replied John, "but she sure 's seek a sight of the one she got last night!" Glasgow Times.

One Ring and Another.
"I wonder when 'the ring' first became connected with fighting?" said the follower of pugilism. "Oh," replied Henpeck, "I suppose it dates back to the beginning of the Christian era."

"What's that? What has pugilism to do with religion?" "Oh, I thought you were speaking of the wedding ring!"—Philadelphia Press.

The Doctor's Aim.
Some frivolous person has remarked that illness was like a struggle between two people and that the doctor resembled the third man, who intervened to separate them with a club. Sometimes he hit the disease on the head and sometimes the patient.—Hospital.

A HISTORIC HIGHWAY.

How Colonel Zane Kept His Contract to Mark the Road.

It is said that the beginning of one part of a historic road may be traced to the following incident: In early days, before the public conveyance by stage, before the railroads, before the country was generally by horseback, Judge Brown, senator for Kentucky, reached Wheeling on the way to the capital west and tired. He was a guest of Colonel Ebenezer Zane, an early settler at Wheeling. Standing before the fire in Zane's comfortable cabin, he remarked, "Zane, if you will have a road-way marked from here to Limestone (Marysville), I will have congress grant you a section of land at the crossing of the road."

Zane fulfilled the contract, and congress made the grant.

May 17, 1793, congress granted to Ebenezer Zane three tracts of land, one square mile, one on the Muskingum, one on the Hocking and one on the Scioto river, in the state of Ohio, for the purpose of building ferries on the road from Wheeling, W. Va., to Limestone, which road was to be opened to the public use of the United States.

These grants were confirmed to Zane and patented Feb. 14, 1830. On April 3, 1802, congress made the same allowance to Isaac Zane, his heirs or assigns, located in the Northwest Territory, Ohio, and the Ohio Zane road of good use of his grants. He located the town of Zanesville on the Muskingum, the town of Fairbairn on the Hocking and Chillicothe on the Scioto. The story runs that when Judge Brown passed through the Ohio Zane road, well marked by blazed trees.—Exchange.

POCAHONTAS.
Her Visit to England and the Effect It Produced.

Pocahontas was born in the year 1595. Her father, Powhatan, was the lord and ruler of thirty tribes or clans of savages inhabiting that vast domain which was then called Virginia, after the English queen, Elizabeth.

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BEER FOR BREAKFAST.

The Awful Morning Meal That Was Once in Vogue in England.

The breakfast appetite varies strangely. Some people are unable to get a cup of coffee and a piece of toast. Others make it the most determined meal of the day. Once it was formidable indeed. In Sir John Hawkland's "His story of Man," of about a sixteenth century manuscript, belonging to the house of Northumberland which gives the breakfast arrangements of the Percy family both for Lent and for flesh days, and, oh, how some of us have fallen away in modern work! Here is the simple Northumberland scheme:

"Breakfast for my lord and lady during Lent: First, a loaf of bread in trenchers, two manchetts (a manchet was a small loaf of white bread, a quart of beer, a dish of butter, a piece of salt fish, six becon'd beefing, four white herring or a dish of sprats. Breakfast for my Lord Percy and Master Thomas Percy: Item, half a loaf of household bread, a manchet, a bottle of beer, a dish of butter with a piece of salt fish, a dish of sprats or three white herring. Breakfast for my Lady Margaret and Master Ingram Percy: Item, a manchet, a quart of beer, a dish of butter, a piece of salt fish, a dish of sprats or three white herring."

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Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the
Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. Ry.
is the result of the arrangements which
went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15,
1907:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House
for Winchester, Medford and Elevated
at 6:12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until
9:27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until
12:27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until
7:27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until
11:27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre
ten minutes later than North Woburn.
Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal
of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn,
and North Woburn at 6:17 A. M., and
then every 15 minutes to 10:30 A. M.,
then every 30 minutes to 1:32 P. M.,
then every 15 minutes to 8:32 P. M., then
every 30 minutes to 12:02 midnight.
On Sundays cars leave at 7:30 A. M., and
every 30 minutes to 10:02 A. M., then
every 15 minutes to 10:32 P. M., and
then every 30 minutes to 12:02 midnight.
The through car from Lowell, which
has been run from Merrimack Square,
Lowell, via Andover, Winchester,
Woburn and Medford, will be
discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of
this route the new schedule provides
for cars to run from Merrimack Square,
Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington
and Reading, where direct connections
can be made for through cars to
Sullivan Square, station subway, Boston
Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wish-
ing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury
and Lowell can connect with cars that
leave North Woburn car house and re-
turning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington
for No. Woburn on the half hour—14.

Boston & Maine R. R.

TRAIN SERVICE
In effect June 10, 1907
Trains Leave Woburn:

WINCHESTER, MASS., and BOSTON—15:55,
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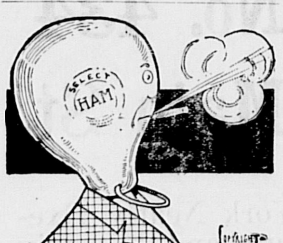
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A QUAKER ROMANCE.

The Wooing of Katherine Hollingsworth by George Robinson.

Valentine Hollingsworth accompanied William Pean in the last ship Welborne and settled in Delaware upon the banks of the Brandywine. Katherine, his daughter, a delectable Quaker maiden, the pride of the little settlement, was wooed and won by big George Robinson. But George was of the Church of England, and Katherine "must be married in meeting."

"George," writes the author of "Hollingsworth in Miniature," "was willing to join the society, be a Friend and be married in meeting or anywhere else that Katherine said. Accordingly he and Katherine made their first declaration fifth day, first month, 1688."

The elders, however, had "scruples," seeing that George's conversion was very sudden, and they asked him and Katherine to make their first declaration fifth day, first month, 1688."

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ABYSSES OF OCEAN.

Extent of the Deep Waters and Their Tremendous Pressure.

More than half the surface of the globe is hidden under water two miles deep. Seven million square miles lie at a depth of 18,000 feet or more. Many places have been found five miles and more in depth. The greatest depth yet sounded is 31,200 feet, near the island of Guam.

If Mount Everest, the world's highest mountain, were plucked from its seat and dropped into this spot the waves would still roll 2,000 feet above its crest.

For this terrific abyss the waters press down with a force more than 10,000 pounds to the square inch. The stanchest ship ever built would be crumpled under this awful pressure like an eggshell under a steam roller.

A pine beam fifteen feet long which held open the mouth of a trawl used in making a cast at a depth of more than 18,000 feet was crushed flat as if it had been passed between rollers.

The body of the man who should attempt to venture to such depths would be compressed until the flesh was forced into the interstices of the bone and his trunk was no larger than a rolling pin. Still the body would reach the bottom, for anything that will sink in a tub of water will sink to the uttermost depths of the ocean.—Exchange.

SECRETS OF SAVAGES.

Some Things That Baffle the Ingenuity of Civilized Man.

The head was no bigger than an orange, the black, bearded head, perfectly preserved, of a man of forty or so.

"The Dyaks alone," said the ethnologist, "have the secret of taking an adult human head and reducing it to this, to less than half its size. Their houses are ornamented profusely with these reduced heads of enemies slain in battle. No one knows how the reduction is accomplished. It is a marvelous secret that the Dyaks refuse to give up."

"Savages, degraded as they are, be it said, possess a number of marvelous and unapproachable secrets. One is the making of fire by the rubbing of two sticks. Only a savage can do that."

"Another is the construction of fish-skin suits. The natives of the Siberian coast make suits of fishskin that are softer, finer and far more waterproof than any fabric known to us. What could be so waterproof as fishskin?"

"A third is the secret of arrested life. There are aborigines in India who can die temporarily, can be buried a week, or more and on being dug up come to life again."

"The best blankets, the best baskets, the best canoes and the best dyes are all made by savages."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Swans Defeat a Fox.

A correspondent of the Colwyn Bay Herald describes a fight between a fox and a number of swans.

The fox, after hiding for awhile among some reeds, suddenly swam toward a number of swans. The latter were on the alert, however, and when within a yard the biggest bird attacked him with wing and beak, entirely submerging him for two or three seconds.

Nothing daunted, the fox made a final attack, but ignominious defeat awaited him, as all the swans arrayed themselves in single file and made a desperate attack on their assailant, who eventually landed at the south side of the lake, his blood covering the feet of the swans at the far end. The swans appeared to have sustained no injury whatever.

Where They Were Not Bad.

A visitor who was going through the penitentiary one day turned to the warden and said:

"I suppose you have a good many bad people here?"

"Bad? Bad people here?" ejaculated the gray-haired warden, with an air of comic surprise. "What put that into your head? There are no bad people here. Why, if they wanted to be bad, we wouldn't let 'em."

The warden smiled grimly, and the visitor awakened to the fact that the "pen" was not the place where people could afford to be bad, even if they wished.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Cosmopolitan Dinners.

"You can pay your dinner in New York and get any sort of dinner you like and of every possible nationality," declared the man about town.

"You can get an Italian dinner with spaghetti, a French dinner with frogs, an Irish dinner with some sort of stew, a Russian dinner with caviare, a Spanish dinner with frijoles and a southern dinner with corn pone."—New York Press.

Accounts Squared.

Hicks—I owe you an apology. The fact is, it was raining, and I saw your umbrella, and, supposing you had gone home for good, I took it.

Wicks—Don't mention it. I owe you an apology. You left your new hat, you know, and wore your old one. As I had no umbrella and as I didn't want to wet my hat, I put on yours. Hope you don't mind.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Dust.

NATURE PROVIDES
FOR SICK WOMEN

A more potent remedy in the roots and herbs of the field than was ever produced from drugs.

In the good old-fashioned days of our grandmothers few drugs were used in medicines and Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound was the only remedy for the women of the world a remedy for their peculiar ills more potent and efficacious than any combination of drugs.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Is an honest, tried and true remedy of unquestionable therapeutic value. During its record of more than thirty years, its long list of actual cures of those serious ills peculiar to women, entitles Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to the respect and confidence of every fair minded person and every thinking woman.

When women are troubled with irregular or painful functions, weakness, displacements, ulceration, inflammation, backache, constipation, general debility, indigestion or nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

No other remedy in the country has such a record of cures of female ills, and thousands of women residing in every part of the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Pinkham writes that all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. For twenty-five years she has been advising sick women free of charge. She is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and as such is a natural successor to her mother's place in the immediate direction. Address, Lynn, Mass.

AN
UNPROTESTED
CHECK.

By Edith M. Doane.

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When all the legal formalities were ended and the fortune that had been Robert Maxwell's was finally handed over to his "beloved daughter Elizabeth," that young lady regarded her new found responsibilities in dismay and promptly proceeded to shift them to other and broader shoulders. James Gordon had been her father's secretary and his shoulders were presumably better fitted for the burden.

"But you cannot land me over your fortune to carry, as if it were a book or a parcel," said Gordon distractedly, though inexpressibly chagrined by the profession of confidence. "You do not understand."

"Oh, yes, I do," returned Miss Maxwell serenely. "I understand perfectly. I shall appoint you."

"Chairman of the finance committee," suggested Gordon.

"Yes," said Miss Maxwell. "I will be the committee."

"Well, I shall do my best," said Gordon, laughing. "But the committee will please remember that it has certain active duties."

"I don't see why it should have any," she retorted. "Practically, you have already managed the estate for the past five years. You were invaluable to father."

"Perhaps I was," Gordon returned, "though I don't remember it, and he never mentioned it. However, I appreciate your confidence and will serve you faithfully, but gravely warning you should make mistakes. It is wise to trust the handling of so much money to one man."

"I should think it might depend a good deal upon the man," said Miss Maxwell softly.

So Gordon fitted up an office in a downtown skyscraper, where he sat at a table strewn with papers and pink-taped, legal looking documents, figuring and writing late into the nights, and Miss Maxwell, having arranged her financial affairs to her liking, annexed a meek, elderly relative as chaperon and turned her attention to other difficulties.

Her first, chiefest and most immediate difficulty was her cousin Tom Cornish.

"It isn't that I do not like you," she painstakingly explained for the hundredth time. "You know I do. As a sister, now, I—"

"Oh, drop it," retorted Tom inelegantly.

"And anyhow I shall never marry," she retorted. "So it's all up?"

"I think I have been telling you that for the past five minutes," said Miss Maxwell impatiently.

"You know what I mean all along," he said sullenly. "Some one has been giving you a resume of my vices."

"Your vices are nothing to me nor your virtues either. If you—" The words died on her lips. For the first time in all their lives his arm closed around her. Convulsively he held her to him, bending his head till his lips met her soft brown hair.

"Betty, I've got to tell you—I'm in a bad way of trouble. I need you—I need your help."

By a single vehement effort Betty released herself.

"How dare you? How dare you?" she raged, then came to a dead stop. Her eyes grew wide with dismay and fixed upon the doorway at the end of the room.

"Mr. Gordon," she said in a constrained voice.

It was Gordon indeed. He was quite at the other end of the long corridor, not so far that the late tableau could be unseen by him, and the distress of her face was intensified in his as he bowed hurriedly and the yellow portiere fell behind him.

Betty blushed furiously. A person looking on and not understanding might, of course, see turned suddenly to Tom, who stood staring at her unawakened.

"Now go!" she cried desperately. "Go!"

Meanwhile Gordon had found his hat and the sidewalk and walked blindly down the avenue, forgetting the papers he had gone for—forgetting everything except a girl's flushed, dismayed face. It was scandalous that she should be allowed to drift into complications with that fellow. It was all very well that Cornish was her cousin, but what of the fellow's character—a gambler, a fortune hunter? Yet what could he do? All day he had looked forward to seeing Betty. Well, he had seen her. And she must have been in earnest. And wasn't the kind of girl to let a man—and as memory gripped him he plunged gloomily on.

It was several days later that Miss Maxwell, blue gowned and demure, turned into the entrance of a bank on broad Broadway and walked calmly to the paying teller's window.

"I suppose you know that this overdraws your account, Miss Maxwell," said that gentleman, handing out a packet of fresh bank notes.

The girl stared at him in astonishment. "No, I did not know, I had not thought," she said nervously.

FIERY CHARLES READE.

The Author-Manager's Way With Ellen Terry, the Actress.

Ellen Terry at the age of twenty re-

solved to leave the stage and went

and stayed six years in the country.

How she came back—It is told in

"Ellen Terry," by Christopher St. John.

Charles Reade when hunting in Hert-

fordshire met her by chance in a coun-

try lane and told her in his rough yet

kindly way that she was a fool to have

left the stage.

"Why don't you go back?"

"I don't want to."

"You will some day."

"Never!" Then, mindful of certain

financial troubles threatening her cer-

tain peace, Ellen Terry relented. "At least

not until some one gives me \$200 a

week."

"Done!" said Charles Reade. "I will!"

The part Miss Terry played for

Reade was Philippa Chester in "The

Wandering Jew." At the end of the

run of this piece she did not leave his

management, but went on tour in se-

veral of his plays. The tour was finan-

cially disastrous, but a suggestion from

Ellen Terry that her parts did not car-

ry her salary and that she had better

leave, as any one could play these

parts equally well, was received with

the greatest indignation by the fiery

author-manager.

"Madam, you are a ratt! Don't imag-

ine it is generous of me to desert the

ship," expressed his view of the situa-

tion.

An old lady who lived with Miss

Terry at this time and was her insepa-

rable companion remonstrated with

Charles Reade, saying that the man

was "Nelly." "I love her better than you

do or any young woman," Reade an-

swered.—Manchester Guardian.

VANISHING TROUSERS.

A Simple Trick Which May or May

Not Be Done.

This is a simple trick, and every mar-

ried woman can perform it, but it re-

quires the assistance of a confederate

with a big bag of shining tinsware on

his back.

First get a husband with an extra

pair of slightly worn trousers in his

wardrobe; then have the confederate,

the man with the bag of tinsware, come

to the back door and knock gently.

The wife must then peep out in a

frightened way, and immediately the

man with the tinsware tells a tale that

resembles an advertisement. The wife

stops to think a few minutes. Sudden-

ly she must rush to the wardrobe, but

only after the man rattles in a

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